



*Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful Spheres,
 Whilst I with Seraphs share Seraphic Themes,
 And shew to Men the Dignity of Man.
 Lest I blaspheme the Subject with my Song.*



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3
NIGHT THOUGHTS
ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY,

with his

POEM on the LAST DAY

and a PARAPHRASE on

Part of the BOOK of JOB; by the late

D.^R YOUNG.

to which are added

the LIFE of the AUTHOR, with NOTES,

Illustrations & a Complete Index

By W. WARING,

late of Magdalen-College, Oxford

VOL. I.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FRENCH N^o 47 opposite
Hatton Garden Holborn.

1777.



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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE florid enumeration of beauties in a work of confessed merit, is a task absurd in its editor, and an unpardonable effrontery to the taste and judgment of the reader. In the introductory remarks to a composition sufficiently recommending itself, it need not be said, that the poetic imagery, and moral lessons, every where inculcated, vie with each other for a partial preference and superior estimation. Their immortal author, has, in his private life, testified the natural and beneficial doctrines enforced throughout his poems, to be not only within the compass, but even the incumbent duty, of reason and christianity. The universal applause of an admiring public, has raised him far beyond the reach of malevolent criticism, in regard to the erudition and classical excellencies of his writings. But with the annotator, the case is widely different. 'Tis there the stings of a perhaps too just severity, will aim their poison. Unadequate to the task of perfect composition; unable, and even unexperienced, to arrest the arrows of a well-founded, but ill-intentioned observation, he is doubly exposed to the attacks of a set of men, to whom the name of critics is too soft an appellation. After so brief an introduction, may it be presumed, that the nature of a weekly publication should, in the opinion

P R E F A C E.

nion of the candid, palliate any visible incoherencies that may occur on a general and connected review of the whole series of notes. This, however trifling, must be allowed a reasonable defence. It may be farther added, that tho' the moral reflections they contain, are such as must evidently arise on a perusal of Dr. YOUNG's sentiments, they still enforce the author's benevolent intentions; and, by a strict confinement to the universal system of reasoning, prejudice no one in behalf of a faith inconsistent with that of christian charity.

The classical quotations would have been introduced with more propriety, had an English translation been immediately subjoined; but the limits of the work would not admit of so considerable an addition.



THE LIFE OF
REV. DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

DR. YOUNG was the son of Dr. *Edward Young*, Dean of Sarum, Fellow of Winchester College, and rector of Upham, in Hampshire, where this our author and his only son was born in the year 1684; and being put at proper age to Winchester-school, he became a scholar upon that foundation; his father was superiorly eminent as a christian and a scholar. Of this worthy man there remains two volumes of Sermons upon various occasions, which are reckoned some of the best in our language. Such learning, and so good an example, were not slow in exciting the emulation of this ingenious divine and poet; who was taught by his father the arts of morals and humanity. When qualified for the university, he was matriculated into All-Souls College, in Oxford, and designing to follow the civil law, took a degree in that profession. It was while in this situation that he wrote

A

his

his poem on the Last Day, which, coming from a layman, gave universal satisfaction; and this was soon after followed by his poem, entitled, *The Force of Religion; or, Vanquished Love*, which was well received by the public, and particularly pleasing to the noble family for whose amusement it was chiefly calculated; and such was the success of these two poems, in an age when the noblest productions were common, and even the meanest rewarded, that he was taken particular notice of by several of the nobility; and the turn of his mind leading him to the church, he went into orders, and was made one of the king's chaplains. He afterwards obtained the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, worth about five hundred pounds per annum; and though ever in the full blaze of favour, he never had the fortune to rise to greater preferment. Indeed, it must be allowed, that during the last reign, the arts of poetry, or of real eloquence, were but little promoted or encouraged from the throne.

For some years before the death of the late prince of Wales, Dr. Young, who was in favour with that prince, attended the court pretty constantly; but, upon his decease, all hopes of church advancement vanished: and towards the latter end of his life the desire of fortune seemed to forsake him. For in his *Night Thoughts*, mentioning himself, he observes, that there was

one in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought even wealth might come a day too late.

Notwithstanding,

Notwithstanding, upon the death of the late Dr. Hales, he was taken into the service of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and succeeded as her privy chaplain.

When pretty far advanced in life, he married the lady Elizabeth Lee*, daughter of the late earl of Litchfield. This lady was a widow, and had

* His connection with this family arose from his father's acquaintance with Lady Anne Wharton, the first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq; afterwards Marquis of Wharton, and second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. She was a lady eminent for her excellent genius and poetical talents, in the reign of K. Charles II. Her father having no son, left his estate to be divided between her and her sister, the Countess of Abington, whose memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyric, entitled, *Eleanora*. She had no issue by Mr. Wharton. The match it seems proved a little unhappy, inasmuch that she once thought of separating herself from him. In 1681 she went to France, on account of her health, but returning home the next year, she held a correspondence, among others, with Dr. Burnet, whose letters strongly intimate her leading a gay life, and being so thoughtless of religious duties, as to give the Doctor a suspicion of her giving way to atheistical notions. However, he admired her poetical talents, and in return to some poems she made him a present of, he sent her several composed by himself, namely, *The Secrets of Friendship*; *Upon the Creation*; *Pure Love*; *Love's Magnetism*; *Friendship's Mysteries*; *A congratulation upon his return to a retired course of Life*; and *A Paraphrase on the 53d of Isaiah, in Imitation of one by Mrs. Anne Wharton*. It was the sight of a Poem of her's which occasioned him to write his two cantos of *Divine Poesy*. It appears by these letters, that Mr. Waller admired her poetical talents, and living in great intimacy and friendship with the family, his neighbours at Winchendon, he wrote *On the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, written also by Mrs. Wharton*; and it was this excellent paraphrase that induced him to write *Some Reflections on the several Petitions in the same Prayer*. This lady, among other poems, wrote, *A Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiab*; *Verses to Mr. Waller*; and an *Essay on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*.

two children, a son and a daughter, who were both extremely meritorious, but both died young, and within a short time of each other. What he felt for their loss, as well as for that of his wife, we may easily perceive, by his fine poem of the *Night Thoughts*, in which they are characterized, the young lady under the name of Narcissa, her brother by that of Philander; and his wife, though nameless, is frequently mentioned. He thus deplores his loss, in an apostrophe to death:

Infatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon renew'd her horn.

Though in orders, he still continued to cultivate the muses, and at different times he published his tragedies and poems, each of which were reckoned excellent in their way. His satires, entitled, *The Love of Fame, or, The Universal Passion**, are by many considered as his principal performance, and were written early in life. If terseness of style, brilliancy of wit, or simplicity of subject, can ensure applause, Dr. Young may demand it upon this occasion.

Our author ought also to be considered as a tragic poet. *The Revenge* is undoubtedly his best performance. This play, as a modern critic informs

* We know not why these satires, once in great favour and esteem, are wearing out of fashion, unless, as Dean Swift has justly said of them, "the satirist should have been more merry, or more severe."

us, met, and justly, with great success.—It appears evident, that the author drew his plan, in one respect from Shakespeare's *Othello*, and in another, from Mrs. Behn's *Abdalazar*; and we may venture to affirm, that in point of poetical merit, Dr. Young far exceeds his originals. In short, to do the author that justice his genius demands, we must candidly allow this piece a distinguished place in the first class of our dramatic writers; and were an impartial examiner, laying aside every peculiar prejudice, to form a comparative judgment of this and other productions on a similar plan, he must, exclusively of a few, confess this a chef-d'œuvre most worthy his approbation.—The tragedy of *Busiris*, another work of the doctor's, was first acted in the year 1719, and tho' doubtless it has dramatic merit, is by no means equally beautiful with the *Revenge*. Many of its thoughts are admirable, and convey a just, tho' rather faint idea of the author's excellence; but we meet with a false sublimity in several poetic flights, which confounds the selected elegance of the sentiments, and renders the greater part, bombast.

The last of Young's tragedies was written on the same plan as a french piece of great merit, and intitled *The Brothers*. The author's charity and genius here seem to contend for our superior encomiums, since he bestowed the whole profits of this piece to purposes of benevolence. The former act of generosity over-balances the latter by far, and indeed in a critical view, we think its merit not peculiarly striking; but though his reputation as an author required no increase, his humanity was a prevalent argument with his un-enraptur'd admirers,

rers, and rendered him more amiable than ingenious in the general eye of the world.

As the composer of the Night Thoughts we must now view him in another light. Morality and tears of sorrow, animate this work, which as a poetic composition, must with justice be reckoned original. His manner has not been unrivalled, but his extent of genius has never since been equalled.

The general encomiums lavished on the Night Thoughts have been as just as unbounded. The sincerely pious, as well as the giddy and profane have shewn their admiration, of "the unhappy bard whose griefs in melting numbers flow, and melancholy joys diffuse around." The concomitant causes of affliction, from the loss of his Wife, Daughter, and Son in law, were his first and chief motives toward the composition of this work. He addresses them to his son, whose real name is concealed under the fictitious title of *Lorenzo*. The world and its pleasures had drawn him from a pursuit of those moral duties his father had instilled, and rendered him the victim of his displeasure, and pupil of his admonition. His description of death from his secret retirement, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian society; the epitaph on the departed world; Satan's approach from his dungeon on the judgment day, are some-what superior to the natural extent of imagination. A true sublimity, and the flights of a genius superior to the task of admiration, mark them as the never-fading relics of their author's memory.

Should criticism aim her malign shafts at our poet, and urge that his excellence consisted solely in versification, we would recommend the unprejudiced

judiced to a perusal of the author's works in prose; and let them judge, if such an attack can be in any respect founded on impartial truth. He dedicated his estimate of human life to *Queen Caroline* which was universally admired by the public. Dr. Hill, from thence drew up a work entitled the *New Estimate* in 1754, which served as a second part. At the advanced period of 80 years of age he wrote his *Conjectures on Original Composition*. Tho' composed at that æra, they contain most judicious remarks on writers of antiquity, and of more modern times. The abovementioned works shewed his surprizing superiority of genius even in more than the decline of age; and like a taper, as he advanced towards his dissolution, he blazed with more than wonted light. The last of the Doctor's performances, which may be also deemed the worst, was called *The Resignation*. It lays no real claim to merit; and even from its errors, is so unhappy as not to call obscurity to its aid; but Nature must be obeyed. His advanced age, and the imposition of the subject, are pleas malignity must listen to.

The fame Young had acquired by sixty years of excellence could no ways be diminished. Even in old age, whatever might be his diminution of critical merit, he claimed that reverence he was justly entitled to. As a poet, he must be allowed to have transmitted the only pure ideas of ancient genius; and as a christian, was one of the brightest examples of primeval piety. There fell to the author's share as much variety as was adequate to a superiority in the art of poetry. His youth was the dawn of his future excellence, and shone with

with a peculiar lustre. Solemnity and gloominess of thought must apparently have actuated him in a more than usual degree. Each line of his works clearly testifies it. He generally spent several hours among the tombs of his church-yard when he could, with any propriety, gain his completest wish, a retired solitude for contemplation.

In his most private conversation, as well as in those sentiments he intended for the public eye, he seem'd to have his whole attention directed to a future life*. The most apparent trifles, when guided by his hand, were diverted from their natural insignificancy to a moral tendency; and in particular, in gardening. He had an alcove, with a bench, painted in such a manner, that from a distant view it appeared a reality, but on an approach, the spectator perceived the artifice, and was presented with the following motto, *Invisibilia non decipiunt*, "The things unseen do not deceive us." He was however no enemy to innocent amusements; he instituted, for instance, an Assembly and a Bowling-Green in the parish where he was rector, and often himself, not only joined, but endeavoured to promote the mirth of the company. This trait in his character must eradicate any suspicions of a too unsocial disposition, or any similar errors he might naturally be accused of.

* The Altar-piece in the church of Wellwyn is the most curious in this or any other kingdom, being adorned with an elegant piece of needlework, wrought by his wife. In the middle is inscribed, in capital letters, the following sentence; "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE." On the north side of the Chancel is the following inscription, supposed to be placed there by the order of Dr. Young, "VIRGINIBUS; Increase in stature and in Wisdom:" and on the south side, "PUERISQUE, and in favour with God and Man."

Satire was a weapon he often used against those whose conversation betray'd their want of decency, and a disrespect towards religion. His wit was generally well aim'd, and poignant, as may be gathered from his extempore epigram on Voltaire, who in his presence, was turning into ridicule the allegorical images of Milton's Death and Sin. Young thus address'd him,

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.

Preaching, (as his office requir'd,) one Sunday at St. James's, the inattention of the audience baffled his utmost endeavours to enforce the sound argument of morality : Compassionate feelings for their folly, got the better of his wonted decorum, and he burst into a flood of tears. As he lost the vigour of his intellectual faculties, he visibly felt decay, and confessed the second childhood of age stood in need of its wonted protection. He humanely forgave the follies of his son, when on his death-bed, and expired, *April. 5, 1765*, with the general regret of those who were conscious that his actions had been founded on the laudable system of benevolence apparent in his writings.

The following tribute to the memory of Dr. *Young*, composed by a sympathizing friend, bears no small marks of genius and sensibility.

A N

A N
ELEGIAC ODE,

Written to the Memory of
The late Dr. YOUNG.

*" Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
" Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.*

TICKELL.

I.

IN Contemplation's winding maze,
Hood wink'd the wand'rer Fancy strays,
And seeks in vain for light;
Unless found Reason's piercing beam
Darts on the soul its vivid gleam,
And clears the mental fight.

II.

'Twas this afflicted YOUNG misled,
When 'midst the mansions of the dead,
He pour'd his plaintive note;
Lost in a melancholy mood,
The bard his midnight theme pursu'd,
Scarce knowing what he wrote.

III.

III.

He wept his dear *Narcissa's** doom,
Cut off in youth's meridian bloom,
E'en in the bridal hour;
In vain the father stept between,
With streaming eye and suppliant mien,
To bend the stubborn pow'r.

IV.

Vain were his sighs, and vain his cares,
Vain all his supplicating prayers,
Vain ev'ry art he try'd!
Unmov'd, Death hurl'd his ruthless dart,
It pierc'd the fair *Narcissa's* heart,
She felt the stroke and dy'd.

V.

She fell as falls the tender flow'r,
Sad victim of an April show'r,
With pale and drooping head;
With odour lost and faded hue,
Doom'd to the spot on which it grew,
It seeks its native bed.

VI.

Oft as the shades of night return'd,
Midst heaps of graves the father mourn'd,
And sigh'd a father's pain;

* The person mentioned in the *Night Thoughts* under the title of *Narcissa*, is generally supposed to be and (very likely) was his daughter, who died under 20 years of age, who, being ill with a consumption, the Doctor took her, by the advice of the physicians, to the south of France, where she survived her arrival but a few weeks, when her afflicted father was obliged (with the assistance of his man) to bury her himself; the inhabitants looking on all protestants as infidels, or rather as brutes, not allowing them christian burial. Humanity blushes at the thought! while superstition owns herself dead to the common feelings of sensibility.

Alone with punctual steps and flow,
He kept appointment with his woe,
And hail'd the solemn scene.

VII.

There, on some time-worn tomb reclin'd*.
He gave to grief his manly mind,
And dropt th' expressive tear,
With many a wild distracted thought,
In Fancy's web, by sorrow wrought,
He prov'd his grief sincere.

VIII.

Lamenting bard! thou too art dead,
Peace to thy restless wand'ring shade,
That flits along the gloom:
Oft is it seen at dead of night,
To wing its solitary flight,
To lov'd *Narcissa's* tomb.

IX.

Fond shade! to thee this pensive lay,
A weeping muse aspires to pay,
O take the mournful due;
From kindred sorrow sprung this verse,
Sacred to poor *Narcissa's* hearse,
To mis'ry and to you.

X.

O may these colours never fade!
On this poetic canvass laid,
To prompt the social sigh;
Still may the speaking tints prevail,
And while they paint the tender tale,
Draw tears from ev'ry eye.

* See the Vignette in the title page.

Previous

Previous to his death, Dr. Young ordered all his manuscripts to be committed to the flames. Those who know how much he comprized in a small compass, those who recollect that he never wrote on trivial subjects, must lament both his modesty and the irreparable loss to posterity; when they consider that he was the intimate acquaintance of Addison, that he himself was one of the writers of the *Spectator*, and, excepting Dr. Pearce, the late bishop of Rochester, the last surviving genius of that incomparable assemblage of authors.

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P R E F A C E.

AS the occasion of this Poem was real, not fictitious; so the method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than meditated, or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry; which is, from long narrations to draw short morals: Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally stir these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

The

The A R G U M E N T.
B O O K I.

THE singular scenes of distress into which the author is involv'd, and the gloomy prospect which nature is supposed to afford at the period of his contemplations, lead him to a metaphorical, as well as moral reflection on his misfortunes. — His petitionary address to the Deity. — Sentiments on the loss of Time. — A poetical, minute, and comparative view of the being of man. — The author reproves the attachment of mankind to the follies of the World, and their inanimate situation in regard to immortality. — Points out the delusive vanities of an ill-grounded hope. — An address to death. — An affecting view of the variety of miseries incident to man. — A serious admonition to Lorenzo. — The author, as a proof of the instability attendant on human wishes, cites the death of Philander; and mournfully reflects, that from thence arises the origin of his misfortunes. — The vanity of sublunary wisdom, and danger of procrastination in the concerns of the Soul; each of which is beautifully verified in the example of Philander. — The approach of morn closes the contemplations of the first night, and our author concludes with a modest and elegant compliment to Mr. Pope.

T H E
C O M P L A I N T.

NIGHT the FIRST.

O N
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq*;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:

Line 1. *Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!*] The repetition of the third person *He*, has apparently led many, who peruse the works of our author, into an error, on a supposition, that the preceding line was intended as an address to sleep. Mr. Melmoth in particular observes, in his remarks on the Night Thoughts, that *'twas perfectly proper to begin with a sort of reproaching address to the power which denied his repose.* A continuation in the second person must have been so evidently necessary to common sense, that Dr. Young could never have exposed himself to criticism, had he had an idea that the commencement of his poem might have admitted a dispute. As an address therefore it cannot be considered, and that it was not invocatory, the following lines are a sufficient evidence. The punctuation will, I allow, give room for doubts, and the pronoun immediately following, may render the sense of our author ambiguous; but we meet with several instances of the like in scripture. *Night, sable Goddess!* in the 18th line, though not exactly similar in regard to the pronoun, is so with respect to the punctuation.

2 The COMPLAINT. Night 1.

Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear. 5
 From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
 I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams 9
 Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding
 From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery, [thought,
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost;
 Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe.
 The *day* too short for my distress! and *night*, 15
 Ev'n in the *zenith** of her dark domain,
 Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

* That part in the heavens directly over our heads, used figuratively as the centre of darkness.

Line 5. *And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.*] The metaphorical description of sleep is amazingly pretty, and tho' the metonymy is somewhat incorrect, the concluding thought is natural and pleasing. Dr. Young, at the same time that he excels in the beauty of his poetry, rarely exceeds the bounds of nature. His images are lively, his narrations affecting, and from the coherence of their beauties, must greatly interest the feelings of the reader.

Line 7. *How happy they, who wake no more!*] The melancholy situation of the poet might naturally have led him, in a human sense, to the above reflection. No one had greater cause to use the Psalmist's words, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" but had he added, "It is mine own infirmity," the fortitude of virtue had overbalanced the calamities of life.

Line 9. *I wake, emerging——*] This comparison, the more we examine it, the more natural it must appear. The metaphor is beautifully expressive, and paints inimitably the revolutions of an unquiet mind. No poet attracts our pity, or wins on our attention with such persuasive arguments. We view his situation as our own. His sentiments are sublime, his doctrine truly pious, and, while he charms us as a poet, he inculcates the most christian admonitions.

Night,

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

3

Night, fable goddess! from her *ebon*† throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretchest forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world. 20
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. 25
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd,
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence, and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins-
From antient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve, 30
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine: [fall
But what are ye? THOU, who didst put to flight
Primæval* Silence, when the morning-stars, 36

Line 18. *Night, fable Goddess!*] The emblematical description of night, the contemplative reflections that ensue, and the calm resignation of the author, are so naturally and feelingly express'd, that they need no comment: We meet with no description of the fable Goddess so correctly poetic. "Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world" impresses a striking idea on the mind, not only from the metaphor, but from the figurative expression of the language.

Line 35. *But what are ye?*] This moral reflection, on closing an address to imaginary beings, evinces the design of the author to have been truly original; and the sudden and sublime transition which immediately follows, shews him to have been inspired with the most earnest and unfeigned piety. How necessary an assistant the machinery of a poem has prov'd to its author, modern as well as ancient works will testify. A barren soil to need such culture! Divested of these ornaments, LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY address the soul, and in a style how interesting, how forcible!

† Sable, Dusky.

* The original chaos, or confusion of things before the creation.

B 2

Exulting,

4 The COMPLAINT. Night 1.

Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU ! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest. 41

Thro' this opaque* of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe) 45
Lead it thro' various scenes of life, and death ;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve 50
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
Nor let the Phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The

[Line 38. *O thou! whose word from solid darkness struck.*] There is a sublimity in our author's address to the deity, which I think equally beautiful with the grandeur of the subject ; and the similarity between it and Milton's Invocation of the Holy Ghost, is an evident proof of Dr. Young's excellence.

— Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dore-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark,
Illumin ; what is low, raise and support.

[Line 43. *This double night.*] An opaque of nature, as proceeding from the variety of distressful occurrences he laboured under of soul, from his inability of treating so divine and momentary a subject, with an adequate sublimity.

[Line 52. *Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd.*] A truly christian prayer, and how effectual, we may gather from the system of christianity which this work affords. From the complicated series of Dr. Young's misfortunes, arose the serious, though sad reflections which he has transmitted to mankind ; nor is the word

* A surface of darkness.

On Life, Death, and Immortality. 5

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue, 55
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours :
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch ; 60
 How much is to be done ? my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss* ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely *mine* !
 And can eternity belong to me, 65
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How

so deafen'd to the dictates of religion, as, that " the phial should be pour'd in vain."

Line 54. *The bell strikes one. We take no note of time.*] The conscientiousness and solemnity of these periods cannot fail of enforcing their beauties on the reader. A long digression, on such a subject, and in such a scene, would have been unpardonable in a poet. " To give it then a tongue is wise in Man," is an admirable thought, and specifies from what a seeming trifle may be drawn the most important lessons of wisdom.

Line 59. *Where are they ?*] This natural and momentous question is beautifully answered. " With the years beyond the flood." So remote a distance of time, poetically and sensibly expresses the irretrievable loss of mispent hours, and the consideration that yesterday is equally irrevocable with the antediluvian era, must undoubtedly strike the sensible reader.

Line 65. *And can eternity belong to me,*] The beautiful contrast contained in this and the following lines, concisely expresses not only the equality, but dignity of mankind.

Line 67. *How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,*] Mr. Melmoth remarks the continued length of this period as an unpardonable error in poetry. In a frivolous digression, or trifling description, I coincide with his opinion ; but the grandeur and sublimity

* A bottomless pit.

6 The COMPLAINT. Night 1.

How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes ! 70
 From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd *link* in Being's endless chain !
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !
 A beam ethereal† fully'd, and absorpt ! ‡ 75
 Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect *infinite* !
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself, 80
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own* : how reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread ! 85
 Alternately

sublimity of the subject, the dignity of the sentiments, and beauty of the poetry, remove all cause of criticism.

Line 71. *Connection exquisite of distant worlds !*] The unbounded imagination of our poet, may, in the opinion of some readers, have led him into an unintelligible sentiment ; but when we consider “distant worlds” as metaphorical, and alluding to the contrariety of natures or passions in the soul, the thought, I think, is easily explained.

Line 80. *A worm ! a god !—*] The conclusion of Dr. Young's reflexion is striking and expressive. He points out the frail and lamentable condition of Man in this world, by a very natural allusion ; and in a moment admirably holds to view the immutable dignity of the soul. Mr. Melmoth's criticism cannot be better confuted than by—“A worm ! a god !”

Line 85. *Triumphantly distress'd !*] In how degrading a view do the distresses attendant on earthly calamities appear, when held in competition with these sublime reflexions on the soul. We catch the

† Heavenly. ‡ Obscured.

Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.
 'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof : 90
 While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
 What, tho' my soul phantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled* pool ;
 Or scal'd the cliff ; or danc'd on hollow winds, 96
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
 Active, æreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd, 100
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal* :
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
 For human wealt†, Heav'n husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain. 105
 Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress ? Are *angels* there ?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?

* Smooth.

† Benefit.

the spirit of the author, lose all thoughts of human vicissitudes, and are solely enwapt in the triumphant distress of Immortality.

Line 95. *Swam with pain the mantled pool ;*] There appears an apparent inconsistency in the above. The epithet "mantled" is incongruous with "pain," but the error is so trifling, that it should pass unobserved.

Line 101. *Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall,*] "Unfetter'd with a fall" is another of those unavoidable errors which we cannot fail meeting with in the most correct Poetry. I have remarked it, lest it should fall under the eye of some ill-natured critic, who might be readier to discover than forgive an error.

They

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth 110
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, *this* the solitude :
 How populous ! how vital, is the grave ! 115

This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal*, the said *cypress* gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond

Is *substance* ; the reverse is folly's *creed* : 120
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar, 125
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryo† of existence free.

From *real* life, but little more remote
 Is *He*, not yet a candidate for light,
 The *future* embryo, slumb'ring in his fire. 130

Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient§, azure‡ shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods : O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
 Interrs celestial hopes without one sigh. 135

Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,

* The gloom of Death.

† The substance within the womb before formation.

§ Surrounding.

‡ Blue.

Line 119. *All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond*—How serious an admonition, and how true a sentiment is contained in the above, the reader must judge. Its veracity must appear striking. "The reverse is folly's creed," will clearly evince how deficient we remain in real wisdom.

Here.

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

9

Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality.
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God. 140
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
 In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, expire !
 And is it in the flight of threescore years, 145
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd, 150
 At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
 Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself.
 How was my heart incrust'd by the world ! 155
 O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul !
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In filken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,

Line 139. *Where seraphs gather immortality,*] It is evident, that the punctuation in the above lines is erroneous. I would recommend the following :

Where seraphs gather immortality.
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God,
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring, glow
 In his full beam——

Line 155. *How was my heart incrust'd by the world,*] Mr. Melmoth's criticism is again very severe. He accuses our author of too great an abundance of metaphors, which he affirms to be confined to the same sentiment. The ground-work of his poem is Christianity. The basis he builds upon in the first book, LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY, but the variations of sentiment, in my opinion, are as numerous as beautiful.

Till

Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*, 160
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !
 Night-visions may befriend (as sung above) :
 Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
 Of things impossible ! (Could sleep do more ?)
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change ! 165
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life !
 How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys !
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective ! 170
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where now my frensy's pompous furniture ?
 The *cobweb*'d cottage, with its ragged wall 175
 Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me !
 The *spider*'s most attenuated* thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.
 O ye blest scenes of *permanent*† delight ! 180
 Full above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
 A *perpetuity*‡ of bliss, is bliss.

* Slender.

† Stable, sound.

‡ Without subjection to change.

Line 163. *Our waking, dreams are fatal.*] A happy thought, and elegantly expressed ! Mr. Melmoth, with his usual severity, might have accused the poet of iteration in pursuing the thought after a full period, when he treats of the delusive images which deceived him.

Line 177. *The spider's most attenuated thread*] While the author charms us with the delicate piety of his sentiments, he no less delights with the pleasing flow of his language. The similitude is expressive. He paints not only from nature, but experience.

Could

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

11

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light. 185

Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude* on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour ;
And rarely for the better ; or the best, 190
More mortal than the common births of fate.

Each moment has its fickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere 195
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary† blifs.

Blifs ! sublunary blifs !—Proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree !

A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n ! 200
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars. 205

* The revolutions of change.

† Earthly.

Line 194. ——— *Each moment plays*

His little weapon in the narrower sphere.] The beautiful metaphor contained in " Each moment has its fickle," is, I think, equal to the scythe of time. The thought is not only pleasing, but is continued throughout the remaining lines with a truly poetic spirit. We are more affectingly interested with the ravages of the moment, than the most lamentable reflections on the devastations of time.

Line 204. *Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine*] The imagery of this address is bold, and its dignity truly adequate to the character it addresses.

The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean ?
 Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on me ? 210
 Insatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?
 Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was slain ;
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
 O *Cynthia* !* why so pale ? Dost thou lament 214
 Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
 How wanes† my *borrow'd* blis ! from *Fortune's* simile,
 Precarious courtesy ! not *virtue's* sure,
 Self-given, *solar*, ray of sound delight.
 In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour, 220
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
 Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
 Thro' the dark postern§ of time long elaps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !) 225
 Strays, (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *past* ;
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
 And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts

* The moon. † Fades, diminishes. § A cover'd walk.

Line 211. *Insatiate Archer ! could not one suffice ?*] The author here laments the death of of his wife, son, and daughter, the two latter of whom are represented under the names of Philander and Narcissa. The play on the word " thrice " is unworthy the grandeur of the subject. Pope uses a similar repetition in the Rape of the Lock, and Virgil's " *ter que quaterque* " is the origin of each, but it should be considered, the sublimity of the Latin renders the latter beautiful.

Line 221. *How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !*] Quite puerile ! An attempt at sound too often destroys both the beauty and sense of poetry. The repetition is not only disgusting, but the word itself unworthy an insertion.

Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ; 230
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me, 235
The *single* man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*. 240

War, famine, pest, vulcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day, 244
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made,
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs, 250
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom.

Line 244. *God's image disinherited of day.*] This thought is very feelingly expressed, and a striking reflection on a fellow creature's misfortunes. It is evident, that from the variety of Dr. Young's distress, arose that dignity which he maintains throughout the Night Thoughts. He clearly proves the truth of that admirable text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of joy," and is no where better represented, than on a comparative view with the divine psalmist.

Line 247. *There, beings deathless as their haughty lord.*] Unless by "beings deathless," the author has an allusion to "how happy they who wake no more," I find some obscurity in the passage.

14 The COMPLAINT. Night. I.

Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave. 255
 How groaning *hospitals* eject the dead!
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap high fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of charity!
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain! 260
 Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but, so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right! 265
 Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
 Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;
 And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
 Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
 Man's caution often into danger turns, 271
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *Happiness* itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.

How

Line 261. ——— *Since in pains*

You rue more modish visits.] That is, since your visits of pleasure are attended with injuries to your healths, "visit here." A necessary invocation! but what hopes the author founded on a reformation, may be judged from "You blush at what is right."

Line 274. *Our very wishes give us not our wish.*] A seeming inconsistency, which experience will aptly reconcile. The discontented part of mankind are, and have ever been so numerous, that if our hearts don't testify its truth, they will evince it. No one expresses, in stronger colouring, the vanity of human wishes, than our author; no one more naturally. On the fields of fancy an author roves unbounded; 'tis an imaginary soil. We cannot well distinguish

On Life, Death, and Immortality. 15

How distant oft the thing we doat on most, 275

From that for which we doat, *felicity*?

The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;

And *truest* friends, thro' error, wound our rest.

Without misfortune, what calamities!

And what hostilities, without a foe! 280

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.

But endless is the list of human ills,

And fights might sooner fail, than cause to fight.

A part how small of the terraqueous* globe

Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste*, 285

Rocks, desarts, frozen seas, and burning sands:

Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.

Such is earth's melancholy map! But, far

More sad! this earth is a true map of *man*.

So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*. 290

To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* tofs,

Loud *sorrows* howl, in venom'd *passions* bite,

distinguish errors from beauties; but on the subject of humanity, our soul is interested, and conscience is so nice a critic, that in a system of morality, the smallest deviations strike us.

Line 291. — *Where deep troubles tofs.*] Mr. Melmoth files this and the following metaphors, bombast. Viewed separately, they may, on a brief examination, be censured, as the uncorrected language of an enthusiast. But when we consider the comparison within the period, the criticism is unjust. The lines I allude to are.

Rocks, desarts, frozen seas, and burning sands:

Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.

Such is the map of the terraqueous globe, and as such, the author views it as a similitude of Man. The simile is striking and original. In apposition to rocks are placed "deep troubles" of the soul; to desarts, "loud sorrows howl," &c. &c. &c. I cannot view the passions which Dr. Young expresses, in the light of bombast, but rather as poetical, and in strict propriety with the foregoing lines.

* A composition of earth and water.

Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to deyoure.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*? 295

In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.

That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind;

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.

More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts; 300

And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give

Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,

They weaken too the torrent of their grief.

Take then, O world! thy much-indebted tear. 305

How sad a fight is human happiness,

To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art! whose heart exults!

Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?

I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs, 311

The salutary censure of a friend.

Thou happy *wretch*! by blindness art thou blest;

By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.

Know *smiler*! at thy peril art thou pleas'd: 315

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,

But rises in demand for her delay;

She

Line 308. *O thou! whate'er thou art! whose heart exults!*] The admonition that follows this address is forcibly directed to the mind. The sound reasoning and obvious truths which it contains, cannot fail inspiring us with esteem for the author, as a christian, and gratitude, as an instructor.

Line 317. *Misfortune, like a creditor severe.*] The comparison is elegant and natural, the thought particularly striking, and the truth it contains, not only poetic, but real. "Out of good will
I

On *Life, Death, and Immortality.*

17.

She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress. 320

LORENZO, Fortune makes her court to thee.
Thy fond heart dances, while the *syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm. 325
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care; 230
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert 235
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment four'd,

I cause evil to arise," that is, from imaginary good; for we may daily observe, how deeply the dart of misfortune pierces, after a lasting series of tranquillity. Shakespear admirably expresses its effects in the fall of Wolsey.

And when he thinks, good easy man! full sure.

His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

And then he falls as I do.

Line 321. *Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee.*] This admonitory address to Lorenzo, who is supposed to have been his son, is replete with the most salutary counsel. "Awe nature's tumult and chastise her joys, lest while we clasp, we kill them," is a lesson often repeated, too often disregarded both by the parent and the child. Indulgence, while it coincides with reason, relaxation, when under the guidance of virtue, are inestimably valuable. "But while we clasp, we kill," we pass their bounds, and are undone.

With rage invenom'd rise against our peace.
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware 340
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth 345
 Lost all her lustre. Where, her glitt'ring towers?
 Her golden mountains, where? All darken'd down
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
 The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change 350
 Form yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,
 (Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark, 355
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
 LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns, 360
 Oft, the first instant its idea fair
 To lab'ring thought is born. How dim our eye!
 The *present* moment terminates our sight;
 Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
 We penetrate, we phrophecy in vain. 365
 Time

Line 356. ——— *And beckon'd*

The worm to riot on that rose so red.] Dr. Young's thoughts on the subject of Death are inimitable. Where he paints his terrors, we pursue the flights of his genius, and admire the strength of his imagination; and in those pleasingly affecting scenes, where he laments the loss of a Philander, his animated sentiments

Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now* ; 370
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?
Where is to-morrow ? In another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse 375
Is sure to none : and yet on this *Perhaps*,
This *Peradventure*, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes ; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin, 380
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd :
How many fall as sudden, not as safe !
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home. 385
Of human ills the last extreme beware,

sentiments melt us to that pity which himself expresses. The thought of "Death's beckoning the worm" is in Milton's style, and equally beautiful with his imagery.

Line 366. *Time is dealt out by particles ; and each.* The allusion to an hour-glass is natural and apt. In a subject so barren of machinery, the poet has found reasoning only as an assistant, and we may naturally expect very little profusion of imagery ; but the delicacy of our author's sentiments, his bold expression, strong colouring, and beautiful metaphors, must disarm the shafts of the critic, and prove a most agreeable deception to the candid reader.

Line 382. *Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud.* A melancholy reflection ! and worthy the serious consideration of the unthinking and gay part of mankind.

Beware,

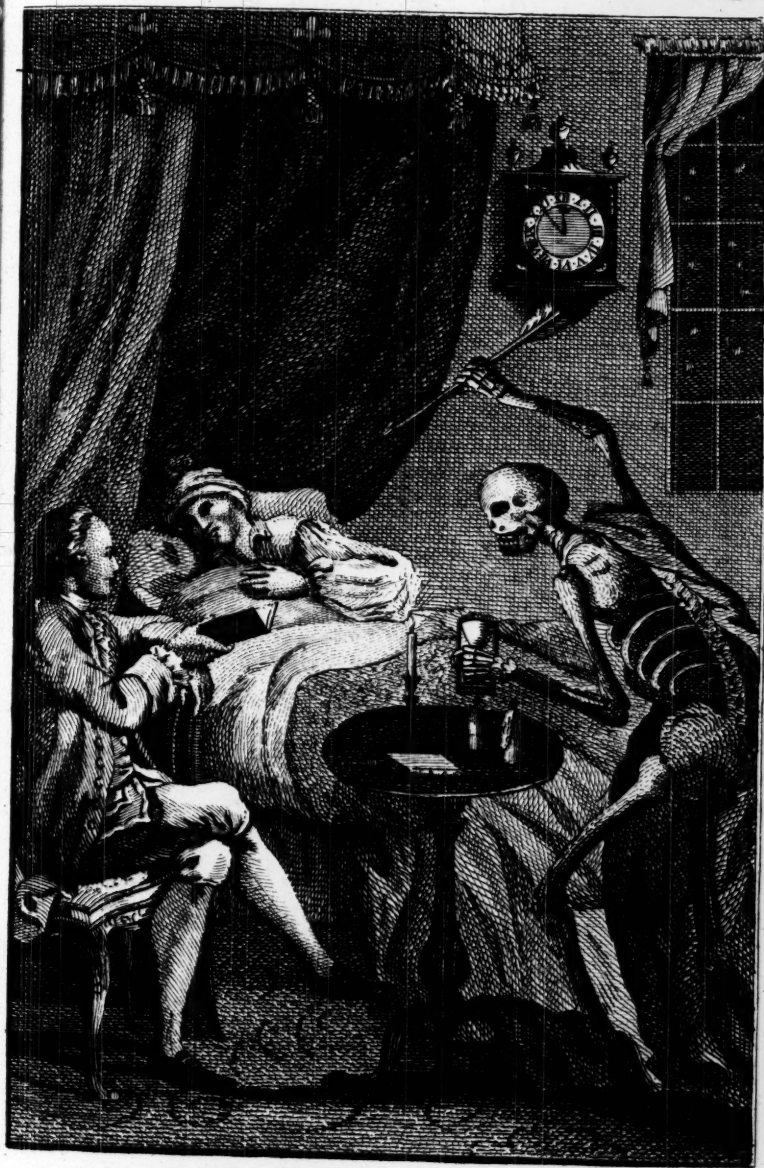
Beware, LORENZO ! a *slow-sudden* death.
 How dreadful that deliberate surprize !
 Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ; 390
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
*Procrastination** is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene. 395
 If not so frequent, would not This be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born. 400
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;

* A delay till the morrow.

Line 387. *Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow-sudden death.*] The beauty and forcible expression of " a slow sudden death," must strike us with the elegance of its poetry, as well as the importance of the thought. The seeming contrast, on reflection, deeply impresses on the mind that languor which attends concerns beyond the grave ; till the tremendous terrors of a death-bed, rouse it into a contemplating view of our past moments.

Line 392. *Procrastination is the thief of time ;*] This metaphorical image is picturesque and boldly coloured. The conciseness of the sentiment strikes us more than the most admirable " *vis poetica*." To paint from nature, and to confine its imagery within a proper bound, are not only the standards of perfection, but present the most pleasing objects to the reader.

Line 397. *That 'tis so frequent, This is stranger still.*] An evident emblem how greatly the lessons of experience are superior to those of example.



..... On other themes I'll dwell.
 What themes? Time's wondrous price,
 Death, Friendship & Philander's final scene



On Life, Death, and Immortality. 21

At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead ! 405
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails ;
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone :
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more. 410
 All promise is poor dilatory † man,
 And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Un-anxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise. 415
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay ;
 Pushes his prudent purpose to Resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought 420
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

† Remiss in execution.

Line 404. *At least, their own ; their future selves applauds.*] There is again an error in the punctuation. I submit the following amendment :

At least their own their future selves applauds.

Line 409. *'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool.*] There is an ambiguity in this and the following line, which is not easily reconciled. The similitude of "human wisdom" to "folly" seem to be the grand points our author had in view. "'Tis not in folly, &c. &c." that is, 'tis wise not to scorn a fool.—The bounds of human wisdom reach no farther.

Line 416. *At thirty man suspects himself a fool.*] The irresolution of mankind is here pleasingly express'd ; that it is nature no one will deny. "Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same," is a truth daily experience will teach us.

Strikes

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air, 426
 Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death. 430
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
 Can I forget PHILANDER? That were strange!
 O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
 The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

The sprightly *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn.
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
 The fullen gloom, sweet *Philomel**! like thee, 440
 And call the stars to listen: ev'ry star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excell,
 And charm thro' distant ages: wrapt in shade,
 Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*, 445

* The nightingale.

[Line 430. *So dies in human hearts the thought of death.*] How elegantly Dr. Young's families are painted, and in how true colours, the reader will naturally discover without a comment. The two former are, I think, superior to the generality of comparisons, and poetically expressive of our "irresolute resolves" on reformation.

[Line 434. *O my full heart!*—] Mr. Melmoth justly points out this as critically expressive of the poet's situation. That 'tis the language of nature, the feeling mind must be conscious; and how natural the break, the effusions of an unfeigned sorrow will best determine.

[Line 443. *Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excell.*] This address to the nightingale may be ranked amongst the most pleasing lines contained in our author's first book.

How

How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides*†!
 Or, *Milton*! thee; ah could I reach your strain!
 Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our own||.
Man too He sung: immortal man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
 What, now, but immortality can please?
 O had *He* press'd his theme, pursu'd the track, 455
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man!
 How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me! 459

Line 459. *How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!*] It is difficult to determine which appears most striking in the conclusion of the first Night, the author's modesty, or the elegance of his compliment to Mr. Pope. His enervate language, where he lays aside the subject, shews his strength of genius, and poetic imagination as a poet; the sublimity with which he sustains his reasonings, stamps him as a feeling penman of divine truths. On the whole, however subject his errors may be to criticism, a candid reader must view him as exalted in imagination, nervous in expression, pious in sentiment, and rich in poetic excellence.

† Homer. || Pope.

The A R G U M E N T.

B O O K II.

TIME, Death, and Friendship are the ground-work on which the poet builds the moral lessons of his Second Night.—He addresses Lorenzo, a gay, misguided libertine, on the importance of the subject; and cites Philander's death as a most recent and moving argument.—The inestimable value of time poetically described.—A grateful compliment to Dr. Mead.—The author deduces it as a moral certainty, that since the volubility, and present possession of time, are equally irksome to the mind, the useful employment of it is the most salutary remedy.—A metaphorical description of its primary origin.—The author admonishes Lorenzo, by pointing out the levities of the age.—An emblematical description of conscience.—The supineness of mankind.—A caution of the approach of death.—The excellence of well judged reason.—Singular advantages of friendship.—Inutility of contemplation unsustained by converse.—The author contemplates Philander's death with enthusiastic energy.—Serious reflections on a death-bed.

T H E

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SECOND.
ON
TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP:

Humbly Inscribed

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the cock crew, he wept*."—Smote by
that eye,
Which looks on me, on All: that Pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of Heaven.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude? 6
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?

D I know

* St. Mark, Chap 14, Verse 72.

Line 1. "*When the cock crew, he wept*"—Smote by that eye.] The author's pleasing resignation was never more apparent than at the commencement of the second night. The contents of the former book are penned in the most enthusiastic language of grief; but, considering his distressful situation, the transports of his sorrow are within the bounds of nature. There is a sublimity in his sentiments on the Divine Being, which cannot fail to please.

Line 6. *Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?*] The critic, (as many such there are) who might have perused the preceding book
with

I know the terms on which he sees the light;
 He that is born, is lifted; life is war;
 Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best, 10
 Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
 LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
 And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
 Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine
 growth

Of dear PHILANDER's dust. He, *thus*, tho' dead,
 May still befriend—What themes? *Time's* won-
 drous price, 16

Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's final scene.

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
 Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
 The good deed would delight me; half impress 20
 On my dark cloud an *Iris**; and from grief
 Call glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?
 I know tho' say'st it: Says thy life the same?
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Where

with a malign intention to discover every minute defect our author should be guilty of, founded a hope, we may presume, of overturning the system of morality which it contains from the passage, "How happy they, who wake no more." However blameable the sentiment, the reflection was natural; no laboured thought, but the pure effusion of distress. The language of resignation may better be approved, "And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?"

Line 12. *Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee.*] The reflection was natural. Lorenzo was the only friend whose interest the poet took to heart. The real personage depicted under that character is yet unknown, but is generally believed to have been his son, whose libertinism and misconduct were the cause of so severe a paternal reproof.

Line 23. *I know thou say'st it: Says thy life the same?*] From the death of Philander is deduced the most salutary argument that the loss of a friend can dictate. His piety and moral conduct were

* A rainbow.

On Time, Death, Friendship. 27

Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME, 25

(O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,

As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?

O Time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load

Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.

What moment granted man without account ! 30

What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid !

Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.

Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,

Insidious† Death ; should his strong hand arrest,

No composition sets the pris'ner free. 35

Eternity's inexorable‡ chain

Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late

Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !

That Time is mine, O MEAD ! to thee I owe ; 40

Fain would I pay thee with Eternity.

But ill my genius answers my desire ;

My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.

Accept the will : that dies not with my strain.

For what calls thy disease, LORENZO ! Not 45

† Deceitful.

‡ Deaf to prayer.

a striking contrast to the dissoluteness of Lorenzo. And yet, the libertine was not so irrevocably lost as to despise Philander. He loved his virtues, and bewailed his fate. " Says thy life the same ? " A question, whose importance, if duly weighed, might be the ground-work of serious reformation.

Line 27. *As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?*] The simile is apt and pleasing. The emblem of death, as a robber, (line 498) poetically calls the beauty of it to our recollection after a full period.

Line 40. *That Time is mine, O Mead ! to thee I owe ;*] That easy grace with which our author pays a compliment, seems to be a proof, that in his younger days, he was not wholly unacquainted with the language of courts.

For *Esculapian**, but for *moral* aid.
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in *time* ; it may be, poor ;
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth ; 50
 And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
 Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels ; virtue more divine. 55

Is this our *duty*, *wisdom*, *glory*, *gain* ?
 (*These* Heav'n benign in vital union binds)
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,
 When vernal suns inspire ? *Amusement* reigns
 Man's great demand : to trifle is to live : 60
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die ? —

Thou say'st I *preach*, LORENZO ! 'Tis confess.
 What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake* ?
 Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle ?
 Is it not treason to the soul *immortal*, 65
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our fight,

* The aid of physic.

Line 46. *For Esculapian, but for moral aid.*] The progress which the science of *Æsculapius* has made since the remote æra of its author, seems to have pushed out the more salutary cordials of morality. How greatly we are benefitted, or injured, by the revolution, I will not determine.

Line 61. *And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?*] By the singular attachment of mankind to the misuse of time, it might be thought so. Conceit and folly seem to have the usurping hand, and reason is an exile. We run the race of life careless and inattentive, "Eternity the prize."

(As

On Time, Death, Friendship. 29

(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires, 70
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm.
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)
Will toys amuse?—No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time!—its *loss* we dearly buy. 75
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads time's num'rous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from thee?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant. 80
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be Thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes All;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold; 85
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.
Immense revenue! ev'ry moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy *purpose* firm, is equal to the deed: 90

Line 70. *As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires.*] The length of this period renders the sense, on a first perusal, somewhat confused, tho' the conclusion is inimitably forcible. The extent of Dr. Young's imagination has led him into a *rhapsodical* error, which the less enraptured part of his readers will not readily excuse.

Line 83. *In act no trifle, and no blank in time.*] The repetitions of "this, blank, and trifle," are evidently beneath the dignity of poetry. There is a medium, which, when preserved, adds a beauty to the subject, and is consistent with reason; but unless the delicacy required in using it, be strictly attended to, the whole becomes a disgusting jargon to the ear.

Who.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
 Our *outward* act, indeed, admits restraint ;
 'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer ;
 Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard
 in heaven. 95

On all-important *Time*, through ev'ry age,
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
 " *I've lost a day*"—The prince who nobly cry'd,
 Had been an emperor without his crown ; 100
 Of *Rome* ?—Say, rather, Lord of human race :
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
 So should all speak : so *reason* speaks in all :
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,
 Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly, 105
 For rescue from the *blessings* we possess ?
Time, the supreme !—*Time* is eternity ;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
 Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
 Who murders *Time*, he crushes in the birth 110
 A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Line 91. *Who does the best his circumstance allows.*] In examining the propriety of this sentiment, we perceive the author's opinions in religion to be drawn from truth and benevolence. No bigotry to any particular system, unless the grand one of Christianity, is perceptible throughout his works. He draws proofs from reality ; and while he inspires the reader with a religious reverence for piety, leads him into no laboured and useless notions, or incomprehensible difficulties.

Line 110. *Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth.*] The thought is beautiful and original. In the severe rules of poetry, our author has doubtless his superiors ; but in the flights of imagination, and originality of his ideas, not to mention his elegance of expression, he may justly be ranked as first in the list of English poets.

Ah !

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short ; 115
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed ;
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art*, our furious charioteer 120
 (For *nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
 Drives headlong tow'rd the precipice of death ;
 Death, most our dread ; death *thus* more dreadful
 O what a riddle of absurdity ! [made ;
Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels : 125
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour. 130
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! Prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief, 135
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
 To man's false opticks* (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And

* Visionary powers.

Line 139. *Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings.*] When we compare the emblematical paintings of the ancients, with those of the modern poets, we own the superiority of the former ; not only from the priority, but the super-excellence of their thoughts.
 Spenser,

And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ; 140
 Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
 To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore. 146
 Not short Heav'n's bounty ; boundless our expence :
 No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
 We *waste*, not *use* our time ; we breathe, not live,
 Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life. 150
 And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
 Injoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man. 155
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure ; waste, a pain ;
 That man might *feel* his error, if unseen ;
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;

Spenser, among our countrymen, is bold in his descriptions, and figurative in his images. His genius, like Young's, was unbounded, and equally soar'd above the pedantic confin'd laws of what is call'd correct writing. The peculiar beauty of our author's metaphors cannot be better evinced than by separately viewing his animated digressions on the advances of time. The line I have quoted with the remainder of the sentence, has, doubtless, a striking annotation in the mind of the reader. Till we can discover an equal sublimity in any preceding or future poet, the impartial critic will say with Virgil,

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Line 153. *And why ? since Time was giv'n for use, not waste.* It is evident, that, throughout the Night Thoughts, we discover an obscurity in many passages, which is not removed without some difficulty. This generally proceeds from the lengthened periods and ill-connected parts of a sentence, by which the mind is confused, and unable to retain the sentiment throughout, as in the above line.

Not,

Not, blund'ring, split on idleness, for ease. 159
 Life's cares are comforts ; such by Heav'n design'd ;
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employments ; and without employ
 The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest,
 To souls most adverse ; action all their joy. 164
 Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle, with *great nature's plan* ;
 We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves ; 170
 Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom-broil ;
 We push Time from us, and we wish him back ;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;
 Life we think long, and short ; Death seek, and shun ;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife, 175

Line 161. *He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.*] Whether we view "Life's cares," as the necessary employment only of the mind, or as the calamities incident to humanity, we may, from experience, remove the seeming inconsistency of the poet's observation. A never to be conquered fondness for variety actuates the generality, if not the whole of mankind ; nor is its tendency destructive to their happiness. Who tastes the joys of liberty more than the slave who gains his freedom, or rather, who so much ? To feel the blessings of tranquility, we must have not the knowledge only, but the experience of pain. Supineness, or as Young expresses it, "the rack of rest," renders the mind tasteless, unnerves its faculties, and forms, from an animated being, a lifeless statue.

Line 165. *Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds.*] This concise and brief explanation of what the author is conscious will appear ambiguous to minds unacquainted with the lessons of true wisdom, or the value of the subjects it discusses, is pleasing and poetic. There is a similarity in the conclusion of one of Horace's Epistles.

Line 175. *Body and soul, like peevish man and wife.*] A comparison too trifling and puerile, unworthy the subject and pen of the author.

United jar, and yet are loth to part.
 Oh the dark days of vanity ! while Here,
 How tasteless ! and how terrible, when gone !
 Gone ? they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd, 180
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *possess*, both pain us, what can please ?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim, 186
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
 He *walks with Nature*, and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen : See next
 Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed* ; 190
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
 He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
 Is truly man's ; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
 Hast thou ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence ? 195
 For, or *against*, what wonders can he do !
 And *will* : To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.

Not

Line 180. *The spirit walks of every day deceas'd.*] Sublime and admirable ! What pity, that amidst such a profusion of sweets, we should here and there meet with a weed to feed a hungry critic.

Line 185. *Time us'd.*——] Amidst the variety of sentiments the author scatters through the Night Thoughts, none are more forcibly directed to the mind than his reflections on the misuse, or rather disregard of time. From thence may be dated the origin of evil ; and how severe a reproof must it be to the inactive soul, when it considers, that it has not only neglected, but changed the blessings of heaven to a curse. The counsels of the author, as well as the errors of Lorenzo, have long been public. The momentary follies of the one are followed ! The serious, the sacred truths of the former are neglected !

Line 197. ——— *To stand blank neuter he disdains.*] The consideration that each moment spent, balances the scale either of good or

Not on *those terms* was Time (Heav'n's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.

LORENZO! no: On the long-destin'd hour, 200

From everlasting ages growing ripe,

That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,

When the dread Sire, on emanation* bent,

And big with nature, rising in his might,

Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born), 205

By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds;

Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,

From old Eternity's mysterious orb,

Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;

The skies, which watch him in his new abode, 210

Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;

That horologe† machinery divine

Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,

Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:

Or, rather, as unequal plumes thy shape 215

His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,

To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,

or evil, should be a weighty admonition to the Lorenzos of our age. Let the libertine then answer, which are the more pond'rous moments of *his* life, those passed in guilt and inactivity, or those in piety and innocence.

Line 200. *Lorenzo! no: On the long-destin'd hour.*] The period is here carried to an amazing length; and the confused machinery of Time's attendants (tho' there is a beautiful sublimity of thought) is ill expressed.

Line 217. *To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest.*] This is again a poetical feather, added to the wings of Time, and expressive of the extensive genius of the poet. There is a fameness in the Latins in their description of Time, which cannot be observed in our author. He adds an emblematical figure, where ever he introduces him to the view of the reader; and, as he advances, seems to be more rich in imagination.

* The source and origin of nature.

† The emblem is taken from a clock.

And

And join a new *Eternity* his fire ;
 In his *immortality** to nest,
 When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush 221
 To *timeless* night, and chaos, whence they rose.
 Why spur the speedy ? Why with levities
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight ?
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ?
 Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man ; too soon
 In sad divorce this double flight must end : 227
 And then, where are we ? Where, *LORENZO* ! then
 Thy sports ? thy pomps ? — I grant thee, in a state
 Not unambitious ; in the ruffled throud, 230
 Thy *Parian*† tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
 Has *Death* his fopperies ? Then well may *Life*
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd ! Ye lilies of our land !
 Ye lilies male ! who neither toil, nor spin, 235

Unchangeableness

† Marble from the Island of Paros, the smallest of the Cyclades.

Line 220. *When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd.* On a careful perusal of this and the following lines, there is a certain grandeur of expression which particularly strikes us. The language is energetic, and conveys a forcible idea of the subject ; and in the execution of the thought, we may perceive some remaining sparks of Milton's fire.

Line 232. *Has death his fopperies ?* This interrogatory reproof has something so naturally adapted to the many instances of the truth it contains, that we are apt to answer in the affirmative to a preceding question. "Is death a trifle too ?" An unprepossessed reflection will dictate, that it must arise from a desire in mankind to transmit their follies to the grave.

Line 234. *Ye well-array'd ! Ye lilies of our land !* A reproof by no means too severe for the present age. "Who nothing can support, yourselves most insupportable," is an agreeable play on the words. The subject being held in a ludicrous view admits of the repetition. How true a sentiment it contains, the experience of an hour will discover.

(As

(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
 As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight !
 Ye delicate ! who nothing can support,
 Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom
 The winter rose must blow, the sun put on 240
 A brighter beam in *Leo*† ; filky-soft
Favonius§ breathe still softer, or be chid ;
 And other worlds send odours, sawce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms !
 O ye *LORENZO*s of our age ; who deem 245
 One moment unamused, a misery
 Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud
 For ev'ry bawble, drivell'd o'er by sense ;
 For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast ;
 For change of follies, and relays of joy, 250
 To drag your patient thro' the tedious length
 Of a short winter's day—say, fages ! say,
 Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !
 How will you weather an *eternal night*,
 Where such expedients fail ? 255
 O treach'rous conscience ! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song ;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence, unrecall'd, 260
 Unmark'd ;—See, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,

† A sign of the zodiack. § The western breeze.

Line 254. *How will you weather an eternal night ?*] A serious question, of too great moment for the most dissolute of mankind to be inattentive to, when in the hour of contemplation.

Line 261. —*See, from behind her secret stand.*] The imagery is again beautiful ; and the progress of conscience poetically expressed.

And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres *fancy's* airy band, 265
 A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
 Lift'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal 270
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs:
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass, 275
 Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
 And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
 LORENZO, *such* that *sleep*er in thy breast! 280
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
 For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon*?
 But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
 On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a school, 285
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: Each day a life!

Line 269. *And steals our embryos of iniquity.*] This concluding thought is, if possible, superior to the lines that precede it. The quick recollection of guilt is forcibly marked, by the "embryos of iniquity," which, as a metaphor, is inexpressibly striking.

Line 276. ——— *Which Death shall read,*

In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear.] The strength of the colouring, and expression of the epithets, convey an affecting idea of their beauties to the mind. We seem to view the images as reflections from nature; and the idea of death reading the list of our offences, when too late to erase them, is truly poetic.

And

And shall we kill each day ? If *trifling* kills ;
 Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us ! *Time* destroy'd 290
 Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens ; all exerts ; in effort all ;
 More than creation labours ! Labours more ?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst 295
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns ?——
Man sleeps ; and *man* alone ; and *man*, whose fate,
 Fate irreverfible*, intire, extreme, 299
 Endlefs, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles ; drops ! and *man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm ; *man*, the fole caufe
 Of this furrounding ftorm ! and yet he fleeps,
 As the ftorm rock'd to reft—Throw *years* away ? 304
 Throw *empires*, and be blamelefs. Moments feize :
 Heav'n's on their wing : a moment we may wifh,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* ftand ftill,
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
 The period paff, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, more than miracles we want ; 310
 LORENZO—O for yefterdays to come !

* Without a change.

Line 299. *Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme.*] I agree with Mr. Melmoth in his criticifm on the number of thefe epithets. They are not only too crowded on each other, but when examined, an inconfiftent jargon of words without coherence. “Intire, extreme,” viewed feparately, require the author's explanation. I own my infufficiency, but tho' the error is culpable, it is pleafing.

Line 311. *Lorenzo—O for yefterdays to come !*] The natural effufions of real feeling muft not only impreff a more forcible idea on the mind than cold morality, but add greatly to the elegance of poetry.

Such is the language of the man *awake* ;
 His ardor such, for what *oppresses* thee.
 And is his ardor vain, LORENZO ? No ;
 That *more* than miracle the gods indulge ; 315
To-day is *yesterday* return'd ; return'd
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;
 Nor, like its elder Sisters, die a fool. 320
 Shall it evaporate* in fume ? Fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?
 More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n ?
 Where shall I find Him ? Angels ! tell me where.
 You know him ; He is near you : Point him out : 326
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flower's ?
 Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed
 Protection ; now, are waving in applause 330
 To that blest son of foresight ! lord of fate !
 That awful independent on *to-morrow* !

* Vanish.

Line 316. *To day is yesterday return'd.*] The author, whilst he holds to view the misuse of Lorenzo's past days, bids him not despair. The argument with which he strengthens his admonitions, is bold and poetic; and the masterly manner in which he personifies "*to day*," suffices of itself to stamp the poet a favourite of the muses.

Line 323. *Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?*] An evident familiarity of sound between "*poorer*" and "*pour'd*," must strike the reader on the first perusal. The alteration is by no means agreeable to a delicate ear, as the nature of the subject will not admit of puerile, tho' poetical beauties.

Line 325. *Where shall I find Him? Angels! tell me where.*] In this and the following lines we perceive an enthusiasm, which, I think, does not embellish the dignity of the subject. The epithets are beyond reason, and strike us only with their impropriety.

Whose

Whose *work is done*, who triumphs in the *past* ;
 Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile ;
 Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly ; 335
 That common, but opprobrious lot ! Past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench'd ; 340
 All relish of realities expir'd ;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite winglets our desire ;
 In sense dark prison'd All that ought to soar ;
 Prone to the centre, crawling in the dust ; 345
 Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
 Embruted* ev'ry faculty divine ;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire 350
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
 Tho' we from *earth* ; *ethereal*, they that fell. [chang'd ;

* Buried.

Line 334. *Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.*] How pleasing an image ! Let the mind, which dictates of morality cannot melt to reformation, view the solid reasoning and beautiful embellishments of YOUNG ; and if it still continues callous to their arguments, how irrevocably lost !

Line 335. *Nor, like Parthian, wound him as they fly.*] The Parthians had a custom of dissembling flight, when reduced to the " finesses " of war ; and as they fled, wounded the pursuing enemy.

Fidentem que fuga Parthum, versisque sagittis.
 The comparison is very apt and beautiful.

Line 336. ————— *Past hours.*] The immoderate length of the ensuing period is particularly disgusting ; and thro' the multitude of its confused ideas, destroys the beauties of each.

Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise. 355
For what, gay friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?

A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence, 360

Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;
We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;

Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot ! 365

Is death at distance ? No : He has been on thee ;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.

Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now ?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd,
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues* ;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown. 371

The rest are on the wing ; how fleet their flight !

Already has the fatal train took fire ;

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;

* A sea term, taken from a ship which is removed from a gulph into the open river.

Line 363. *We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while.*] Hervey's Meditations are, in an inferior sense, what our author's Night Thoughts are in a more sublime and poetical. The moral system in each is similar. Life and Death are the arguments from whence their instructions are deduced : but Young's concluding sentiments convey a ray of hope, which the gloom of the former denies us.

Line 372. ———— *How fleet their flight !*] An evident proof how regardless our author was of the confines of correct poetry. "A fleet flight" is a tautologic jargon that must offend the most partial admirer of his beauties !

The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust. 375

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
And ask them, what report they bore to Heaven ;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

Their answers form what men *experience* call ;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best ; if not, worst foe. 380

O reconcile them ! Kind *experience* cries,
" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
" The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
" And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so. 385

Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh-anchor, and some happier slime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ? 390
Since, by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more ; 395

Line 375. *The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.*] These metaphorical images are too much beyond the style of his admonition, to be pleasing. After so grave an address to the soul of Lorenzo, this sudden flight of imagination is an inconsistency.

Line 376. *'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.*] This sentiment is pleasingly expressed, and the view of our " past hours" in a figurative light, is inimitable.

Line 389. *Art thou so moor'd, thou canst not disengage ?*] A situation which the knowledge of mankind will too frequently hold to our view.

Line 395. *And sleep till earth herself shall be no more.*] Whether this or a contrary sentiment be founded on truth, I shall leave to a more learned critic to discuss. Opinions, inconsistent with real happiness, tho' pursued beyond the grave, are still unprofitable.

Since

Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'er-thrown)
 We, fore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
 And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
 As man's own choice (controuler of the skies !)
 As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour, 400
 (O how omnipotent is Time !) decrees ;
 Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm ?
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !
 Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass, 405
 Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Affyrian** pale,
 Ere-while high-flusht with insolence and wine ?
 Like *that*, the dial speaks ; and points to thee,
 LORENZO ! loth to break thy banquet up ; 410
 " O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
 " And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
 Its silent language such : nor need'st thou call
 Thy *Magi* †, to decypher what it means.
 Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls : 415
 Dost ask, *How ? Whence ? Belsazzar* like, amaz'd !
 Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death ;
 Life feeds the murderer ; Ingrate ! he thrives
 On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
 But, here, LORENZO, the delusion lies ; 420

* Belsazzar.

† Wise men, Interpreters.

Line 406. *Portentous, as the written wall, which struck.*

Daniel, Chap. V. Verse 5.

" In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand ; and
 " wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaister of the
 " wall of the king's palace, and the king saw part of the hand
 " that wrote."

Line 418. ——— *Ingrate ! he thrives.* The thought is original,
 and peculiarly expressive.

That

That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
 It life resembles too : Life speeds away
 From point to point, tho seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen ; 425
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone :
Warnings point out our danger ; *gnomons* §, time :
 As *these* are useless when the sun is set ;
 So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all ; in reason's eye, 430
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware ;
 A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun ; 435
 And all mankind mistake their time of day :
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring ; 440
 And turn our blessings into baue. Since oft
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eye, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ; 445
 The

§ Sun-dial.

Line 421. *That solar shadow, as it measures life.*] Is only a repetition of "Time in advance behind him hides his wings."

Line 427. *Warnings point out our danger ; gnomons, time.*] The comparison is just and striking ; and the poetical similitude of reason and the sun, superior to criticism.

Line 438. — *So gentle life's descent.*] A pleasing metaphor, and in its imagery correctly critical.

Line 445. *One disappointment sure, to crown the rest.*] The unnatural folly to mankind of prolonging life beyond all human probability,
 and

The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this*, or similar, PHILANDER ! thou,
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun, 450
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
 How often thaw'd, and shorten winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
 Best found, so sought ; to the *recluse* more coy !
 Thoughts disintangle, passing o'er the lip ; 455
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
 Song, fashionably fruitless ! such as stains
 The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires ;
 Chiming her faints to *Cytherea's** fane. 460
 Know'st thou, LORENZO ! what a friend contains ?

As

* Venus.

and their delusive promises of joys, far out of view, are very naturally painted by the author. Experience might teach them, since age has rendered their vanities inexcusable, to found their basis on a more solid rock.

Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay,
 To-morrow's falser than the former day.

DRYDEN.

Line 449. *And strong, to wield all science, worth the name.*] There is an inconsistency of expression in this line, which Mr. Melmoth severely criticises. "To wield all science," is, as he justly remarks, a glaring absurdity; and however natural it might appear "the tongue" would be still an opposition to its propriety.

Line 451. *And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream.*] This is rather the language of one more attached to the vanities of the world than Dr. Young. Were his and Philander's passions so violent as to need a stream to cool them? The whole of this digression is unequal to the poet's usual correctness of thought.

Line 461. *Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?*] The reader cannot fail admiring the beauties of our author's address to Lorenzo,

As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, *wisdom and delight*;
 Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad? 465
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
 Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion
 too!
 Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
 When coin'd in word, we know its *real worth*. 471
 If sterling, store it for thy future use;
 'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
 Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain. 475
 The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot,
*Speech ventilates** our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
 Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.

Lorenzo, on the subject of friendship. The thoughts are original, and in many places clearly expressive of the sensible idea our author had of its value.

Line 477. *Speech ventilates our intellectual fire.*] These beautiful reflections on the excellence of those distinctions between man and brute, are moral and poetic. The solidity of the subject is embellished with every assistance unbounded fancy could afford. How pleasing an union, the general encomiums on our author will evince! There are similar sentiments, tho' differently pictured, in Dryden, and Lee's Duke of Guise.

Speech is the morning to the soul;
 It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
 Which else lie furl'd, and clouded in the soul.

* A thought taken from the blowing of glass.

What

What numbers, sheath'd in erudition†, lie 480
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
 And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
 If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!

'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
 push 485

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates‡ the student's standing pool.

In *contemplation* is his proud resource?

'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.

Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field; 490

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

'Tis *converse* qualifies for solitude;

As exercise, for salutary rest. 495

By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves;

And *nature's* fool, by *wisdom's* is outdone.

Wisdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian** mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she, but the means of *happiness*? 500

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship,

† Learning.

‡ Cleanses.

* The country of Peru is famous for its gold.

Line 480. *What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie.*] The metaphor is confused, and by no means pleasing, as that of the conflicting waves (Line 486) affects us only by its boldness. We find nothing natural in the similitude.

Line 502. *A melancholy fool, without her bells.*] We are more struck by the ludicrous view he gives of affected wisdom, than if he had exhausted volumes of morality to prove the truth of his sentiments.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity, 505
 Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
 Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
 Joy flies monopolists* : it calls for *two* ;
 Rich fruit ! heav'n planted ! never pluck'd by *one*.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give 510
 To *social* man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
 Delight intense is taken by rebound ;
 Reverberated§ pleasures fire the breast. 515
 Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends,
 For absent Heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft, 520
 Each

F

Each

* Persons who engross a commodity. § Mutual.
 sentiments. The vanity of wisdom incoherent with happiness,
 is pleasingly expressed by Mr. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*.

While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind ;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise.

Line 520. *Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft.*] An enthusiasm
 in friendship is highly beautiful. The reader, (has he not known
 the value of a friend) must, from the perusal of these lines, feel
 a tumultuous passion in his soul, unconscious of an object, beyond
 the power of language to express. The natural description
 which they contain cannot be sufficiently admired by those who
 love as YOUNG. Virgil's Nisus and Euryalus interest us by
 their affection more feelingly than Æneas's piety. And how
 great an idea Akenfide had of its inestimable price, may be
 deduced from his lines in the *Pleasures of Imagination*.

—Is ought so fair

101 In all the dewy landscape of the spring?

In

70 The COMPLAINT. Night 2.

Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit : in *passion's* flame
Hearts melt ; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason* ; *passions* foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life : 525

I wrong her much — entenders us for ever.
Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity ! endearing strife ! 530
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old *Time*, and *Death* !
From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* blifs*, 536
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* flower ?
Abroad They find, who cherish it at *home*.
LORENZO ! pardon what my love extorts, 540
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond,
That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
Caught by the wasture of a golden lure ; 545
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out

In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is ought so fair
As virtuous friendship? —

Achilles' lamentation for Patroclus, tho' his sentiments are heathen, and his revênge dissimilar to our poet's silent grief, is still an interesting scene.

* Hybla was renowned for the most precious honey : here used
for the most refined blifs.

For

On Time, Death, Friendship. 51

For other hearts, tenacious of their own ;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait.
 Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye pow'rs of wealth ! 550
 Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
 As well mere man an angel might beget.
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
 LORENZO ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee. 555
 All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.
 What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die ? 560
Reserve will wound it ; and *distrust* destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend :
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself ; 565
 Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
 Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far, for thee ;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize ! 570

F 2

A

Line 555. *A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.* Sincerity of affection among the great is a rare virtue, and from its scarcity arise the salutary counsels given by our poet. The vanity, or perhaps the natural benevolence of a man, may prompt him to seek a disinterested friendship. Shakespeare's advice,

Dull not thy palm with entertainment

Of each unsledg'd unhatch'd comrade.

Is a lesson too useful to be neglected when the latter motive urges us.

Line 568. *Judge before friendship, then confide till death.* Throughout the whole counsel for the choice of a friend, we admire each particular

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world :

"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing ;
Angels from friendship gather half their joy) 575

So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round

In the rich *ichor**, in the gen'rous blood

Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,

A brow solute†, and ever-laughing eye.

He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend ; 580

His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life ; but *Friendship new*

(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.

O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,

And elevating spirit, of a Friend, 585

For twenty summers rip'ning by my side ;

All feculence|| of falshood long thrown down ;

All social virtues rising in his soul ;

As crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !

Here nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ; 590

Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.

High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !

On earth how *lost* ! — PHILANDER is no more.

particular sentiment as a separate beauty. The summary of the whole which I have quoted is concise and elegant. There is a similarity of thought in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

[Line 593. *On earth how lost ! Philander is no more.*] In the conclusion of his periods, the author affects us by the silent language of grief more than in the most labour'd energy of thought. Nature speaks, we are not conscious of the deception, and listen to her eloquence with rapture.

* Supposed to be the blood of the God.

† Unwrinkled. || Dregs.

Think't

Think'ft thou the theme intoxicates my song?
 Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be. 595
 I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
 Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
 Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
 Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight! 600
 His flight PHILANDER took; his upward flight,
 If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
 (That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
 One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote
 What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
 Rivals scarce damn; and ZOILUS† reprieve. 606
 Yet what I can, I must: it were profane
 To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
 And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
 Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
 Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung! 612
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
*Painim** or *Christian*; to the blush of wit.
 Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
 The *Death bed* of the Just! is yet undrawn 618
 By mortal hand: it merits a divine:
 Angels should paint it, angels ever *there*!
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy.
 Dare I presume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
 And glory tempts, and inclination calls— 620
 Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aëreal groves impenetrable gloom;

† An ignorant ancient critic.

* Heathen.

Line 602. *Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd.*] The picturesque, tho' not absolutely our author's *forte*, yet is one of his excellencies, which cannot be passed over by the reader or the critic, without its merited admiration.

54 The C O M P L A I N T. Night 2.

Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade ;
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust*,
 In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings ! 625
 Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.

It is religion to proceed : I pause——

And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.

Is it his death-bed ? No ; it is his shrine :

Behold him, there, just rising to a God. 630

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is priviledg'd beyond the common walk.

Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.

Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,

Receive the blessing, and adore the chance, 635

That threw in this *Bethesda* § your disease :

If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.

For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells :

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here, tir'd *disimulation* drops her masque, 640

§ A pool of healing water mentioned in the New Testament.

Line 635. *Behold him, there, just rising to a God.*] The solemnity of expression, and dignity of thought, with which this scene is introduced, must interest forcibly, and be a pleasing Introduction to the beautiful sentiments occasioned by Philander's exit,

Line 636. *The chamber where the good man meets his fate.*] How sublime and pious a sentiment ! Throughout the whole of this affecting view, criticism must lay aside her rod, and in allusion to the 609th line, " Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus repriev'd."

Line 639. *Fly, ye profane !*] Is a beautiful and striking Digression from the subject.

Line 642. *If unrestored by This, despair your cure.*] In how energetic and forcible a style the author addresses a guilty sinner ! The language of a death-bed is as enforcing a lesson to the soul, as a death-bed repentance is sincere. If its *Bethesda* washes not our diseases, how lamentably shall we evince the poet's argument, " Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come !"

Line 645. *Here, tir'd disimulation drops her masque.*] The imagery is inimitable.

Thro³

Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
 Here real, and apparent, are the same.
 You see the *man*; you see his hold on heav'n;
 If sound his virtue; as PHILANDER's, sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men, 646
 A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death; 650
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
 PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.
 "No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!"
 "A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!"
 "A wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*! 655
 "A restless bed of pain, a plunge opaque
 "Beyond conjecture! Feeble *nature*'s dread!
 "Strong *reason*'s shudder at the dark unknown!"
 "A sun extinguish'd! a just op'ning grave! 659
 "And Oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?
 "Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!"

Line 655. *Virtue alone has majesty in death.*] We cannot find a more sublime sentiment in either ancient or modern writers. Its dignity in a moral sense, and figurative excellence in poetry, are admirable.

Line 663. *Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown!*] This sentiment is beautifully expressed in Hamlet's soliloquy.

But that the dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will.

Line 666. *Thought reach it?) the last—silence of a friend!*] Our feelings are now worked up to the highest pitch. Each sentiment selected, paints, in the happiest colours, the dignity of friendship, the grandeur of immortality. The dis-union of the former, tho' from thence the latter takes its rise, melts us into pity. We view the death-bed in all the sublimity of virtue; the "last, last silence of a friend," in all the moving sorrows of dis-united love.

Where

Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock, 663
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.

Thro' natures wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
(Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.

His conduct is a legacy for All 670

Richer than *Mammon's** for his single heir.

His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene! 675

Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man!

His God sustains him in his final hour!

His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze; we meet; mixt tears of grief and joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame! 681

Christians adore! and *Infidels* believe.

* The god of riches, as figured by Milton.

Line 676. *Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.*] The superiority of virtue to riches is pleasingly expressed. Milton describes Mammon as

———The least erected spirit that fell,
——— admiring more

The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold
Than ought divine.———

Line 687. *Christians adore! and Infidels believe.*] If, exclusive of a miracle, a guilty soul can turn to reformation, assuredly the pious man, in his last moments, contrasted with a view of the irreligious hopeless trembling sinner on his death-bed, will be an argument that cannot fail a cure. Such scenes reward, enforce a Christian's faith, and snatch the erring infidel from the brink of ruin.





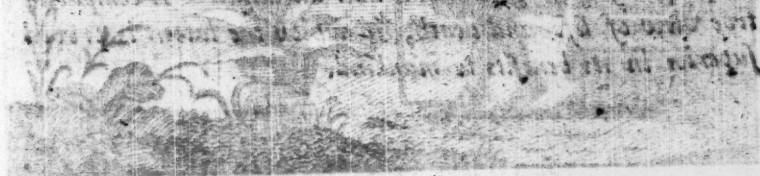
Malpas del. et Sc.

Philander! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchant'd earth
 Lost all her luster. Where, her glittering towers?
 Her golden mountains, where, all darken'd down
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
 The great magician's dead!

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height ;
 While rising vapours, and descending shades, 685
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale ;
 Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
 PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his head,
 At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng : 690
 Sweet *peace*, and heav'nly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre, bright. 694

Line 688. *As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow.*] The simile, tho' sublime, is rather confused, owing to the introduction of the sun, and too great length of the period. Philander is very aptly compared to the tow'r; but in regard to "detaining the sun," the allegory is not so completely poetical, as is usual with our author.

Line 698. *Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.*] The reader must evidently perceive a labour of expression, which, without an attentive perusal, requires explanation. "Peace, hope, and joy," are undoubtedly a reference to the sun. In an allegorical sense, they beam on Philander's soul; but as to gilding destruction, and then again crowning *him*, the metaphor must be allowed incongruous. The destruction which is meant by the poet, is apparently the dissolution of the body by death.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

THE author pathetically recommends a converse with reason and God, and in contrast to the usual Invocations of Phæbus, addresses night.—He compliments the Dutches of Portland, to whom the third book is inscribed under the name of Cynthia; and after having implored the assistance of the moon, mournfully reflects on the death of Narcissa.—A poetical address to the lilies, as emblems of her innocence; with a second admonition to Lorenzo.—An enthusiastic reflection on the inhumanity which followed Narcissa's Death.—The author paints the ills which arise from the secret and deceitful treachery of Man; and in allusion to the flower which sprung from Ajax's blood, contemplates how valuable a lesson of wisdom may be deduced from the fate of Narcissa.—A counsel to Lorenzo to admit reflections on Death, as most salutary to a religious Life.—The poet reproves the vanity of mankind in confining their ideas to present things alone.—Points out the propriety of a good man and an angel.—A comparative view of life and death, in which the latter is proved superior in its benefits to mankind.

THE

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the THIRD.
NARCISSE.

Humbly Inscribed to Her GRACE

The DUCHESS of P-----.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

VIRG.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze
runs mad,
To *reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.

Line 6. *O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought.*] The sublimity with which this address is expressed, must infallibly prepossess the reader in favour of its author. On the subjects of morality, I know of no one who equals him, either for genuine piety, or forcible expression. On that of grief, poetry must acknowledge him to have transmitted her most striking excellencies to immortality.

Communion

60 The COMPLAINT. Night 3.

Communion sweet ! communion large, and high !
 Our *Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God* ! 10
 Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
 And all, ere long, shall be remote, *but* these.
 How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
 A stranger ! unacknowledg'd ! unapprov'd !
 Now woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy breast :
 To win thy wish, creation has no more. 16
 Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a friend —
 But friends, how mortal ! Dang'rous the desire.
 Take PHOEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards !
 Inebriate† at fair Fortune's fountain-head ; 20
 And reeling thro' the wilderness of joy ;
 Where *sense* runs savage, broke from *reason's* chain,
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;
 Unlike the Deity my song invokes. 25
 I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
 (ENDYMION's rival !) and her aid implore ;
 Now first implor'd in succour to the *muse*.
 Thou, who didst lately borrow * CYNTHIA's form,
 And modestly forego thine own ! O Thou, 30

† Drunken.

* At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

Line 10. *Our Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God* !] Mr. Melmoth, in his critique on the Night Thoughts, points out this climax as peculiarly striking. No subject admits the assistance of that figure in so forcible a manner, as the attributes of the Divine Being. No author paints them with such energy as Dr. Young.

Line 24. *My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song*.] The repetition of the words in this and the following line, has a pleasing effect.

Line 29. *Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form*.] If any thing can be reckoned an addition to the elegance of his compliment, it is the peculiar delicacy with which he enforces his images. We cannot pass a line without admiring the aptness of his similitudes, and lively colouring of his metaphors.

Who

Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
 Say, why not CYNTHIA, patroness of song?
 As thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute 35
 This revolution in the world inspir'd?

Ye train Pierian§! to the lunar sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
 She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads 40
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
 A strain for gods! deny'd to mortal ear.

Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!
 What title, or what name, endears thee most?
 CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE*!—or dost hear
 With higher gust, fair P———D† of the skies? 46

Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
 More pow'rful than of old Circean‡ charm?
 Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
 The soul of song; and whisper in mine ear 50
 The theft divine; or in propitious dreams

§ Poets.

* Different names of the moon.

† Portland.

‡ An ancient enchantress.

Line 34. ——— *Still more a Goddess by the change.*] How inimitably poetic! Her grace's charms must have doubtless reached the height of perfection, since Young has immortalized them in so pleasing a dress.

Line 48. *More pow'rful than of old Circean charm?*]

Carminibus Circe, socios mutavit Ulysses.

Line 49. *Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring.*] There is a very similar invocation to truth in Voltaire's *Henriade*.

Viens, & s'il est vrai que la fable autrefois

Scut a tes fiers accens melar sa douce voix;

Si sa main delicate orna ta tête altiere,

Si son ombre embellit les traits de ta lumiere;

Avec moi, sur tes pas permets lui de marcher,

Pour orner tes attraits, & non pour les cacher.

(For dreams are thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
 Of thy first votary — But not thy last;
 If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.
 And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme; 55
 A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
 'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp, 60
 Than that which smote me from PHILANDER'S
 NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd [tomb.
 Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims 65
 The grief that started from my lids for him:
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
 Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow, he *more* than causes, he confounds;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend, 70
 And make distress, distraction. Oh PHILANDER!
 What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
 Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!

Line 58. *A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul.*] The imagery is here very fine. The natural solemnity with which the ideas are strengthened interests the mind, and greatly embellishes the narrative. We meet with a similarity of sentiment in Shakespear's Richard III.

But in the end —

Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with queen and son, and all are dead.

Line 67. *Seizes the faithless, alienated tear.*] Throughout the language of our author's sorrows, how profuse an abundance of metaphorical beauties do we meet with? This particular thought is remarkably pleasing, and consistent with the most critical laws of poetry. It is neither confused, nor spun out beyond a proper limit.

Like

N A R C I S S A.

63

Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey. 75
 It call'd N A R C I S S A long before her hour;
 It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves,
 In this inclement clime of human life. 80
 Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
 And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
 And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
 And happy (if aught happy *here*), as good!
 For Fortune fond had built her nest on high. 85
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark).
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! All its charm
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song! 90
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
 Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, 95
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all

[Line 81. *Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!*] This crowded comparison of Narcissa's beauties, is, I think, by no means pleasing. It is extended above all poetical bounds, but as the fond effusions of a parent's love, repels the dart of criticism——

[Line 89. *And left it unharmonious! All its charm.*] Mopsus' lamentation on the death of Daphnis has some faint resemblance to Dr. Young's sentiments, tho' the Mantuan bard is far less interesting in his ideas.

Tu decus omne tuis. Postquam te fata tulerunt
 Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo.

Virgil. Eclogue-V.

64 The COMPLAINT. Night 3.

We guess of heav'n : And these were all her own.
 And she was mine ; and I was—*was* most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery ! 100
 As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
 Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy,
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ; 105
 Far lovelier ! Pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep :
 Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me. 110
 Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze, 115
 That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas** blew,

* The north wind.

Line 99. *And she was mine ; and I was—was most blest—*] The affecting idea the author draws from Narcissa's loss must actuate forcibly on the passions of the reader. The repetition of *was* is strikingly expressive of the reflection that his happiness was no more.

Line 110. *Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.*] The whole representation of this mournful scene is, beyond description, beautiful. Search ancient and modern authors, no language can be found which speaks the father's sorrow so forcibly to the soul.

Line 117. *I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north.*] In hopes of recovering the health of his daughter, he sought the south of France as a more temperate climate, but the hand of fate baffled his paternal cares, and even denied a grave to that Narcissa whom in death he doated on.

And

And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam, 120:
 Deny'd his wonted succour, nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies; Fairest lilies not so fair.

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives; 125:
 In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And out-blush (*mine excepted*) ev'ry fair;
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropt your odours, incense meet 130:
 To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
 Cœval race with man! for man you smile;
 Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
 His sudden pangs; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight, 135:
 But what his glowing passions can engage;
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe!

[Line 124. *Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!*] This beautiful address is inimitably imagined; and the descriptive view he gives of his daughter's innocence in the comparison, recalls each former reflection to the mind. Virgil's fifth Eclogue has some lines equally striking on a similar subject,

Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
 Flebant: vos Coryli testes & flumina Nymphis:
 Oum, complexa sui corpus miserabile nati
 Atque deos, atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.

[Line 139. *And anguish, after rapture, how severe!*] When, after toiling thro' a world of difficulties, we reach the summit of our ardent wishes, how sweet the pleasure! and how soon remembrance of a former scene escapes us! Purchased by pain, our joys are doubly pleasing. But when, amidst the revels of prosperity, misfortune strikes the blow, and all our vanities become a dream, "the anguish, how severe!"

66 The COMPLAINT. Night 3.

Rapture ? bold' man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste, 141
 While *here*, presuming on the rights of heaven.
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 LORENZO ? At thy friend's expence be wise ;
 Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
 A broken reed, at best ; but oft, a spear ; 146
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
 Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :—
 Thought repell'd,
 Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe. 149
 Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning joys !
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
 Strangers to Thee ; and, more surprising still, 155
 Strangers to kindness, wept : Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ; 160
 While *nature melted, superstition rav'd ;*

Line 147. *On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.*] The allegory here is particularly striking. The images, exclusive of their morality, are beautifully chosen.

Line 161. *While nature melted, superstition rav'd.*] In errors of religion no one should criticise, while those errors wound not the feelings of humanity ; but when superstition's follies o'erpow'r the dictates of compassion, how lamentably lost must be its followers ! how dead to nature, pity, or christianity, the propagators of such a system ! What Pope says of it in its ancient state may be aptly applied to its modern professors now.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.

That

That mourn'd the dead ; and *this* deny'd a grave.
 Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the *tyger* suckt, outrag'd the storm.
 For Oh ! the curst ungodliness of zeal ! 165
 While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* murst
 In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
 The *sainted spirit*, petrify'd the breast ;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170
 What could I do ? what succour ! what resource ?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept, 175
 With soft-suspended step ; and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
 I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their realms ;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb shall pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes, 180
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half-execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ; 185
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp the curst soil ; and with humanity
 (Deny'd N A R C I S S A) wisht them all a grave.

Glowe

Line 179. *Nor writ her name, whose tomb shall pierce the skies.*]
 What a magnificence of thought !—He has erected an immortal
 tomb to Narcissa's memory, worthy her virtues ; and, spite of
 Gallic inhumanity, may say with Horace,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.——

Line 188. (*Deny'd Narcissa*) *wisht them all a grave.*] That the au-
 thor's rancour is consistent with our Saviour's blessed system of
 forgiveness,

Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead? 199
 The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust!
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form; erect, divine!
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold. 195
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroul'd;
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
 Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence? 200
 An angel's dust!—This *Lucifer** transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
 Far less than this is shocking in a race. 205
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
 And uncreated but for love divine;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, lost;

By

* Satan, alluding to Jude 9th
 forgiveness, I will not affirm. But tho' he erred, it was the error
 of passion, the error of unbounded love; in short, the error of a
 father.—Critics, be silent!

A mind at ease like yours may talk of patience,
 Displaying the philosopher and hero.

MARTYN.

Line 189.

What guilt

Can equal violations of the dead? In every age, nay
 even in each throughout the variety of religions, the dead were
 held as sacred. Heathens (how lamentable and but how true!)
 gathered, from morality alone, that lesson of humanity, while
 those enlightened by christianity and revealed religion, forfeit the
 feelings of men to become slaves to despotism of superstitious
 enthusiasm.

Line 208. *And, but for love divine, this moment, lost.* The author's
 appeal to our Saviour's condescending pity for mankind, as an
 argument.

By fate reſorb'd*, and ſunk in endless night;
 Man hard of heart to man ! Of horrid things 210
 Moſt horrid ! Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange !
 Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs ;
 Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,
 And contumelious† his humanity :
 What then his vengeance ? Hear it not, ye ſtars !
 And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the ſound ; 216
 Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
 A previous blaſt foretells the riſing ſtorm ;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
 Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue ; 220
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
 And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire :
 Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
 And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.

argument for mutual benevolence, is a reproof that ſtrikes as ſeverely as the bitter enmity that hoſtile ſoit afforded him. That difference of opinion ſhould forbid a mutual charity between mankind is horrid ; but to purſue their rancour after death, how ſhocking to humanity !

Line 215. ———— *Hear it not, ye ſtars !*] This figurative addreſs is peculiarly expreſſive. We find a ſimilar poetic beauty in Shakeſpeare's *Othello*

It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my foul,

Let me not name it to you, my chaste ſtars,

It is the cauſe. ————

Line 217. *Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.*] Though the author's ideas of mankind are dark and gloomy, yet they are in general deduced from nature and experience. Horace, in his works, handles the ſame ſentiment in a ſimilar manner ; and Beaumont's reaſoning is of the ſame caſt.

I will ſooner truſt a crocodile

When he ſheds tears ; for he kills ſuddenly,

And ends our cares at once ; or any thing

That's evil to our nature, than a man.

* Swallowed up.

† Reproachful.

Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were! 225

Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but Himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd :
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerves most tender, in his friends? 230
Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes;

He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.

But he, nor I, feel more: past ills, NARCISSA!
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart! 234

Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and clust'ring there
Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240

How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?

An aspic, each; and all, an *hydra* woe.

What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?—

Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?

This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews; 245

And each tear mourns its own distinct distress;

And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands

Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.

A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:

Line 226. *Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but Himself.*] This idea is highly expressive of our author's flights of fancy. The sentiment is as original as beautiful; and shews, in how despicable a light he held the benevolence of mankind.

Line 229. *Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels.*] A beautiful sentiment! which, as it charms us by its poetical energy, must warm us into a sensible feeling for the author's calamities.

Line 242. *An aspic, each; and all, an hydra woe.*] We cannot sufficiently admire the expression with which this allusion is painted.

Not

Not friends alone such obsequies* deplore ; 250

They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way ;

And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, thro' the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hush'd *Cimmerian's* vale,
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinished fates, 256

With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !

That subterranean world, that land of ruin !

Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought !

There let my thought expatiate ; and explore 261

Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,

Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.

For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,

My soul ! " The fruits of dying friends survey ;

" Expose the *vain* of life ; weigh life and death ; 266

" Give death his eulogy† ; thy fear subdu'd ;

" And labour that first palm of noble minds,

" A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSE's grave.

As poets feign'd from *AYAX*'|| streaming blood 271

Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r‡ ;

Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.

* Rites of burial.

§ The epithet is taken from *Cimmeria*, a country, where it is
continual darkness.

† Commendation.

|| A prince in the Trojan war.

‡ Inscribed *Ai, Ai.*

Line 271. *As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood.*]

Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum,

Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

Virgil. Eclogue III.

Line 273. *Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.*] The simile
is very pleasing. The more we examine its strict adherence to
poetical laws, the less prejudiced we shall be against our author's
frequent neglect of them.

And

And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
 It brings us more than triple aid; an aid 275
 To chase our *thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt*.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
 That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280
 Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way; and, thus, to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluckt from the wing of human vanity, 285
 Which makes us stoop from our æreal heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up, 290
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades, 295
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?

§ After death.

Line 280. *Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth.*] The allegory which this image contains is striking, and in a more extensive and sublime idea expresses the truth of "*Mors janua vitæ*."

Line 285. *Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume.*] Had the poet confined his metaphor within a proper limit, the commendation of their beauties were a needless trouble; but the confusion of his images requires a careful eye to select the peculiar excellence of each.

Senseless,

Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans; 301
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire; let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy! 305
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death, shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme 310
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous ills that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey; 315
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbreach'd delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*; 320
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,

Line 311. *Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?*] No subject can admit of such extensive counsel as the vanity of life; and no author strengthens its truths with such a *pathos* as Young. Gay, in his *Miscellanies*, has similar thoughts, tho' the morality is not so sublime.

Ah! what is life with ills encompass'd round?

Amidst our hopes fate strikes the sudden wound.

Line 321. *Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.*] Though Mr. Melmoth's criticism on these lines is humorous, and in some respect well-founded, yet we cannot blame our author's imagery, however indelicate, while it speaks the language of nature.

Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—Shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too; 326

Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.

Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?

For what live ever here?—With labouring step

To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round 330

Eternal? To clime life's worn, heavy wheel,

Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,

The beaten track? To bid each wretched day

The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,

And yawn our joys? or thank a misery 335

For change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?

Hear, till unheard, the same old flabber'd tale?

To taste the tasted, and at each return

Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant

Another vintage? strain a flatter year, 340

Thro' loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?

Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!

Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!

The *rational* foul kennels of excess!

Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch! 345

Trembling each gulph, lest death should snatch the
bowl.

Such of our fine ones is the wish refin'd!

So would they have it: elegant desire!

Line 330. *To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round.*] Too great an abundance of repeated interrogatories, and those, I think, somewhat confused and disgusting, is an error hardly to be forgiven. Separately examined, nature pleads for them, tho' Mr. Melmoth is deaf to her intercession; which to incline to, let the reader determine.

Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds ?
 But such examples might their riot awe. 350
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Tho' on bright thought they father all their flights)
 To what are they reduc'd ! To love, and hate,
 The same vain world ; to censure, and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool 355
 Each moment of each day ; to flatter bad
 Thro' dread of worse ; to cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, to *them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—— 360
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs ! such their pangs of joy !

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure ?
 One only ; but that one, what all may reach ; 365
 VIRTUE—She, wonder-working goddess ! charms
 That rock to bloom ; and tames the painted shrew ;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO ! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous iteration*, change ;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line. 370
 Believ'ft thou this, LORENZO ? Lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys

* Sameness, the unvaried revolution of circumstance from day to day.

Line 349. *Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds ?*] A natural question ! whose forcible admonition must apparently be of weight with those who own the dignity of human nature, tho' they destroy it.

Line 361. *Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.*] The period at the conclusion of this line, is apparently an error of punctuation ; I would conclude the preceding line with the period, and this with a comma.

Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckow-seasons sing 375
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize;
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
 Make their days various; various as the dyes 380
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays;
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
 On lighten'd minds that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
 In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope, 385
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing*, new strength, lustre, fame;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel 390
 Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
 Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire
 And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure!
 And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates? and turn infidels for joy? 397
 A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust,
 "He sins against *this* life, who fights the *next*."

* Ripening. † Discheverse.
 Line 380. While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel. First, it is
 nature's circle; then again, virtue strikes it to a line; and here,
 without any visible reason, it is turned once more into its former
 shape, and like a chariot wheel? This surely is an inconsistency,
 but as Horace says;

Adquiesce bonus dormis Homerus.

What is this life? How few their fav'rite know! 400
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
 We give to Time Eternity's regard;
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port. 405
 Life has no value as an end, but means;
 An end deplorable! a means divine!
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
 A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.
 Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd, 410
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect, richer far; important! awful!
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy! 415
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the barren rock? the painted shrew?
 Where now, LORENZO! life's eternal round?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain. 420
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines;
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, Night

Line 400. *What is this life? how few their fav'rite know!* This, tho' a repetition of the author's former sentiments, is still a greater addition to their morality. Shakespeare, in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, speaks similarly on the same subject.

Our life is short; b. t. to extend that span
 To vast eternity, is virtue's work.

Line 401. *Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace.* The allusion is beautifully expressive, and highly figurative of an unbounded attachment to the world.

Assists me here) Compare it to the moon ;
 Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich 425
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere :
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow. 430

Nor is that glory distant : Oh LORENZO !
 A good man, and an angel ! These between
 How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?
 Perhaps a moment ; or perhaps a year ;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still ; 435
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;
 Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
 The soft transition call it ; and be cheer'd : 440
 Such it is often, and why not to thee ?

Line 424. ———— *Compare it to the moon.*] To call for inspiration is a plan so critically followed, that Gods and Demi-Gods have been repeatedly invoked by the *pirian train* of poets and demi-poets. How vain their prayer, their works will testify. Night least implored appears the most propitious. Our author's poem is a proof of my assertion, which, for its general beauties, seems to proclaim the hand of some assistant muse. The comparison of life to the moon is inimitable, and handled with all the powers of a poetic genius.

Line 432. *A good man, and an angel ! These between.*] There is a majesty in these lines, which, as it strikes us with a reverential awe for piety, enforces a pleasing idea of the author's sublimity of sentiment.

Line 438. *Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.*] From the train of reasoning which Young paints in all the loveliness of virtue, is deduced this fervent admonition. Virgil has a thought something similar, when he says,

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra.

To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise ;
 And may itself procure, what it presumes.
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd ;
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown. 445

"*Strange competition !*"—True, LORENZO ! Strange !
 So little *life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light ;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ; 451
 All eye, all ear, the disembod' d pow'r.

Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel ;
Life, ill's substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven ! 455

By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd ?
 By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd ?
Death but intombs the body ; *life* the soul.

Line 442. *To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise*.] 'Tis not the language of bigotry which the author addresses to Lorenzo, nor does he wish to incite in him a dread of the Deity more than consistent with his mercy. The horrors of hell are not painted, 'tis the glories of a heavenly existence he describes ; and from the pleasing hopes of future happiness, inspires us with the present.

Call up your better reason to your aid,
 And hope the best. That friendly beam is left
 To cheer the wretch, and lighten thro' his sorrows,
 Nor can he sink so low, but hope will find him ;
 The pleasing prospect of a better day
 Shines thro' the gloom of life, and shortens pain.

HAVARD'S Scanderbeg.

Line 451. *Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day*.] The expressive grandeur of his ideas, while it delights, astonishes. We are at a loss which to admire most, his poetry, or his morality.

" Is

80 The COMPLAINT. Night 3.

“Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
 “With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
 “Art, genius, fortune, elevated power! 461
 “With various lustres *these* light up the world,
 “Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race.”
 I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror, 465
Death humbles these; more barb’rous *life*, the man,
Life is the triumph of our mould’ring clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
 Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
 No bliss has *life* to boast, till *death* can give 471
 Far greater: *life*’s a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
 LORENZO! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile, 475
 To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
 Where ev’ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemir’d! 480
 LORENZO! blush at *terror* for a *death*,
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bow’rs,

Line 459. *Is Death then guiltless? How he marks his way.*] This episode, both as it disjoints the rational foundation on which the author’s reasoning is built, and, as it is strictly poetical, cannot fail to please on a perusal.

Line 473. *Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.*] The contrasted imagery of this reflection is beyond the aid of a comment to describe. It cannot fail to strike the reader with its poetical excellence.

Line 474. *Lorenzo! blush at fondness for a life.*] The comparative view which the author affords Lorenzo of Life and Death, is undoubtedly a master-piece in sentiment, as well as poetry.

Where

Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of Bliss. 485
 What need I more? O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and disease; disease, tho' long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
 Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell; 490
 That calls my few friends to my funeral;
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory; 495
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and ambition, wrath, and avarice,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive*, cares importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O death! is thine. 500
 Our day of dissolution!—Name it right;
 'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe: what tho' the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us, as we reap the golden grain?
 More than thy balm, O *Gilead*! heals the wound. 505

* Pressing on the mind.

Line 490. *Which, plucks a little more, will toll the bell.* There is a solemn sadness in this and the concluding lines, which, I think, is inexpressibly beautiful. Gray has some lines on this subject in his elegy, which equally move us by their natural ideas.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,

No more shall rouse them from their lonely bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,

Or climb his knees the env'd kiss to share,

Birtb's

Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
 For mighty gain : the gain of each, a life !
 But O ! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd ; *life* lives beyond the grave. 510
 And feel I, *death* ! no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !
Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns ! 515
Death, that absolves my birth ; a curse without it !
Rich death, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera* !
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
 Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt ; 520
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great Sire ;
 Tho' the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Tho' prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live *entire*. *Death* is the crown of life : 526
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life ;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ; 531
 Where blooming *Eden* withers in our fight !

* A Delusion.

Line 530. *Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !*] How beautiful an effect this climax has, on so momentous a subject, needs not a comment. The reader, whether he examines its beauties in a poetical or moral sense, will find an astonishing sublimity contained in the ideas.

Death

Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
 When shall I die?—When shall I live for ever? 536

Line 534. *This king of terrors is the prince of peace.*]

Wisdom of Solomon, Chap. 3.

Ver. 2. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery.

3. And their going from us for utter destruction, but they are in peace.

4. For they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

The author's sentiments are evidently similar to those of the royal penman, tho' more enforced, thro' the variety of additional beauties.



THE ARGUMENT.
BOOK IV.

ADDRESS to Mr. Yorke.—Reflection on the vain terrors of Death, particularly to the aged.—The fruitless success of wishes, exemplified in the author's ill requited attendance on the court.—The inutility of an attachment to worldly pomps.—A comparative view of himself with a tottering ruin; with an elegant compliment to Dr. Mead.—An address to the Deity.—Invocation to Night.—The author beautifully recounts the mercy of our Saviour.—A poetic episode to the sun; with enthusiastic reflections on the blessings of our Lord's resurrection.—The glories of God painted in the most sublime ideas.—A comparative view of men and angels. The author concludes with an admonitory address to Lorenzo, on the triumphs of reason and christianity; with a second and more sublime view of the mercies offered to mankind.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FOURTH.

THE
CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING
Our only CURE for the FEAR of
DEATH;

And Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART
on that Inestimable Blessing.

Humbly Inscribed to the

Hon^{ble} Mr. YORKE.

A Much-indebted muse, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure. 5
Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow. 9

Line 7. *Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here.*

Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man] There appears to me an evident error in the punctuation of the above lines. As they stand at present, the ear is disgusted with an unintelligible jumble in the whole, unworthy of the author. The following I recommend as an amendment:

Is past; not come, or gone: He's never here
Ere, hope, sensation fails; black-boding man.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
 The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
 These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
 The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
 Man makes a death, which nature never made; 15
 Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
 And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has age to fear?
 If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
 And shelter in his hospitable* gloom. 20

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
 My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
 And what recalls me? Look the world around,
 And tell me what: The wisest cannot tell.

Should any born of woman give his thought 25
 Full range, on just *dislike's*† unbounded field;
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;

Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er;
 As *Leopards*, spotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark;
 Vivacious† *ill*; good dying immature§; 30

(How immature, *NARCISSA's* marble tells)
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
 His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,

* Conducive to eternity. † Unfavourable ideas of men and manners.

† In prosperity.

§ Unripe.

Line 10. *The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave.*] The imagery contained in these lines carries with it ideas so poetical, and so beautifully expressed, that it cannot fail attracting the reader's admiration.

Line 31. (*How immature, Narcissa's marble tells.*)] We must kindly allow our author a trifling absence of mind, when in the composition of this immortal poem; otherwise, we cannot pass over *Narcissa's* marble without a recollection of

I whisper'd what should echo through their realms,

Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce the skies.

And spend itself in sighs for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To lucky life) some perquisites of joy* ; 35

A time there is, when, like a thrice told tale,

Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more;

But from our comment on the comedy,

Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd, 40

Or purpos'd emendations† where we fail'd,

Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,

When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,

Toss Fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,

And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene. 45

With me; that time is come; my world‡ is dead;

A new world§ rises, and new manners reign:

Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,

To push me from the scene, or hit me there.

What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze, 50

And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;

Nor that the worst: ah me! the dire effect

Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;

* Moments of content.

† Corrections.

‡ Successful period of life.

§ Change in the ministry.

Line 39. *But from our comment on the comedy.*] The similitude is natural, but too much strained, through the continued length of the period.

—All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits, and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts.

Line 48. *Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive.*] An allusion to the revolutions of the court. The author's ill success, and the demerits of those "who push'd him from the scene," were the cause of this poignant satire. Mr. Melmoth criticises these sentiments as not being original. On such a subject, the powers of poetry and prose have been so exhausted, that it will hardly admit of novelty.

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.—

55

Shall I dare say, Peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardor to be seen.

When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint, 60
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow;
Refusal! canst thou wear a smother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death*: 65
Twice-told the period* spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.

* Ten years.

Line 54. *Of old so gracious (and let that suffice).*] There are similar sentiments on this subject in the first scene of Otway's Orphan.

Ern. ————— He might have claimed
Places in honour, and employment high;
A huffing, shining, flattering, cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just value for the king,
Nor ever names him but with highest rev'rence:
'Tis noble that —————

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.

Line 60. *When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint.*] Mr. Methueth points out an error in the composition of this sentiment, which he thinks the licence of poetry will not excuse. "To drink nectar with the ear" is the metaphor on which he founds his criticism: But had he consulted Shakespeare, he would have met with many instances of the like. "To drink with greedy ear," is an usual expression with that poet.

Line 63. *Refusal! can'st thou wear a smother form?*] There is a natural colouring in these lines that cannot fail to please. Dr. Young's knowledge of courts rendered him conversant with all their machinations.

Alas!

Alas ! ambition makes my little, less ;
 Embitt'ring the possess'd : Why wish for more ? 70
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst ;
 Philosophy's reverse ! and health's decay !
 Were I as plump, as stall'd[†] theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a *South-sea** dream, 75
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *hætic* of a fool ;
 Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
 And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !
 Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid 80
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril :
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng ; 85
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff, 90
 Eager ambition's fiery chace I see ;

† Deans, Canons, &c.

* Adventure in the Rocks.

Line 73. *Were I as plump, as stall'd theology.*] An apt allusion ;
 and natural satire on those, who, as Shakespeare says,

— Neither plough, nor sow, and yet they reap

The fat of all the land, and suck the poor. —

Line 81. *My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.*] The author,
 I think, seems to contradict a former sentiment,

Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege.

How could his heart be laid at rest, supposing him to be busily
 employed in managing so arduous a task ? —

Line 82. *The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas.*] The alle-
 gory is very poetically handled, and the metaphorical images
 throughout, evidently proceed from a masterly pen.

I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds* of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each others prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ; 95
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths† them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
 Earth's highest station ends in, " Here he lies : "
 And " Dust to dust " concludes her noblest song. 100
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late ;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state ; 105
 Some avocation‡ deeming it—to die ;
 Unbit by rage canine§ of dying rich ;
 Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coëvals|| ! remnants of yourselves !
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave ! 110
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness(a) and age ? 115
 With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
 Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?

* Inclosure. † Ensnares. ‡ Rest after a series of labour.

§ An epithet taken from the howling of dogs.

|| Of an equal age. (a) For the attainment of riches.

Line 109. *O my coëvals ! Remnants of yourselves !*] This address to those of his own age is inimitable. The author's reflections on his situation, are as forcibly impressed on our minds, as those on Narcissa's fate, tho' his feelings are much more warmly described than the latter.

Man wants but little ; nor that little, long :
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ! 120
 Years* unexperienc'd rush on num'rous ills ;
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
 When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such, 125
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive : And am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it possible, I live ? 130
 Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,
 Alive by MEAD ! If I am still alive,
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee† is not more *shallow*, than *impure*, 135
 And *vapid* ; *sense* and *reason* shew the door,

* Time, untried in its progress, and in the revolution of human affairs, which it bears with it, inflicts upon us a series of misfortunes.

† Dregs.

Line 123. *The key of life, it opes the gates of death.*] In this brief allusion to the shortness of life, we find great poetical judgment. The ideas are concise and expressive ; nor are the images too much strained : a fault our poet is frequently guilty of.

Line 131. *Alive by miracle ! or, what is next.*] The author, doubtless, had no idea of a double entendre, when he paid Dr. Mead this compliment. Let us examine the different lights in which it may be construed. " He lives by a miracle," very well ; " or what is next, by Mead," Mead then, not by his superior skill, but thro' miraculous good luck, preserved the doctor's life.

Line 132. *Alive by Mead ! If I am still alive.*] Horace, in one of his odes, has an idea very similar :

Et, quod placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death!

Nature's immortal, immaterial fun!

Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth 140

From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay

The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath

The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow;

To drink the spirit of the golden day*;

And triumph in existence; and could'st know 145

No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd

A rise in blessing; with the patriarch's joy,

Thy call I follow to the land unknown;

I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;

Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs: 150

All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

Tho' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;

Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's

spear.

And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.

Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm— 155

Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;

And smil'd, unsmitten: small my cause to smile!

† Disposer. § Engendering. To taste the influence of life attended with eternity.

Line 138. O thou great arbiter of life and death. The sublimity and natural fervour of this address is inconceivably beautiful. "Nature's immortal, immaterial fun," has a grandeur of thought which breathes the genuine life of Milton. The repetition of *and* so frequently occurs on a perusal of the Night Thoughts, that it disgusts us. In this place, particularly, the subject with by no means admit of it.

Line 155. Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm. Sleep statum hoc nobis, si mens non levis fuisset,

De cælo tactas memini prædicere querens.

Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab illic Cornix.

Death's

Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot.
 More dreadful by delay ; the longer ere
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
 O think how deep, LORENZO ! *Here it stings* : 161
 Who can appease its anguish ? How it burns !
 What hand the barb'd*, invenom'd, thought can
 draw ?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace ?
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ? 165
 With joy, —with grief, that *healing hand*† I see ;
 Ah ! too conspicuous ! It is fix'd on high.
 On high ! —What means my phrensy ? I blaspheme ;
 Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the skies !
 The skies is form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*. 171
 Draw the dire steel—Ah no ! The dreadful blessing
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?
 There hangs all human hope : that nail supports
 The falling universe : that gone, we drop ; 175
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth —
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !
 In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell ? 180
 O what a groan was there ! A groan *not His*.
 He seiz'd our dreadful right ; the load sustain'd ;
 And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear.

* Bearded.

† The redeeming Saviour.

Line 174. ————*That nail supports.*] The energy of
 thought which this contains, is inexpressibly beautiful. The poet
 does justice to the sublimity of the subject, by the poetic
 grandeur of his sentiments.

Sensations *new** in angels bosoms rise; 185

Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss

O for their song, to reach my lofty theme!

Inspire me, *Night*! with all thy tuneful spheres;

Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,

And shew to men the dignity of man; 190

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.

Shall *Pagan*† pages glow celestial flame,

And *Christian* languish? On our hearts, not heads,

Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.

What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*, 195

"Expended‡ Deity on human woe?"

Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night

Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood§.

Of endless day: To feel is to be fir'd;

And to believe, *LORENZO*! is to feel. 200

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous|| Pow'r!

Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!

That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;

And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold guilt;

How our hearts tremble at thy love immense! 205

In love immense, inviolably just!

Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,

Didst stain the *cross*; and, work of wonders, far

The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought! Shall I dare speak it, or repress?

Should man more *execrate*(a), or *boast*, the guilt 211

* Arising from grief, a passion foreign to the breast of angels.

† *Heathen*.

‡ Benevolence directed towards the welfare of mankind.

§ Expanding splendor.

|| To be dreaded.

(a) *Curse*.

[Line 185. *Sensations new in angels bosoms rise*.] This thought contains a very pleasing idea, and is a striking addition to the dignity of the preceding lines.

Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love
inflamm'd?

O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with outstretcht arms,
Stern† *justice*, and soft smiling *love*, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne, 215

When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost,

What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,

And rescue both? Both rescue! Both exalt! 220

O how are both exalted by the deed!

The wondrous deed! or shall I call it more?

A wonder in Omnipotence itself!

A mystery no less to gods than men!

Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw, 225

A God all o'er, consummate†, absolute,

Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:

They set at odds heav'n's jarring attributes;

And, with one excellence another wound;

Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams;

Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself, 231

Underify'd by their opprobrious praise:

A god *all* mercy, is a god unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!

Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains! 235

The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,

† Severe in its administration.

‡ Of divine perfection.

Line 233. *A god all mercy, is a god unjust.*] The mercy of God, tho' an attribute the most beneficial to the salvation of mankind, yet, stretched too far, renders the distinctions of good and evil absolutely void. The Old Testament has a variety of instances, where the love and merciful forgiveness of the Almighty, have been attended, not with adoration, but idolatry. Ours is a soil of ingratitude, which, cultured by the hand of an unbounded love, produces weeds.

Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
 All price beyond : tho' curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum : 240
 Its value vast ungrasp'd by minds create,
 For ever hides, and glows, in the Supreme.

And was the ransom paid ? It was : And paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more ?) for *You*.
 The sun beheld it—No ; the shocking scene 245
 Drove back his chariot : *midnight* veil'd his face ;
 Not such as *this* ; not such as nature makes ;
 A *midnight*, nature shudder'd to behold ;
 A *midnight* new ! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown ! 250
Sun ! didst thou fly thy maker's pain ? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his cross ;
 Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?
 Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n that hour let fall a tear ;
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile ! Heav'n bled,
 Might never die ! [that man
 And

[Line 237. *Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund.*] From the seeming contradiction of these epithets arises the majesty with which the sentiments are painted. Though, as Mr. Melmoth observes, the ideas are not worthy the subject they depicture, yet, a candid reader will allow them all the sublimity and excellence, language and poetry admit of.

[Line 245. *The sun beheld it—No ; the shocking scene.*] How beautifully described ! The images are animated beyond the power of imitation. Unassisted with the creative aid of fancy, we view them figured in the most lively colours ; they almost breathe the inspired truths which each selected sentiment contains.

[Line 257. *Heav'n wept, that men might smile ! Heav'n bled.*] The striking beauty that so affecting a thought displays, cannot escape the

And is devotion virtue ? 'Tis *compell'd* : [these ?
 What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like
 Such contemplations mount us ; and should mount
 The mind still higher ; nor ever glance on man, 262
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders ? Other wonders rise ;
 And strike where-e'er they roll : my soul is caught :
 Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring* from the
 cross, 266

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'nér of amaze !—In His blest *life*,
 I see the *path*, and in His *death*, the *price*,
 And in His great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme 270
 Of immortality.—And did He rise ?

Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !
 He rose ! He rose ! He burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of Glory to come in : 275

Who is the King of Glory ? He who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death :
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of Glory to come in.
 Who is the King of Glory ? He who slew 280

the admiration of a feeling and truly christian reader. Were it
 viewed in the light of fancy, there is a strength of description that
 greatly interests us ; but considered as the ground-work of our
 salvation, we cannot sufficiently reflect on its inestimable excel-
 lence.

Line 267. *Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round.*] There is
 an incongruity in this image, by no means to be reconciled. The
 comparison of heaven's blessings to a set of constables, or a press-
 gang, is highly degradatory of the subject. 'Tis one of those nu-
 merous errors which an enraptured poet unguardedly falls into,
 but which adorn the pallid brow of criticism.

* Drawn, as it were, to that centre, and showered on us from the
 crucifixion of our Saviour.

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race† !
 The King of Glory, He, whose glory fill'd
 Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
 And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd‡ in the theme. 285

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain ?
 Oh the burst gates ! crush'd king ! demolish'd
 throne ! [heav'n !

Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death ! Shout earth and
 This *sum of good* to man : *whose* nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb !
 Then, then, I rose ; then first *humanity* 291

Triumphant, past the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest !) and seiz'd eternal youth,
 Seiz'd in our *name*. E're since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality 295

Was, then, transferr'd to death ; and heav'n's du-
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame, [ration
 This child of dust, — Man, all-immortal ! hail ;
 Hail, Heav'n ! all-lavish of strange gifts to man !
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss. 300

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above

† Death.

‡ Lost.

Line 285. *Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.*] The ground-work of this beautiful view of our Saviour's divine condescension to mankind, tho' in the description original, is evidently taken from the third book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. This sentiment which I quote is similar to that of the afore-mentioned poet.

Admiration seiz'd

All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend

Wondering, but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

Book III. Line 271.

Th'

The Christian Triumph.

69

Th' *Aonian* mount?—Alas, small cause for joy !
 What if to pain immortal ? If extent
 Of being, to preclude* a close of woe ? 305
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt ;
 For guilt, not innocence, His life He pour'd ;
 'Tis guilt alone can justify His death ;
 Nor that, unless His death can justify 310
 Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent ; He writes
 My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd His side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind 315
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.
 And what is *this* ?—Survey the wond'rous cure :
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise !
 " Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon 320

* To forbid, shut out.

Line 303. *Th' Aonian mount?*—] Helicon, in Aonia, or as now called Bœotia.

Line 309. *'Tis guilt alone can justify his death.*] Is almost a repetition of

Should man more execrate, or boast the guilt

Which rous'd such vengeance, which such love inflam'd.

Which is verbally taken from Adam's speech in Milton's twelfth book :

Full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin

By me done and occasioned ; or rejoice

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.

Line 474.

Line 312. *If, sick of folly, I relent ; He writes.*] This sentiment throughout is beautiful. The metaphorical images are naturally chosen, and poetically expressed. He combats Death with the most pointed weapons of reason, and administers the most comforting and balmy medicine to despair.

"Thro' means, that speak its value infinite!
 "A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
 "With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
 "Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
 "Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still! 325
 "A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 "Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
 "My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 "Yet for the foulest of the foul, He dies,
 "Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
 "As if our race were held of highest rank; 330
 "And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
 Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom, burn!
 Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
 Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies; 335
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man or angel! O that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave) my praise! for ever flow;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n 340
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd,
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.
 So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *praise* descend,
 With her soft plume from *plausive** angels wing 345

* Applauding.

Line 337. ———— *O that I could climb.*] This beautiful digression adds an energy to the dignity of his lines. Virgil has something similar in his eclogue, inscribed Pollio. Tho' unassisted with revealed religion, and the divine redemption of mankind, this heathen poet emblematically foretells the coming of our Saviour, tho' the allusion is to an earthly monarch.

O mihi tam longæ, maneat Pax ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

First

First pluckt by man) to tickle mortal ears,
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great ?
 Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
 Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold ?
 Oh love of gold ! thou meanest of amours ! 350
 Shall *praise* her odours waste on VIRTUE's dead†,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt, 352
 Earn dirty bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in scenes, where *vacant* posts, 355
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones,
 Return, apostate* *praise* ! thou vagabond !
 Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme. 360
 There flow redundant ; like *Meander* flow,
 Back to thy fountain ; to that parent Pow'r,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
 The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
 In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay, 366
 Of guilt to guilt ; and turn their backs on Thee,
 Great Sire ! whom thrones† celestial ceaseless sing ;

† Lost to morality.

* Wandering from truth.

‡ Heavenly spirits.

Line 351. *Shall praise her odours waste on virtue's dead.*] Though we believe the author to be himself rather tinctured with the vice of flattery, we should not less commend his sentiments on its effects. Shakespeare points out, in a similar manner, the miraculous metamorphoses achieved on those whom riches insure a flatterer.

Gold ! yellow, glitt'ring, precious gold,

Gold that will make black white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;

Rafe, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

To

To prostrate angels, an amazing scene !

O the presumption of man's awe for man ! — 370

Man's Author ! End ! Restorer ! Law ! and Judge !

Thine, all ; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,

With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds :

What, night eternal, but a frown from Thee ?

What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile ? 375

And shall not *praise* be Thine ? not human praise ?

While heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live ?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe

My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,

And all her infinite of prospect fair, 380

Cut thro' the shades of hell, *great Love* ! by Thee,

O most adorable ! most unador'd ! [end ?

Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should

Where-e'er I turn, what claim on all applause !

How is *night's* sable* mantle labour'd o'er, 385

How richly wrought with attributes divine !

What *wisdom* shines ! what *love* ! This midnight

pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd !

§. Beaming.

* Darkness.

Line 376. *And shall not praise be thine ? not human praise ?* These reflections on the remissness of mankind towards a contemplation of the Deity, are fervently expressed. The piety which they contain must set their poetical merits in a fairer light ; and while the reader considers the devotion of angels, (beings of a rank so greatly superior to his own) his supineness must be alarmed, his faith strengthened, and hope built on a more religious basis.

Line 378. *O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe.* May be considered as an imitation of Tityrus' speech in Virgil's first Eclogue.

Ante levés ergo pascuntur in æthere cervi

Et freta, &c.

Quam nostræ illius labatur pectore vultus.

Built

Built with divine ambition ! nought to Thee ;
 For others this profusion : Thou, apart, 399
 Above ! beyond ! Oh tell me, mighty Mind !
 Where art Thou ? Shall I dive into the deep ?
 Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
 For their Creator ? Shall I question loud
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells ? 395
 Or holds HE furious *storms* in streighten'd reins ;
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car ?

What mean these questions ?—Trembling I re-
 My prostrate soul adores the *present* God : [tract ;
 Praise I a distant deity ? He tunes, 400
 My voice (if tun'd) ; the nerve, that writes, sustains ;
 Wrapt in his Being, I resound his praise :
 But tho' past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence* ; local† is His throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd (as standards call 405
 The lifted from afar) ; to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since *finite*† ev'ry nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth ;

And

* Being.

† Fixed.

‡ Either subject to an end, or existing by birth.

Line 409. *The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth.*] The sublime grandeur of idea which the author entertains of the Deity, throughout his work, is, I think, far superior to any composition on the subject, exclusive of the sacred writings. Milton's descriptive sentiments on the attributes of the Almighty, tho' more dazzling than Young's, and even the foundation of his Thoughts, have, I think, a less majesty. That the reader may judge, I have selected a few lines from his third book.

Thee, father, first they sung, omnipotent,

Immutable, immortal, infinite,

Eternal King ; The author of all being,

Fountain.

And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand ; 410

Her dissolution, his suspended smile !

The great *First-Last* ! pavilion'd & high he sits

In darkness, from excessive splendor, born,

By gods unseen, unless thro' lustre lost.

His glory, to created glory, bright, 415

As that to central horrors ; He looks down

On all that soars ; and spans immensity.

Tho, *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,

Boundless creation ! what art thou ? a beam,

A mere effluvium of his majesty : 420

And shall an atom of this atom-world

Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n ?

Down to the centre should I send my thought

Fountain of light, Thyself invisible

Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st

Thron'd inaccessible ; but when thou shad'st

The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear :

Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim

Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.

Line 419. ———— *Pavilion'd high he sits.* There is a confused ambiguity in this and the two following lines, which was the necessary effect attendant on an attempt to describe the incomprehensible attributes of the Deity. I recommend the following explanation of the difficulties :

——— " He sits pavilion'd high in darkness *born*, that is, arising from excessive splendor : By gods unseen, unless *thro' lustre lost*, that is, unless from a diminution of his brightness."

Line 423. *Down to the centre should I send my thought.* The poet has apparently borrowed this thought of impotency in description from Virgil's *Georgic* the second.

Non ego cuncta meis amplecti veribus opto

Non mihi si lingua centum serit, oraque centum

Peripa vox.

§ Enthroned.

Thro'

Thro' beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay ; 425
 Goes out in darkness : If, on tow'ring wing,
 I send it thro' the boundless† vault of stars ;
 The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *Thee*,
 Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal King !
 If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around, 430
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing§ bliss ;
 And ask their strain ; they want it, *more* they want,
 Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
 Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns : 435
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine. [alone ;
 Still more—This theme is man's, and man's
 Their vast appointments reach it not : they see
 On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high ;
 And *downward* look for Heav'n's superior praise !
 First born of ether* ! high in fields of light †! 441
 View man, to see the glory of your God !
 Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here* ;
 And some *did* envy ; and the rest, tho' gods,
 Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man, 445
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
 They less would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my theme ;
 They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd) ;
 How rose in melody, that child of love !
Creation's great superior, man ! is thine ; 450
 Thine is *Redemption* ; they just gave the key ;
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song ;
 Tho, human, yet divine ; far should not *this*

† Firmament.

* The skies.

§ Inheriting eternal joys.

‡ The eternal regions of the blest.

Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?

Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime; 455

Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;

Far more than labour—It was death in heav'n.

A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;

If not far bolder still, to disbelieve. [heav'n?]

Here pause, and ponder: Was there death in

What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?

Who struck it? Who!—O how is *man* enlarg'd,

Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!

How counterpois'd* his origin from dust !

How counterpois'd, to duff his sad return! 465

How voided his vast distance from the skies!

How near he presses on the seraph's wing!

Which is the seraph? Which the horn of clay?

How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud

Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n!

The *double* fon ; the made, and the re-made! 47 r

And shall heav'n's double property be lost ?

Man's double madness only can destroy.

To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all ;

The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ; 475

• **Contracted.**

Line 458. *A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true.*] How beautifully do these two lines express the boundless love of God to mankind! The reverential piety which it should naturally inspire, is no where better exemplified than in the sentiments of Young. He paints the miracles of our Lord's Redemption in the most affecting colours. The interesting scene is impressed on the mind in the warmest language of piety and religion. His doctrine is admirable, as the effusions of the most sincere christianity. The pleasing turn of thought he gives his sentiments are the material excellence of poetry.

Who

Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?
 O ye! who from this *Rock of Ages*[†], leap,
 Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll, 480
 Our int'rest in the master of the storm!
 Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *smile*;
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there:
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man; 485
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
 How long shall human nature be *their* book,
 Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
 The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders there;

What high contents! illustrious faculties! 490
 But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross*.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god? 495
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life?
 If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
 I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

† Eternal salvation.

Line 477. *O ye! who from this rock of ages, leap.*] From this line, to the conclusion of the period, we find no sort of connection, but the whole a jumble of absurdities. The author first addresses the Apostates, then instantaneously reflects on our consolations, and lastly, concludes the period with an address to nobody-knows-who.

Line 484. *Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there.*] The remotest authors of antiquity, have, in their discourses on morality laid this down as the basis of natural religion.

Catches

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee; 500
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
 How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
 It is another scene! another self! 505
 And still another, as time rolls along;
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions* of surprising fate! 510
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! Where gods
 Encounter†, and embrace me! What new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
 Where, what now charms, perhaps, what'er exists,
Old Time, and fair *Creation*, are forgot! 516
 Is this extravagant? Of man we form
 Extravagant conception, to be just:
 Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him.

* Changes, revolving scenes.

† Meet.

Line 505. *It is another scene! another self!*] Had the poet confined the above sentiment to the line I have quoted, its beauties would have been sufficiently sublime; but by spinning out the thought two lines farther, the ideas become an unintelligible confusion.

Line 517. *Is this extravagant? Of man we form.*] This and the ensuing lines are so bewildered in extravagance, that an uninspired reader, or even that omniscient Being, a critic, must examine them carefully before he can render the author's meaning intelligible. The following will, I think, be in some respects explanatory.

"Is this extravagant? In strict justice, extravagant concep-
 tions are formed from man only. A conception, tho' bound-
 less, wants wings to define his nature: The god-head only
 more removed from its reach, as to the superiority of its at-
 tributes."

Beyond

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himself
 Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
 As his wise plan demanded; and when past
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,
 If they *continue* rational, as made,
 Resorbs* them all into Himself again;
 His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

520

525

Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
 Tho' yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
 Angels are men of a superior kind;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
 Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
 While *here* of corps† ethereal, such enroll'd,
 And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.
 Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
 Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
 MICHAEL|| has fought our battles; RAPHAEL sung
 Our triumphs; GABRIEL on our errands flown,

540

546

* Re-admits.

† Form.

|| This favourable interposition of angels may be seen at length in
 Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Line 521. *He, the great Father! kindled at one flame.*] This sublime
 view of the works of the Deity, has an interesting grandeur,
 which evidently marks it as the offspring of Young's imagination.

110 The COMPLAINT. Night 4.

Sent by the SOV'REIGN : And are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies 550
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next* ;

Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death, 555
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !
Here is firm footing ; *here* is solid rock ;
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours. 560
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,

Line 548. ———— *And thou (shame burn.)* The dignity of man is here viewed in the most forcible light. Its propinquity to an angelic nature is handled in the most sublime language ; and the whole composition is a striking admonition to the groveling part of our species.

Line 553. *Religion ! the sole voucher man is man.* What could be the author's meaning when he penn'd this line, I am not able to determine. The only idea I can form from it, is, that religion is the only reliance in the intercourse of mankind ; the sole voucher between man and man. If it be otherwise, the punctuation is very erroneous, as, in its present form, it will admit of no explanation.

Line 561. *His hand the good man fastens on the skies.* This image is particularly beautiful, in a poetic and religious view. Horace, in the beginning of one of his odes, has a thought exactly similar.

Line 563. *As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air.* The comparison is striking, and correspondent in all its parts. No poet gives a more pleasing view of religion, and its rewards, or admonishes a reformation in morality with greater strength of argument.

And

And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd, 565
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims, 570
And sordid sweets, from seculence* and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness; 575
And, groaning *Culinary*†, of thee! *There* shine
The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting:
There, sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborne,
Can love allure us? or can terror awe? 580
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If, in his love, so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires? 585
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my *all*!

* Impure dregs.

† The mountains on which the jews crucified our Saviour.

Line 581. *He weeps! the falling drop puts out the sun.*] The magnificence of this sentiment, may, undoubtedly, be reckoned amongst the most concisely striking excellencies of the Night Thoughts. Mr. Melmoth criticises it for a poetical error, which any other writer would have readily forgiven. He cites a *sigh*, as a fault in the climax, being inferior in its force to a *tear*, which he remarks, rather to fall than rise on the imagination.

Line 586. ———— *Thou, my all.*] I am surprized that this similar mistake should have escaped Mr. Melmoth's Severity, as it is certainly a much greater error in poetry than the former. That the author should first address the Deity, by the epithet of "Thou, my all," and then fall into a division of that *all*, is certainly a pierian blunder.

My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death ! 590
 My boast thro' time ! bliss thro' eternity !
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
 Or fathom|| thy profound of love to man !
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me ; 594
 My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !

What then art Thou ? by what name shall I call
 Knew I the name devout archangels use, [Thee ?
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
 By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear, as that, which, tho' unspoke,
 Still glows at heart : O how Omnipotence 601
 Is lost in love ! Thou great *Philanthropist** !
 Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
 Like JACOB, fondest of the younger born† !
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking
 brand 605
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !

|| Measure.

* Lover of mankind.

† Benjamin.

Line 596. *What then art thou ? By what name shall I call thee ?*
 Is an allusion to Adam's converse with God, in Milton's eighth
 book.

O by what name, for Thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpashest far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man ? For whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things.

Line 357.

To

To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
 To challenge, and to distance, all return! 610
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
 Thy right too great defrauds Thee of thy due;
 And sacrilegious* our sublimest song.
 But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile, 615
 Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
 And future life symphonious† to my strain,
 (That noblest hymn to Heav'n!) for ever lie
 Intomb'd my *fear of death*! and ev'ry fear,
 The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown. 620

Whom see I yonder, to demurely smile?
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye Quietists, in homage to the skies!
 Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive‡ tender of your hearts, 625
 Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
 But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with Heav'n§!
 Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
 Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?

* Impious. † In conjunctive harmony. ‡ Inanimate.

§ Alluding to Jacob's contest with the angel of God.

Line 612. *And leave praise panting in the distant vale.*] The author in this thought rises above all commendation. The picturesque view is painted in the most critical and admirable colours.

Line 629. *Are passions, then, the pagans of the soul?*] This address is a sufficient reply to the scruples which might doubtless arise in those luke-warm breasts, whose ideas of religion are unempassioned with the fervour of christianity: On a subject so momentous as the present, the author must, like Young, be enthusiastically warmed, with the truths he describes, to describe those truths passionately to the soul.

114 The COMPLAINT. Night 4.

Reason alone baptized ? alone *ordain'd* 630

To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !

Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers ;

Oh for an humbler art, and prouder song !

THOU, my much-injur'd theme ! with that soft eye,

Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look 635

Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;

And pardon to the winter* in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !

On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;

Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*. 640

Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has shewn

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain

What smooth emollients† in theology,

Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,

That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ? 645

Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd* ?

Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;

But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven ;

To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;

High heav'n's *orchestra*‡ chaunts *Amen* to man. 650

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,

Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,

Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,

Thro' the vast spaces of the universe,

To cheer me in this melancholy gloom ? 655

* Impotency of expression.

† Luke-warm preachers.

‡ Celestial band.

Line 653. *Soft-wafted on celestial pity's plume.*] There is an expression contained in the selection of this line, which conveys its images in the most natural and striking manner to the mind. The softness of the description is beautiful, and the choice of words inimitable.

Oh when will *death* (now stingsless) like a friend,
 Admit me of their choir ? Oh when will *death*,
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down ?
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode ?
 Oh death divine ! that giv'st us to the skies ! 660
 Great *future* ! glorious patron of the *past*,
 And *present* ! when shall I thy shrine adore ?
 From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
 This dark, incarcerating* *colony*, 665
 Divides us. Happy day ! that breaks our chain ;
 That manumits† ; that calls from exile home ;
 That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
 And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
 Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne ; 670
 Who hears our advocate, and, thro' his wounds
 Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
 'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command :
 'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wife ;
 'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad. 675
 Seest thou, LORENZO ! where hangs all our hope ?

* Inclosing, taken from the Carceres among the Romans, wherein their horses were shut up.

† Restores us to freedom.

Line 675. 'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad.] The continual vicissitudes of life, so greatly impressed in the memory by daily revolutions ; the vanity of reliance on earthly happiness, so evidently exemplified in fortune's change, render the good man conversant with troubles. Conscious, as he must be, of the unalterable decrees of fate, of the well-grounded views of an eternity hereafter, "How can he be sad ?" Lamentation for worldly losses must stamp him an inhabitant of this lower sphere. "How then can he be good ?" Thus, we find a concise explanation of our author's sentiment. The tranquility of mind, apparent in virtue, will still farther evince it.

Touch'd

116 The COMPLAINT. Night 4.

Touch'd by the *cross*, we live ; or, *more* than die ;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels ; more divine
Than *that*, which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory ; partial *touch* ! 680

Ineffably & pre-eminent regard !
Sacred to man, and sov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n thro' all duration, and supports
In one illustrious, and amazing plan, 685

Thy welfare, *nature* ! and thy God's renown ;
That *touch*, with charms celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb. 690

Dost ask me when ? when *He* who dy'd returns ?
Returns, how chang'd ! Where then the man of woe ?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns ;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train, 695

§ Infinitely beyond our merits.

Line 678. *That touch which touch'd not angels ; more divine.*] The needless repetitions of the word *touch* are too puerile to be admired. Mr. Melmoth takes notice of them in his observations, which, tho' severely critical, are sometimes just. I look on this error, and that of prolonging his thoughts beyond all reasonable bounds, to be the scylla and charybdis of our author.

Line 681. *Ineffably pre-eminent regard !*] This subject is beautifully handled by Milton, in his third book :

O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine !
Hail son of God, Saviour of men ; Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy father's praise disjoin.

Line 400.

Leave

Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenisht soon; replenisht with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise 700
Dark doubts between the promise, and event?

I fend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed. 705

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?

Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train,
Of length enormous; takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide 711

Heav'n's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.

Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return

HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze: 715

And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Line 696. *Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven.*] No author describes the coming of our Saviour with such magnificence of ideas, or such sublimity of language, as Dr. Young. Milton treats little of it, as inconsistent with the plan of his *Paradise Lost*. Others have pleaded the vast superiority of the design to human abilities, and by this means have left the palm to our poet.

Line 706. *Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?*] This beautiful description of the comet is particularly figurative. Milton, in his divine poem, has some lines of equal sublimity.

———Like a comet

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' attic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

Nature

Nature is dumb on this important point ;
 Or hope precarious* in low whisper breathes ;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *adders* hear ;
 But turn, and dart into the dark again. 720

Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
 To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes ;
 That mountain barrier between man and peace. 725
 'Tis *faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves
 From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve ? LORENZO ! — “ *Reason* bids,
 “ All-sacred reason.” — Hold her sacred still ;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame : 730
 All-sacred *Reason* ! source, and soul, of all !
 Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above !
 My heart is thine : deep in its inmost folds,
 Live thou with Life ; live dearer of the two.
 Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp 735
 On passive nature, before thought was born ?
 My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with local † zeal !
 No ; *reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult § ;
 Weigh'd True and False in her impartial scale ;

* Doubtful. † The religion of the country.

§ Ripened to a mature age.

[Line 735. Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp.] Christianity, at its first origin, owed the success it met with, not only to an Almighty Teacher, but to its salutary doctrines. Conscience, not custom, prompted its primitive propagators to pursue its precepts. 'Tis true, the sacred title still subsists, but how diverted of its ancient purity ! We are bigotted to its inestimable value — by our Birth. And can we then expect the rewards of christianity on so easy terms ? or hope to reap the fruits of that faith, which our fathers, not our reason, told us was meritorious ?

My

My heart became the convert of my head ; 740
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.

“On argument alone my faith is built :”

Reason pursu'd is *faith* ; and, unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more :
And such our proof, That, or our *Faith* is right, 745
Or *reason* lyes, and Heav'n design'd it *wrong* ;
Absolve we this ? What, then, is blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard ;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear. 750

Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower ;
The fading flower shall die ; but *reason* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.

Wrong not the Christian ; think not reason yours ;
'Tis *reason* our great Master holds so dear ; 755

'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights his wrath resents ;

'Tis *reason*'s voice obey'd his glories crown ;

To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own :

Believe, and shew the reason of a man ; 760

Line 745. *And such our proof, That, or our Faith is right.*] The author's peculiar merit in handling his arguments, renders the proofs he advances uncontradictory. The basis of religion is fixed still firmer on our reason by the admirable precepts he inculcates; and when united to the rock of christianity, is a foundation on which we build the most sanguine hopes.

Line 758. *'Tis reason's voice obey'd his glories crown.*] That the necessity of religion is deducible from reason only, is a truth the most abandoned must confess; when questioned in the moments of a serious contemplation. Its admonitions to virtue, and natural morality, are the chief points on which a religious life can be founded: When reason's lost, the duties of christianity are at an end.

Believe,

Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god ;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :
 Thro' *reason's* wounds alone, thy *faith* can die ;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting. 765

Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans**, due
 To those, who push our *antidote*† aside ;
 Those boasted friends to *reason* and to *man*,
 Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
 Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
 These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd, 771
 And vilify'd at once ; of reason dead,
 Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old ;
 What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
 While *love of truth* thro' all their camp resounds, 775
 They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray ;
 Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call'd argument ;
 And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
 " Behold the sun !" And *Indian*-like, adore. 780
 Talk they of *morals* ? Oh thou bleeding love !
 Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind !
 The *grand* morality is love of Thee.

* Were terms used in thanksgiving to Apollo,—Praises, Encomiums.

† Cure.

Line 771. *These pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,*
And vilify'd at once] The pious, and the libertine,
 separately allow the dignity of reason ; each follows as their
Reason leads ; but what a contrast ! The latter, buoy'd up in irreligion,
 by the erring multitude, confines his conscience to a self-created
 sentiment, which, as of service to his sublunary views, he bids his
 reason listen to ; kills the pure sentiments that otherwise it dictates,
 and then, in all the vanity of error, styles his misguided notions,
 The dignity of man.

As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,
 (Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown) 785
 As wise as SOCRATES, might justly stand
 The definition* of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest stile of man.
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow? 790
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
 The wretch they quit, desponding† of their charge,
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
 Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of earth!
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly) 795
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your
 gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
 "He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
 "And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
 "Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on; 800
 "Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
 "But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 "Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
 "A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."

* Term of distinction.

† Despairing.

Line 792. *The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge.* How exquisitely expressive is the poet's language! How lovely are his paintings, when he draws the christian in all the purity of innocence! and how naturally dreadful his pictures of the infidel!

Line 801. *Till one calls him, who varies not his call.* Language is deficient, and, indeed, commendation needless, when we attempt a description of the many beauties our author's work contains. To say, "this is beautiful" or "that sublime" will be disparaging the abilities of the reader; and to pass the excellencies of the poet, without the tribute of admiration, is an injustice to their writer.

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ; 806
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
 That, like a post, comes on in full career :
 How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
 Where is the fable of thy former years ? 810
 Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from thee
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd 815
 By strides as swift : Eternity is all ;
 And whose eternity ? Who triumphs there ?
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss* !
 For ever basking in the Deity !
 LORENZO ! who ?—Thy conscience shall reply. 820
 O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
 Thy leave unaskt : LORENZO ! hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.
 By the great edict, the divine decree,
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour ; 825
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
 Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;

* Enjoyment of celestial happiness.

Line 813. *Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going.*] The simile is strikingly pleasing, and depicts the volubility of time by a most natural image.

Line 820. *Lorenzo ! who ? Thy conscience shall reply.*] The author doubtless alludes to Philander ; and after enforcing all the arguments of moral admonition, cites the example of his friend's religious life as an awakening monitor to Lorenzo. If the momentous truths of an eternal existence can be found of any weight, Young's precepts will, doubtless, strengthen them, as far as human reasoning can assist.

Truth,

Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds ;
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound, 830
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
 That heav'n-commision'd hour no sooner calls,
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under *Ætna** whelm'd,
 The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame : 835
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
 Dark *demons* I discharge, and *hydra*-stings† ;
 The keen vibration‡ of bright *Truth*—is hell :
 Just definition ! tho' by schools untaught.
 Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page, 840
 And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

* A burning mountain in Sicily.

† The terrors of superstitious alarms and vain fears.

‡ The darting rays.

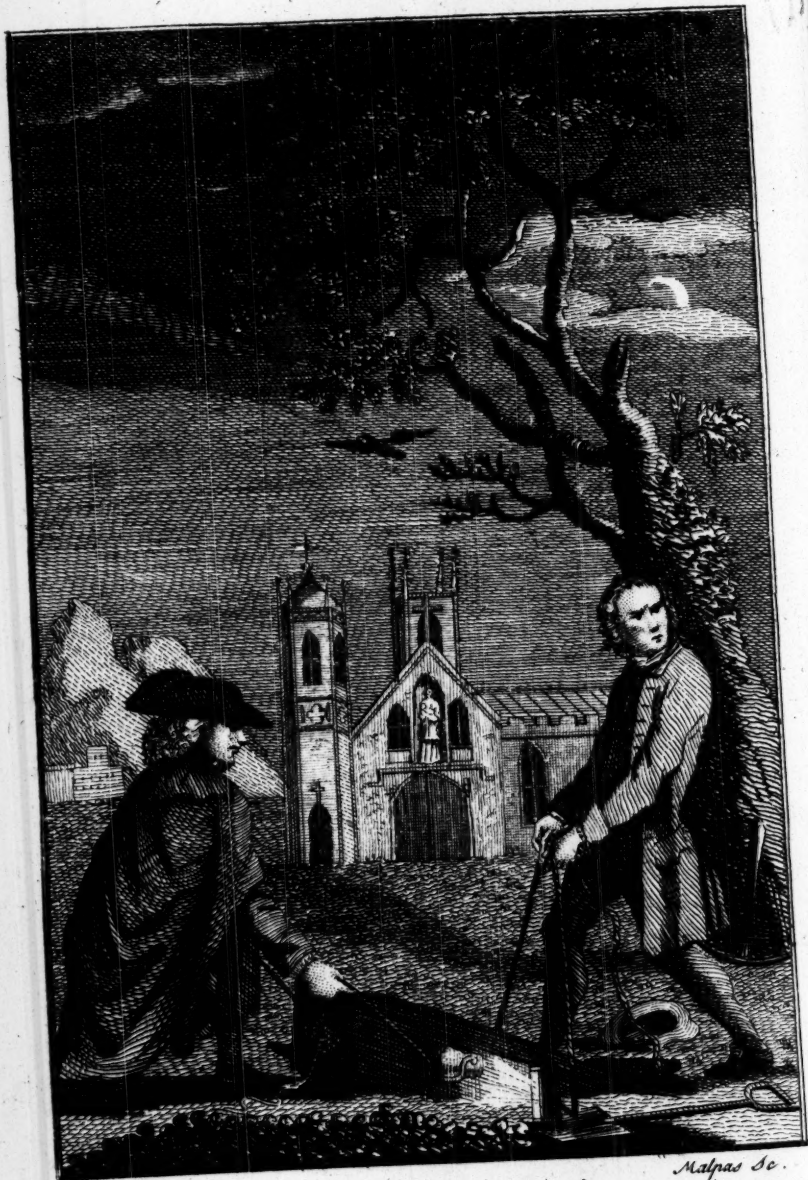
Line 838. *The keen vibration of bright Truth—is hell.*] A reproach-
 ing conscience, and an uneasy mind, will fully exemplify the
 truth of this poetical figure. However lost the mind may be in
 error, there is a period when reason re-assumes the government ;
 'Tis then, that evil deeds spread around a ghastly horror, and the
 rays of truth shine brighter, by so long a seclusion from the soul.
 'Tis then, the tortur'd libertine confesses how awful are the recol-
 lections of a past misconduct; and, if enwrap't in the horrors of a
 death-bed, evinces the poet's assertion,
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

The ARGUMENT.

BOOK V.

THE transformations caused in morality by wit; as opiate to conscientious scruples, and reconciliation of virtue and vice.—The author reminds Lorenzo of its vanities, and demands his attention to more serious truths.—An address to the Earl of Litchfield.—To that spirit which turned the poet's thoughts from "Vain and vile, to solid and sublime."—The inconstancy of mankind in virtuous resolutions.—The author's relapse; reflections on the instability of purposed fortitude.—The birth of suicide.—Various kinds of grief.—The faults of age, and character of Death.—Counsel to Lorenzo to peruse Narcissa's moral stone, as from thence truth may be derived.—Comparison of heavenly and worldly wisdom.—Contemplation on the various cares of life.—The author reflects on the vices of Britain.—Deduces a theme from the youth, gaiety, and fortune of Narcissa.—The folly of dreading Death, rather than the cares of age.—Introduction of Death personified.—Reflections on mankind.—Story of Lysander and Aspesia.





Malpas Sc.

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
 More like her murderer than friend, I crept
 With soft suspended step; & muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisperd my last sigh.

125

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIFTH.

THE
RELAPSE.

Humbly Inscribed
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate* is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain, who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the muse 5
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,

* To accuse the accuser.

Line 1. *Lorenzo! to recriminate is just.* On a supposition that his pupil retorts an accusation against him, the author indulges him in stating the truth or falsehood of the charge. "Fondness for fame is avarice of air," is Lorenzo's plea, on a hope of destroying the author's precepts, by intimating ambition as the cause of his publications. The poet's answer allows the sentiment to be just; but in the fourth line acquaints his accuser, that a more laudable design than praise was his inducement.

And subtilize† the gross into refin'd :
 As if to magic numbers pow'rful charm 10
 'Twas giv'n, to make a civet‡ of their song
 Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
 And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause. 15
 We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*;
 These share the man; and these distract him too;
 Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
 But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground. 20
 Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* relents;
Pleasure embraces : man would both enjoy,
 And both at once : a point how hard to gain !
 But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire ?
 Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize. 25
 Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
 In subtle *sophistry's** laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops

† Soften. ‡ Perfumed odours. * Philosophic wisdom.

Line 13. *Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute.*] On a comparison of virtue and vice, with rational impartiality, the most abandoned libertine allows the predominance of the former. When arguments of reason fail, we have recourse to wit; she lends us her assistance, to place, in a ludicrous view, those truths which cannot be resisted; and, on a scrutiny, to justify which ever cause we are inclined to.

Line 28. *Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops.*] How lost must mankind be to the sense of virtue, when all the powers of reason cannot furnish a plausible excuse for their misconduct! And yet, how frequent are its instances! We err, we reflect, and, rather than admit repentance as our guide, we rack the precepts of morality to find some error, and retrieve our crime. When all the laboured pages have been searched in vain, we call in wit, and, under her protection, form a code of laws, as novel, as immoral, to justify our errors.

Wit

To fordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
 Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose; 39
 Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl;
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates* scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate†, inebriate‡, lay asleep, 34
 And the fool'd mind of man delightfully confound,
 Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
 That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and pride, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace, 40
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes§ ev'ry shame.
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt, 45
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.

* Sleeping potions. † Bewitch. ‡ Render drunken.

§ Renders our vices unacquainted with a blush.

Line 30. *Wit calls the graces the chaste zone to loose.*] To prove the moral impossibilities that wit overcomes, the author cites an instance, which, as its difficulties are removed, evidently points out the sad recourse to which a vicious mind must be attached, to palliate its follies.

Line 40. *By wit's address, patch up a fatal peace.*] If a reconciliation between the contrariety of brutal pleasures and human dignity can be accomplished, what hopes of virtue are there left? Wit, baleful engine of the Devil, levels to the ground the most towering edifices of morality; and, were it necessary to justify misconduct, might call Satan's rebellion, laudable ambition; his punishment, a cruel judgment.

Line 46. *And infamy stands candidate for praise.*] The little respect paid to the votaries of virtue, evinces this assertion. Lost to the

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual Ethics** far, in bulk, transcend.
 The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world. 50
 Can pow'rs of genius exorcise† their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpressible strains
 Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
 Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world, 55
 As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
 A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
 And run the round of universal space,
 To visit Being universal there,
 And Being's Source, that utmost flight of mind! 60
 Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
 Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
 Sing *sirens*|| only? Do not angels sing?
 There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
 Her younger sister; haply, not more wise. 66

Think'st thou, LORENZO! to find pastimes here?
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,

* Lessons of morality.

† Adjure.

|| The alluring strains of vice.
 the dignity of human beings, mankind has long forgotten distinctions of morality; neither is it virtue which ensures the public favour, since wit and interest usurped its empire.

Line 64. *There is in poesy a decent pride.* Whatever lessons of natural religion were esteemed among the ancients, were transmitted to their posterity in poetry. It was then deemed sacred, and as such, they adjudged it a profanation to use it on any immoral subject. In this modern æra, how greatly the scene is changed! Vice, under the sanction of wit, is now triumphant; the harmony of poesy disgraced!

No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
 No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
 No rainbow colours, here, or filken tale;
 But solemn counsels, images of awe,
 Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
 With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres,
 This death-deep silence, and incumbent* shade : 75
 Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
 And thy dark pencil, *Midnight*† darker-still
 In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole†.

Yet this, e'en *this*, my laughter-loving friends ! 80
 LORENZO ! and thy brothers of the smile !
 If, what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ; 85
 And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
 Is ample recompence ; is more than praise.
 But chiefly thine, O LITENFIED ! nor mistake ;
 Think not un-introduc'd I force my way ;

* Hanging darkness.

† Gives a darker hue.

Line 78. *And thy dark pencil, Midnight† darker still.* This picturesque view of the gloomy horrors attendant on unwilling truths, is admirably expressive.

Line 86. *And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent.* In how despicable a light the author held the approbation of the vulgar, may be deduced from these lines. Dr. Young seems of Horace's opinion in many respects, tho' his life was so directly opposite.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo,
 Was that poet's favourite motto, and in every publication should be the standard of its author.

NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'y'd, 90
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
 To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse:
 A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise; 95
 Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O thou! blest Spirit! *whether* the Supreme,
 Great antemundane|| Father! in whose breast
 Embryo-creation, unborn Being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd 100
 Present, tho' future; prior to themselves;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
 Or, from his throne some delegated* pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime! 105
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts†
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia*‡: Nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; tho' long my soul has rang'd 110
 Through pleasing paths of *moral* and *divine*§,
 By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

|| Born before worlds.

* Sent on an embassy.

† To a comprehension of immortal truths.

‡ An ancient fountain, celebrated by the heathen poets.

§ The subjects of the former books.

Line 90. *Narcissa, not unknown, not unall'y'd.*] From the author's marriage with Lady Betty Lee, arose the alliance between Narcissa and the Earl of Litchfield. This address has something in it remarkably pleasing; as, from the virtues of his lamented daughter, we are prepossessed in favour of the nobleman allied to her.

Line 93. *Where all the the language harmony, descends.*] Were we to place a comma after the word language, the sense would be more strikingly expressed, as, without it, the line is somewhat ambiguous.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought* ;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
 By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career, 115
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
 By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
 By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool, 120
 Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpres'd, the births
 Of pure|| election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd ;
 But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose. 125
 Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore :
Darkness has more divinity for me ;
 It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme ! 130
There lies our theatre ; there sits our judge.

|| Arising from unforced contemplation.

Line 115. *By day, the soul, o'erborne by life's career.*] This separate comparison of the peculiar effects of day and night, is natural and poetic. The limits of description are not transgressed, nor the beauties too much confused.

Line 126. *Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond.*] Which strikes the mind with a more melancholy view, the Indian, untutor'd in revealed religion, paying his adoration to the sun, who, as Pope says,

——Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Or he, who dignified with the name of christian, forgets the author of that sacred appellation, and pays his adoration to objects sub-lunary, fortuitous, and much less splendid than the sun ? If such a conduct is not on heathen principles, what is christianity ?

Darkness,

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
 Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis *reason's* reign,
 And *virtue's* too ; these tutelary* shades 135
 Are man's *assylum*† from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too.
 It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
 Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd, 140
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain :
 The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate‡, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted ; we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken ; we *vow'd*, returns again. 145
 Each *salutation* may slide in a fin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange : *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*.
 All, scatter us abroad ; thought outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off 150
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present

* A guardian. † A protection. ‡ Unspotted.
 Line 132. *Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene.*] Mr.
 Melmoth makes an observation on this line, which, for the
 amusement, not the instruction, of our readers, we beg leave to
 insert.
 " True, but should he (the Doctor) take a peep behind that
 " curtain, he would possibly no longer imagine it was either the
 " reign of virtue or of reason."

Line 138. *It no less rescues virtue, than inspires.*] The thought of our
 being freed from temptation, thro' the intermediate influence of
 the night, is very pleasing. The allurements of life demand a
 reasonable time for contemplation. Freed from their smiles, we
 pass those hours, freed from seduction, strengthening our virtue.

Line 142. *And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.*] Throughout
 the whole of this allusion to the instability of virtuous resolutions,

Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double force*, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain 155
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home 160
 A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
 We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
 Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around! 165
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.
 From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languish for the shade, 170

we read the work of nature, nor can her language spring from the pen of falsehood. Example tells us how true are our errors, how frail our fortitude. We need no better notice—no monitor superior to Young.

Line 159. *From smiling man.*] The force of example must be allowed a most predominant gulde to erring man. A virtuous and a vicious inclination receive the different impressions of piety or immorality, as custom dictates; but to catch inhumanity from *smiling man*, is, I think, somewhat beyond its influence. Mankind are not so deeply plunged in guilt, to reach or learn a lesson, whose nature is so impious.

Line 163. *Safety dwells*

Remote from multitude.—] The truth of this sentiment is obvious, but that the merit of such a safety is meritorious, may be denied. Where there is no contagion, no temptation, we conquer not their difficulties. The paths to vice should be presented to our view, ere we pursue the paths of virtue.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night. 175
 By night an atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
 The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
 Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall
 On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray. 180
 The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
*Philosophy** the fair, to dwell with men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
 His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide, 185
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,
 See him soliciting his ardent suit,
 In *private* audience: All the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought†, and motionless, he stands;
 Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun 190

* Inspired his countrymen with a favourable idea of philosophic truths.

† Severely philosophical.

Line 176. *By night an atheist half-believes a God.*] This thought is beyond description beautiful, and admirably paints the terrors of a contemplating guilty conscience. That soul must be immersed in a profundity of vice, that starts not in the retired solitude of serious reflection.

Line 181. *The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heav'n.*] The precepts of Socrates were founded, not on the manners of the times, but on the dignity of virtue. He painted her charms in those colours which his conscience form'd. The fate which impended over him, evinces, that when the counsels of morality are built on her alone, nor guided by self-interest, 'tis then they are tremendous to bigotted enthusiasts.

(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam†,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.
 Hail, precious moment ! stol'n from the black waste
 Of murder'd time ! auspicious *Midnight* ! hail ! 195
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council ; ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* action ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life ; and reasons with the storm ; 200
 All her lyes answers, and *thinks*‡ down her charms.

What awful joy ! what mental liberty !
 I am not pent in darkness ; rather say
 (If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around
 Spontaneous§ rise, and blossom in the shade ; 206
 But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere : from that *First* fire,
 Fountain of animation ! whence descends

† Beam of understanding.

‡ Baffles her allurements by reflection,

§ Springing of themselves.

Line 191. *Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !*] Tho' the notions of antiquity oppose this picturesque description of the Sun, it is nevertheless very expressive. The ancient poets suppose him to recline in the arms of his mistress, during the progress of the night, and Young,—to spend his evening in Bacchanal festivity. Which of the two is most reasonable, the reader must judge.

Line 201. *All her lyes answers, and thinks down her charms.*] The author's cool reasoning on so momentous a subject, is particularly beautiful. The auspices of midnight are so peculiar in their influence, that they strike us forcibly by their animated truths.

URANIA, my celestial guest ! who deigns 210

Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and *now*

Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*

My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart ; NARCISSA's tomb ! 215

Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again ?

Is it a *Stygian** vapour in my blood ?

A cold, slow puddle, creeping thro' my veins ?

Or is it *thus* with all men ?—Thus, with all. — 220

What are we ? How unequal ! Now we soar,

And now we sink ; to be the *same*, transcend†

Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*

For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay.

Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds 225

The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.

The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,

In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,

But

* The river Styx led to the fabulous regions of the dead.

† Exceeds our terrestrial abilities.

Line 210. *Urania, my celestial guest, who deigns.*] Milton, in his 7th Book, Line 1. invokes this muse,

Descend from heav'n, Urania, by that name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine

Following, &c. —————

————— for thou

Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top

Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but heav'nly born,

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,

Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,

Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play

In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd

With thy celestial song. —————

Line 227. *The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate.*] In the calamities of life, a mind susceptible of any feeling impressions must bemoan those evils which it can't prevent. To weep is human.

'Tis

But feeble flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall. 230
 Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
 And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
 Tho' proud in promise, big in previous † thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late, 235
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Where *grief* detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in æther pure, 240
 And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
 They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
 Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
 In sorrow drown'd—but not, in sorrow, lost.

† Contemplation on futurity.

'Tis a charity which nature demands, and which our human fortitude cannot withstand. A tear of pity blots not the book of moral virtues; it rather adds a lustre to their excellence. Angels have wept; and beings which refuse the pitying sigh of compassion, must be of a nature different from humanity.

Line 241. ———— *Now feel my spirits fail.*] There is an attachment, shall I call it a tenderness, in mankind, towards its fellow creatures, which, in an ungarded moment, casts an oblivion over heavenly contemplation, and calls the mind to view more humble scenes. *The Relapse*, as it pleads nature for its grand protectress, must have a greater weight with those whom nature guides. Narcissa's life was lovely, pure, and innocent. Her death was sad, untimely, immature: And could a father's feelings then subside?

Line 243. *Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings.*] Dædalus, inventor of the art of flying, communicated, as Ovid says, this knowledge to Icarus, his son: He, giddy youth, regardless of parental admonition, by too near an approach to the sun, lost his wings, together with his life.

How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd ! 245
 I dive for precious pearl, in *sorrow's* stream !
 Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves ;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
 (Inestimable gain !) ; and gives Heav'n leave
 To make him but more wretched, not more wise. 250

If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
 Ennobles man ? what else have angels learnt ?)
Grief† more proficient in thy school are made,
 Than *genius*, or proud *learning*, e'er could boast.
 Voracious *learning*, often over-fed, 255
 Digests not into sense her motley meal*.
 This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
 This *forager*† on others wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she furfeits the rank soil, 260
 Dung'd, but not dress'd ; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her *servant's* wealth, incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius* ? “ *Let the dull be wise.*”
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong ; 265

* Confused assemblage of various sciences.

† Plunderer.

Line 245. *How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd !*] The efficacy of a weeping mind, join'd to a serious contemplation, is deducible from Young's example. The smiles of fortune and success render the soul unconscious of a change. The *stings* of misery, tho' poisonous to our worldly comforts, are a most salutary antidote against the *sting* of immorality.

Line 256. *Digests not into sense her motley meal.*] 'Twas an accusation of Felix against St. Paul, “ Too much learning hath made thee mad.” Worldly wisdom is an increasing load so injurious to the mind, that it precludes all contemplation of more heavenly ideas ; and tho' St. Paul was taught in the wisdom of eternity, mankind in general confine their learning to sublunary views.

And

And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
Considers *reason* as a leveller§;
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim 270
To glory, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
CRASSUS* but sleeps, ARDELIO† is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep,
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the
glebe, 275

And hearts obdurate‡ feel her soft'ning shower,
Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity, 280
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign power
To chase the moral maladies|| of man;

§ As an overthrow of all its plans.

* The man of inferior ability.

† The wit.

‡ Unconscious of feeling.

|| Infirmary of the mind.

Line 273. *Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.*] The opposition of wisdom and wit is here evidently demonstrated. The superior and mighty Arcana of wit are placed in so transcendent a light, that the poor *Fool* gazes at them with astonishment. Wisdom, in a more humble sphere, courts him with lessons less extraordinary, and a complacency much more engaging. Crassus, in the foregoing line, having as yet received neither the impressions of the one or other, is morally susceptible of wisdom's counsels. Ardelio, launched in the wide and boisterous sea of wit, is on the rock of despair. His opposition is so great to wisdom, that 'tis in vain to hope to reconcile them.

Thoughts,

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil ; 286

Nor wholly wither there, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.

Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, tho' more illustrious *there*. 290

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb ;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?

"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ; 295

"*Why* men decline it ; *suicide's* || foul birth ;

"The various *kinds of grief* ; the *faults of age* ;

"And *Death's dread character*—invite my song."

And, first, the importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief. 300

Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal *too soon*.

Are *they* more kind than *He*, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,

And bring it back a true and endless peace ? 305

Calamities are *friends* : As glaring day

|| Self-murder.

292. *Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb.*] There is an elegant beauty in this thought that claims our admiration. It is pathetically natural and striking. Narcissa, revived in our memory, cannot fail to please ; and all the excellencies *cull'd* for the subject, must charm the reader.

Line 294. *Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?*] An invocation on entering on any subject has been the never-varied rule of ancient and modern authors. Virgil's "*Musa, mihi causas, memora,*" is an example of it. The latter indeed, like our author, has laid down the subject of his work, "*Arma verum que cano,*" tho' more concisely.

Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
 Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!) 311
 Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
 Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust, 315
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
 LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's stone;
 (NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
 Her *moral** stone; few doctors preach so well;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch 320
 The feeling heart. What *pathos*† in the date!
 Apt words can strike; and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
 What cause have we to build on length of life?
 Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep; 325
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,

* The lessons of morality offered in her death,

† Pathetic language.

Line 310. *The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes.*] The whole of this reflection is remarkably beautiful, and peculiarly expressive of the author's turn of mind. From the counsels of death, we gather, doubtless, more salutary admonitions, than from a gay and fleeting converse with life.

Line 318. (*Narcissa was thy fav'rite*) let us read.] There is a more pathetically forcible address to the mind in these lines than we meet with in many parts of our author's work.—Lorenzo and Narcissa equally interest us: the one by his vices, the other by her virtues.

Truth,

Truth, radiant goddess! fallies* on my soul,
 And puts *delusion*† dusky train to flight;
 Disperses the mist our sultry *passions* raise, 330
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
 And *shews* the *real* estimate of things;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
 Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s rising charms;
 Detects *temptation* in a thousand lyes. 335
 Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon‡, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote, 340
 Am present with futurities; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys *possess*;
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.
 No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight;
 Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms; 345
 In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 Not so, *celestial*: Wouldst thou know, LORENZO!
 How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine*? 351

* Inspires my reason.

† Airy, vain,

‡ The limits of view or reflection.

Line 348. *Like sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!*] When the Romans consulted the sibylline oracles, the answers were delivered written on leaves, which, being of so light a nature, were tossed and separated by the wind, so that, in general, it required more than human art to unravel their mysteries.

Just as the waning§, and the waxing|| moon.
 More empty *worldly* wisdom ev'ry day ;
 And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
 When *later*, there's less time to play the fool. 355
 Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave):
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.
 As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl's* leaves, 360
 The good man's days to *Sibyl's* books compare,
 (In antient story read, thou know'st the tale).
 In price still rising, as in number less,
 Inestimable quite his final hour.
 For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones; 365
 Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
 "Oh let me die his death !" all nature cries.
 "Then live his life"—All nature falters there.

§ Decreasing. || Increasing.

Line 352. *Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.*] The simile is very apt and pleasing. Experience teaches us how diminutive the wisdom of the world appears at the close of life, how far beneath the dignity of heavenly contemplation, her wisest counsels.

Line 362. *In antient story read, thou know'st the tale.*] An ancient sibyl presented an emperor of Rome with twelve books, containing prophecies, the fate of empires, in short, every thing relating to more than human knowledge. On his refusing the purchase, she destroyed six, and then brought the remainder, fixing a double value; the emperor again refused: Three more were burnt, and she again demanded double for the rest. Advised by his counsellors, the emperor consented, and received the three remaining, as of inestimable value.

Line 368. *"Then live his life."—All nature falters there.*] A severe reproof to those whose luke-warm inclinations allow the dignity of virtue, yet have not fortitude to leave the flowery paths of her antagonist, and tread her rugged steps.

Our

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Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure, 370

What grave prescribes the best? — A friend's; and
yet,

From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts, 375
The thoughts of death, which *reason*, too supine*,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold the inexorable† hour at hand! 380
Behold the inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, 'is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever threat'n'ing, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure, 385
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?
Tho' num'rous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause, 390
The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it that life has drown'd her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares, 395
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet‡,

* Inattentive to serious thoughts.

† Deaf to prayer.

‡ Imperceptible motion.

Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
 To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same. 400
 Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same; the same we think
 Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow; 406
 Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
 That life is like a vessel on the stream? 410
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
 We start, awake, look out; what see we there? 415

Line 401. *Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook.*] There is a beauty in this figurative description, which, from its natural ideas, presents the reader with somewhat of poetic animation. King, bishop of Chichester, in his poems, has some very pleasing images on the same subject:

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles, which on water stood;
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

Line 407. *Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd.*] Mr. Malmoth criticises the insertion of *much*, as unworthy the harmony of poetry. Doubtless it is a word improperly used in a figurative description; nor will the gentle smooth *lapse* of the brook admit of so rough a companion.

Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's** shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought ?

Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,

That domineering mistress of the soul !

Like *him*† so strong by *Dalilah* the fair ?

420

Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,

From looking down a precipice so steep ?

'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely plac'd,

By nature conscious of the make of man.

A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,

425

A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.

By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,

The *good man* would repine ; would *suffer* joys,

And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.

The *bad*, on each punctilious‡ pique of pride, 430

* The ferryman of the gods. † Sampson. ‡ Scrupulous.

Line 416. *Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.*] Charon, the tutelary deity of the river Styx, is supposed, in the ancient mythology, to ferry over the souls of the deceased.

Portitor has horrendus aquas, & flumina servat

Terribili squalore Charon : cui plurima mento

Canities inculta jacet, stant lumina flamma,

Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.

Virg. *Æneid* 6, Line 298.

Line 426. *A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.*] The terrors and allurements of death are separately painted with all the dignity of colours which poetry can furnish, or Dr. Young's genius support. The epithets have a grandeur of thought peculiar to this writer ; and their sound doctrines of morality, a piety superior to the inspiration of his favourite muse.

Line 430. *The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride.*] How greatly soever the fear of death may be implanted in particular minds, the conduct of the present age seems to contradict the sentiments. False notions of honour, in those peculiarly unacquainted with honourable ideas, dispel the terrors of a dissolution, and " mar the scenes of providence."

Or

Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the scenes of Providence below.

What groan was that, LORENZO ?—Furies, rise ;
And drown, in your less execrable yell, 435
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black fullen soul,
Blasted § from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field. 440
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide !
An *island* in thy manners ! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rational*s beside !
In ambient* waves plunge thy polluted head, 445
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,

§ Inflamed.

* Surrounding.

Line 441. *Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.*] A noble sentiment ! and expressive of a real fortitude, in bravely supporting the vicissitudes of life, as a distemper which resolution only can withstand.

Line 442. *O Britain, infamous for suicide !*] The justice of this pathetic reproof may be exemplified in daily instances. Our native country in particular is an example of the melancholy truth, and requires a forcible teacher, like Young, to root out the impious and baleful influence of suicide. Virgil, in his view of the lower regions, describes the state of those,

Qui sibi lethum

Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Proicere animas: Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores !
Fata obstant, tristi que palus inamabilis unda,
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet.

Aeneid, Book VI, Line 434.

And

148 The COMPLAINT. Night 5.

And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world:
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun ; 450
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd :
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
 The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (Let man in homage bow, 455
 Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies !
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unfold, unmorgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity, 460
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light-touching, should indulge,
 On *immortality*, her godlike taste ; [there.
 There take large draughts ; make her chief banquet
 But some reject this sustenance divine ; 466
 To beggarly vile appetites descend ;
 Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *heaven* !
 Sink into slaves, and sell, for *present* hire,
 Their rich reversion†, and (what shares its fate) 470
 Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
 This

† Future inheritance.

Line 452. *Immoral climes kind nature never made.*] Imputations of vice to a country peculiarly celebrated for the impiety of its inhabitants, are as frequent as unjust. "Can any good come out of Nazareth," was a foundation for disbelieving the verities of our Saviour. May the like *opprobrium* never be cast on our British island !

Line 471. *Their native freedom, to the prince who sways.*] The dictates of conscience, and the dictates of interest, are in general so opposite to each other, that they continually clash. And yet,
 how

This nether* world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more ;
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full ;
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac† rage, 475
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement ; tho' fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human ; guarded strong
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest nature, or dire guilt, can raise ; 480
 And moated round, with fathomless destruction,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons ! is the cause, to you unknown,
 Or, worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed 485
 Is madness ; but the madness of the heart.
 And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
 With monstrous births, and Suicide, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break 490
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush

* Lower.

† Insane.

how rarely do we find the freedom of the soul so pleasing to the view as worldly gain ? Addison, in his tragedy of Cato, reproaches the baseness of mankind, in suffering a slavish bondage of the soul.

What is life ? 'Tis not to stalk and draw fresh air

From time to time ; or gaze upon the sun :

'Tis to be free : when liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Line 488. *A sensual, unreflecting life, is big.*] A delusive attachment to the gratification of our passions appears to be the basis on which is founded the grand utility of human life. The exile of reflection prepares us to the most irreligious courses ; the allurements of vanity strengthen the error ; we lose our reason, and are involved in oblivion.

Thro'

150 The COMPLAINT. Night 5

Thro' sacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his end. 495
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 (The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate)
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock, 500
 Start at the voice of an eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own; 505
 How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
 In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
 Indelible*, *death's* image on his heart;
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself. 510
 We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels† all;

As

* Never to be washen out.

† Renders our hopes of reformation vain.

Line 495. *At once to shun, and meditate, his end.*] This counsel on the subject of death has a pleasing piety, which, with its inestimable doctrine, must warmly admonish an unthinking mind. Tho' the approach of death be in the hands of providence, its expectation should be our care; and, tho' our care, by no means our research.

Line 512. *The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.*] This poetical allusion to the short impressions of a friend's dissolution, is beautifully penned: The scenes of life, so numerous and variegated as they

As the tide rushing raises what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore. 515

LORENZO ! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh ?

Or study'd the philosophy of tears ?

(A science, yet, unlectur'd in our schools !)

Hast thou descended deep into the breast,

And seen their source ? If not, descend with me, 520

And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our fun'ral tears from diff'rent causes rise.

As if from separate cisterns in the soul,

Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,

By soft contagion† call'd, some burst at once, 525

And stream obsequious to the leading eye.

Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd,

Some hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,

Struck by the magic of the public eye,

Like MOSES' smitten rock, gush out amain. 530

Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,

So high in merit, and to them so dear, [share ;

They dwell on praises, which they think they

And thus, without a blush, commend Themselves.

Some mourn, in proof that something they could

love ;

535

They weep not to relieve their grief, but shew.

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,

† Mutual feeling.

they are, usurp man's grand attention. The mind lost in the multitude, yields but for short duration to the wise counsels of calamity.

Line 536. *They weep not to relieve their grief, but shew.* Young traces the origin of tears from the very source of nature. A knowledge of men and things will render us conversant with its truth.

As

As conscious all their love is in arrear.
 Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd,
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye. 540
 With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
 Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
 As seen thro' crystal, how their roses glow,
 While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
 Of hers not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen*, 545
 Carousing gems†, herself dissolv'd in love.
 Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
 And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own disease.
 By kind‡ construction some are deem'd to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy. 550

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;
 As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
 Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;
 Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcerned; 555
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;

* Cleopatra.

† Dissolving in her liquor.

‡ Favourable interpretation.

Line 540. *Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.*] What will the ladies answer to this accusation? I fear love examples are rendered more numerous thro' the melting tear of "soft-ey'd pity," but if we are entrapt, the bondage is delightful.

Line 549. *By kind construction some are deem'd to weep.*] The hypocrisy of tears is not more evidently apparent than when under the *decent veil* of mourning. External appearances favour the deceit, and the natural view of circumstances inclines us to judge charitably of an inward sincerity; but frequent repetitions of deception, generally undeceive us in the end.

Line 554. *Tears, that deserve more tears.*] Impotency and ignorance of future events, lead mankind astray, as to the injuries or blessings of what is called misfortune. To the dictates of passion our tears naturally flow; but the ill-judged sentiments which inspire them, merit frequently a second grief.

Knows

Knows not it speaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.

Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,

That noble gift ! that privilege of man !

From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy. 560

But *these* are barren of that birth divine :

They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,

And full as short ! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,

They make a pastime of the stingsless tale ;

Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread 565

The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.

No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by

Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life ;

[*death*

In making *folly* flourish still more fair. 570

When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,

Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;

Instead of learning, *there*, her true support,

Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,

Without Heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest, 575

She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,

Tho' from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;

With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,

The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,

In all the fruitless fopperies of life : 580

Presents her *weed**, well-fancy'd, at the ball,

And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd youth

Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,

* Habilliments of mourning,

Line 571. *When the sick soul her wonted stay withdrawn.*] The period is here extended to so considerable a length, that it requires a second perusal to taste the true spirit of the author.

And blanching† fables into bridal bloom. 585

So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate ;

Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats ;

And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth !

Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for thee.

I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb 590

To sacrifice to wisdom—What wast thou ?

“ *Young, gay, and fortunate !* ” Each yields a theme.

I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;

(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still !)

I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death. 595

A soul without reflection, like a pile

Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs ?

NARCISSA, I'm become *thy pupil now*—

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew. 600

She sparkled, was exhal'd§, and went to heav'n.

Time on this head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne

Aloft ; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.

† Whitening.

§ Vanish into vapour.

Line 585. *And blanching fables into bridal bloom.*] Let the conduct of our modern widows evince, whether Young paints fancy or real nature. If, after the enquiry, he shall be found to have exceeded the bounds of truth, we will recall our former commendations, and pass over his beauties in envious silence. If not, allow him the genuine spirit of satire and poetry.

Line 596. *A soul without reflection, like a pile.*] The beauty of this sentiment shines with inimitable lustre. The similitude is natural and poetic. Such doctrines as these should be engraved with indelible impressions on a mind involved in the idle gaities of the world.

Line 600. *Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew.*] On the subject of Narcissa's perfections, the author seems inspired ; his images and metaphors are so enlivened with poetical beauties, that he must appear to the reader, rather the lover, than the father of this lady.

Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair. 605
 With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
 That youth chafis'd surpassing in a fault,
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death :
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen : 610
 Or, that life's† lone *time* ripen'd into right ;
 And men might plead prescription‡ from the grave ;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless? far from it ! *such* are dead already ; 614
 Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
 Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel ! tell
 What thus infatuates* ? what enchantment plants
 The phantom|| of an age 'twixt us, and death
 Already at the door ? He knocks ; we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends 620
 Our untouch'd hearts ! What miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?
 We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ; 625
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
 We see time's furrows§ on another's brow,

† The borrowed possession of life.

‡ Freedom from death.

* Renders my wisdom folly.

|| The false idea.

§ The wrinkles of age.

Line 615. *Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.*] The imbecility and vanities of age are here drawn from natural example. A confidence in their own superior strength of mind, contempt of the proceedings of youth, and an apparent inattention to death, are the prevailing defects of grey hairs.

Line 616. *Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel ! tell.*] The invocation is in the genuine vein of poetry. Horace's " *Descende cæle, & die, age tibia,*" is evidently on the same plan.

And

156 The COMPLAINT. Night 5.

And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see !
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong ! 630
There death is certain ; doubtful *here* : he *must*,
 And *soon* ; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
 Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are
 green ;
 Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;
Folly sings six, while *nature* points at twelve. 635
 Absurd *longevity* ! More, more, it cries :
 More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object, and *appetite*, must club|| for joy ;
 Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow, 640
 Bawbles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While *nature* is relaxing* ev'ry string ?

Ask

* § Old age, || Conjointly furnish means.

* Slackening.

Line 635. *Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.*] There is an originality in this thought, which expressively points out the festivity of the poet's genius, as well as the beauty of his ideas, on the subject of want of reflection on the quick progress of death.

Line 637. *More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.*] This sentiment has been extended throughout all ages. The "Quo plus habent, eo plus cupiunt" of the ancients answers exactly to it; and is a proof, that whether we are superior or beneath our ancestors in virtue, we are nearly on a par with them in our errors.

Line 640. *Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow.*] The comparison of the amusements of folly to the bow, and life to its strings, is truly poetical. Old age is excellently depicted by Shakespeare, in his comedy of *As You Like it*,

— The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;

H

The R E L A P S E. 157

Ask *thought* for joy ; grow rich and hoard *within*.
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed ? 645
 Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n now
 To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
 Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
 Of age the glory is, to *wish* to die.
 That wish is *praise* and *promise* ; it applauds 650
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.
 What weakness see not children in their fires ?
 Grand-climacterical† absurdities !
 Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
 How shocking ? *It* makes folly thrice a foot ; 655
 And our first childhood might our last despise.
 Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
 Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first* ; the *last*,
 Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
 Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone. 660
 What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
 Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Line 657. *Peace and esteem is all that age can hope.* And surely the most sanguine hope of every reasonable mortal ! After the storms of Life, calmly to retire with no rude troubles of the mind, surrounded by tranquility, love, and esteem, is the most ardent wish, the most inestimable treasure, youth can lay up against old age.

Line 662. *Our wishes lengthen, as our Sun declines.* The metaphor is admirable, and whoever is conversant with the defects of age, Will prove its truth.

† A climacteric is every seventh or ninth year.

No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
 Calls for our carcases to mend the soil. 665
 Enough to live in tempest: die in port.
 Age should fly concurrence†, cover in retreat
 Defects of judgment; and the will's subdue;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon; 670
 And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
 If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
 Their future fate; their future fate foretaste; 675
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*, 680
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Do not ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
 The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
 The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust, 685

† The society of youth.

Line 671. *And put good works on board* —] By lengthening the thought, the poet again falls into puerility. Had he confined its bounds to the end of the foregoing line, the sentiment would have been beautiful; but the introduction of "good works on board," is beneath the ideas, and unworthy poetic criticism.

Line 681. *Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.*] There is not that dignity, usual with our author, in this metaphorical image. The idea of the soul being "puff'd off from a precipice" is by no means to be commended.

And

And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly precipice
O'er-hanging hell, will ~~soften~~ the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh 690
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance, 695
And stamp the die for an eternity?

Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
With *destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world. 700
Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To fally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all. 705
All *accident** apart, by *nature* sign'd,

* Interposition of Fortune for my recovery.

Line 688. *O'er hanging hell, will soften the descent.*] In a former Book, Dr. Young observes, that inattention to death softens the descent, and renders it a plain to the careless eye. At present we find *thought* to have the same effect. The reader shall judge whether these two contraries can be consistent in reason or poetry.

Line 692. *Yawn o'er the fate of infinite?*] The repetition of three adjectives, is by no means poetical, or agreeable to the ear.

Line 705. *Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.*]

II. Kings, Chap. 9. Verse 18.

“ So there went one on horseback to meet them, and said,
“ Thus saith the king, “ Is it peace?” And Jehu said, “ What
“ hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me.”

My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant† yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death?

Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there. 710

Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.

Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.

Death's a destroyer of quotidian† prey.

My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yesterday*;

The bold invader shares the *present* hour. 715

Each moment on the former shuts the grave.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb,

Our birth is nothing but our death begun;

As tapers waste, that instant they take fire 720

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,

Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?

If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,

~~Which murders strength~~ And *ardor*; what remains

Should rather call on death, than dread his call. 725

Ye partners of my fault, and my decline! [knell

Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's

(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,

And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear!

Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour; 730

Nor longer want, ye monumental fires!

† Not yet put in execution.

† Daily.

Line 712. *And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.*] The thought is peculiarly pleasing, by the natural sentiment it conveys. Let me ask the impartial critic, if there is not too great a gloom in many of our author's ideas, particularly on this subject. I confess the lines are poetically just, but they are somewhat extended beyond a proper medium in reflection.

A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill !)
Know, you shall *court*, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes, deep you sit ;
In wisdom, shallow : pompous ignorance 736
Would you be still more learned, than the learn'd ?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740
Unhedg'd*, lies open in life's common field ;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature* and *experience*, moral truth ;
Of indispenfible, eternal fruit ; 745
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods.
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride ;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords 750

* Free to the attainment of every man.

Line 734. *Know, you shall court, before you shall enjoy.*] “ Sans
teeth, sans eyes, sans every thing,” verifies the poet’s observation;
and amidst the infirmities of age, we find this melancholy senti-
ment the real language of nature. Unless our career be termi-
nated in the flower of juvenility, a double death is generally our
fate; and what augments our sorrow, is, that reason will not
shelter us.

Line 738. *Learn well to know how much need not be known.*] An apt
and useful lesson! worthy to be communicated to those *all-wise*
mortals, whose views extend no farther than to sublunary know-
ledge; which, as Young truly says, in comparison of eternal con-
templation, is no more than “ a melancholy fool without her bells.”

Line 750. *Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords.*] Expression
of sentiment, and nature in comparative similitudes, are the com-
mendable characteristics of our author. We never find a metaphor
but drawn from poetical ideas, and peculiarly enforcing the
beauty of the thought.

Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
 Frozen at heart, while speculation† shines.
 Awake, ye curious indagators† ! fond
 Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
 If you would learn *death's character*, attend. 755
 All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
 All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
 Together shook in his impartial urn,
 Come forth at random : Or if choice is made,
 The choice is quite *sarcastic**, and insults. 760
 All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
 What countless multitudes, not only *leave*,
 But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths !
 Tho' great our sorrow, greater our surprize,
 Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to smite, 765
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
 The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;
 And weeping father's build their childrens tomb :
 Me, thing, NARCISSA : — What tho' short thy date ?
 Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures|| 772
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.

The

† Fruitless enquiries.

† Enquirers.

* Founded on whim.

§ Strong in health.

|| Ripens.

Line 773. *That life is long, which answers life's great end.* The following lines of Rowe, are, I think, similar in sentiment to several of our author's :

The ports of death are fins of life ; good deeds,
 Through which our merit leads us to our needs.
 How willful blind is he then, that should stray,
 And hath it in his power to make his way ?

This

The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
 The man of wisdom is the man of years. 775
 In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die;
 O how *misdated* on their flatter'ing tombs!

NARCISSA's youth has lectur'd me thus far.
 And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
 That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems, 780
 Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
 And opens more the *character* of death;
 Ill known to thee, LORENZO! This thy vaunt:
 "Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
 "Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave; 785
 "Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
 "But own man born to *live*, as well as *die*.
 Wretched, and old thou giv'st him; young and gay,
 He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
 What if I prove, "The farthest from the fear," 790
 "Are often nearest to the *stroke* of fate?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
 A blaze betokens brevity of life:
 As if bright embers should emit a flame,
 Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA's eye, 795
 And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
 As nature's opposites wage endless war,

This world Death's region is, the other life's:
 And here it should be one of our first wishes;
 So to front Death, as men might judge us past it:
 For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

Line 787. *But own man born to live, as well as die.* The retaliation of Lorenzo is very natural; and, to a mind that weighs not the verities of our author's sentiments, will appear uncontrovertible. But, "*Audi alteram partem.*" Let us examine on what grounds the poet builds his reasonings, and then judge impartially.

For

For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
 Inviolable stupor* of his reign,
 Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep, 800
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
 More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
 By conquest, aggrandizes more his power.
 But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heav'n's decree,
 To plant the soul on her eternal guard, 805
 In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commission: "Strike, but so,
 "As most alarms the living by the dead."
 Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprize*,
 And cruel sport with man's securities. 810
 Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;
 And, where least fear'd, their conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up 815

* Dullness.

Line 813. *This proves my bold assertion not too bold.*] Whoever has well considered the strength of argument contained in the author's supposed reply to Lorenzo, must candidly allow him to be first in the field of truth. Immature deaths are not so rare, but that they are instances of what is advanced in his defence; and the metaphorical images of death, are strikingly expressive of its continual appropinquity. I shall beg leave to quote some lines on the descriptive emblems of death from Mason's *Caractacus*, though not absolutely explanatory of the subject;

Hark! heard ye not your footstep dread,

That shook the earth with thund'ring tread,

'Twas Death! — in haste

The warrior past;

High tower'd his helmed head:

I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,

I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,

I saw his giant arm his falchion wield,

Wide wav'd the bickering blade, and fr'd the angry air,

In deep dissimulation's darkeſt night.
 Like princes unconfest in foreign courts.
 who travel under cover, death assumes
 The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
 He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns :
 Tho' maſter of a wider empire far, 821
 Than that, o'er which the Roman eagle flew ;
 Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer,
 Or drives his phaeton, in female guiſe* ;
 Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath, 825
 His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
 He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
 His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
 Is his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
 Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk, 830
 Or ambuſh in a ſmile ; or wanton dive,
 In dimples deep ; Love's eddies, which draw in
 Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
 Such, on NARCISSA's couch, he ſoiter'd long

* Diſguiſe.

Line 817. *Like princes unconfest in foreign courts.*] There is not a ſufficient force of idea in this comparison to render it equal to the uſual ſimilitudes of our author. The dignity of Death falls, and the nature of the ſimile is by no means apt.

Line 823. *Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer.*] Nero, in the hiſtory of the Roman emperors, is ſaid to have viewed the city of Rome in flames, whiſt himſelf was playing compoſedly on the fiddle.

Line 826. *His diſarray'd oblation he devours.*] This paſſage is peculiarly deſcriptive of the unlooked for ravages of Death, and equal to the dignity of poetry.

Line 828. *Hence burly corpulence.*] The epithet *burly*, is, I think, particularly expreſſive. Its ſignification is, large of bulk, and from its contrariety of form to the ſlender horror of Death, poetically poſts out his omnipotence over mankind.

Unkno

Unknown ; and, when detected, still was seen 835
To *smile* ; such peace has innocence in death !

Most happy they ! whom least his arts deceive.

One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy, 840

I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress* ;

Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.

Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,

And shew LORENZO the surprising scene ;

If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain. 845

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.

Death would have enter'd ; *nature* pusht him back ;

Supported by a Doctor of renown,

His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismiss*

The sage ; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd. 850

He gave an old vivacious^{*} *usurer*

His meagre aspect, and his naked bones ;

In gratitude for plumping up his prey,

A pamper'd *spendthrift* ; whose fantastic air,

Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow, 855

He took in change, and underneath the pride

Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.

* Eager for gain.

Line 836. *To smile ; such peace has innocence in death !*] How beautifully coloured is this painting of the dying Narcissa ! The farther we advance, the more lamentable, tho' enviable, her fate appears : the more amiable, so tranquil an approach of death.

Line 843. *Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back.*] Ovid's "*Dii cæptis, (nam vos mutastis et illas,*" and Milton's "*Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view, nor the deep tract of hell*"—are evidently a similar invocation to that of our author.

Line 848. *Supported by a doctor of renown.*] How greatly our readers of the medical tribe will relish this sarcasm, is not for me to determine ; neither will I enter into any frivolous dispute in regard to their merits or deficiencies.

His

His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane ;
And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt, 860
Out-fallies on adventures. Ask you where ?

Where is he not ? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice ; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* thuns,
When, against *reason*, riot shuts the door, 866

And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die ;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown. 870

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers†,
Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far : And when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banisht, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon, 875
Against him turns the key ; and bids him sup

With their progenitors* He drops his mask ;
Frowns

† Companions.

* Forefathers.

Line 859. *And bid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.*] This thought, together with the preceeding, stamps the author an adept in the true spirit of invention. Throughout the whole of the digression, there is a natural flow of imagination highly worthy our commendation.

Line 865. *When pleasure treads the paths, which reason thuns.*] A sentiment, which, of itself, enables the author to say with Horace.

Exegi monumentum are perennius.

Line 876. ——— *And bids him sup*

With their progenitors—] This thought naturally expresses the inattention of the gay, to salutary reflections on death. Tho' it is requisite, in the midst of mirth and gaiety, to banish, in some measure, any incommoding gloom ; still there is a medium to be observed, which regulates it as innocent or guilty.

Line 877. ——— *He drops his mask.*] What an astonishing grandeur

Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprize,
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours. 88
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend ?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown 88½
Which moment is commission'd to destroy ?

In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is *death* uncertain ? Therefore Thou be fixt ;

Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,

All expectation of the coming foe. 890

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear ;

Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,

And *fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;

Thus give each day the merit, and renown,

Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to die. 895

Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)

Hide too from Thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.

Soon, not surprizing, *death* his visit paid.

gleur in this awful break ! If the criterion of poetry is to be found in any peculiar passages of our author, this digression is, I think, the most natural to be fixed on.

Line 881. *He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.*] Is a bombastical jargon of incoherent nonsense. Mr. Melmoth has here scope to exhaust his whole stock of criticism, and yet neglects remarking the passage.

Line 895. *Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to die.*] The sentiment is excellent—Whether Lorenzo profited by the author's moral admonitions, we are not able to discover ; but surely his mind must have been callous to his own welfare, to have neglected an instruction so peculiarly addressed to himself.

Her

Her thought went forth to meet him on his way, 900
Nor gaiety forgot it was to die:

Tho' fortune too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark. 905

Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.

Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conspir'd
To weave a triple wreath of happiness,
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow. 910

And could death charge thro' such a shining shield?

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear;
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.

O how portentous is prosperity! 915
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!

Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath|| his shafts in all the pride of life.

When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er 920
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,

Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,

When fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state, 925

† Approach. ‡ Threefold. § Pierce. || Strike deeply.

Line 912. *That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear?* The poetic images are penned with a masterly judgment. Tho' Death has been so long the poet's theme, that it were natural to think his store of reasoning was exhausted, we still meet with a crowd of original ideas, each of which contends to claim superiority.

How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !
 As if her bounties were the signal given,
 The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey. 930
High-fortune seems in cruel league with fate.
 Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns LORENZO still for the sublime 935
 Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
 Granting grim death at equal distance there ;
 Yet peace begins just where ambition ends. 940
 What makes man wretched ? Happiness deny'd !
 LORENZO ! no : 'Tis happiness disdain'd.
 She comes too meanly drest to win our smile ;
 And calls herself Content, a homely name !

Our

Line 926. *How often have I seen him dropt at once.*] This description is peculiarly interesting ; and tho', in some respects, only a lengthened repetition of a sentiment in the first book, is still worthy our commendation.

Line 940. *Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.*] Who dares dispute the truth of this observation, must be young in the vicissitudes of fortune. The good man's ambition is founded on the rock of piety. 'Tis therefore no longer that denomination of fools, which, at its highest summit, showers down the deepest misery.

'The very substance of th' ambitious,
 Is merely the shadow of a dream.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Line 944. *And calls herself content, a homely name !*] From the variety of researches after happiness, she seems to be in the opinion of mankind, (if we may judge from actions) a something, never

Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn. 945

Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,

And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead ;

A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.

Unknowing what our mortal state admits,

Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise ; 950

And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace ;

Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !

Of fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy fate !

As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up 955

Thy wholesome fears ; now, drawn in contrast, see

Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.

See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,

Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware, 960

And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad

Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.

All rush rapacious ; friends o'er trodden friends ;

Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,

Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,

Q 2

(Still

to be possessed, or rather *an airy nothing*. If they sought content, assuredly their conduct would be different ; so that, from a thorough examination of every different motive, we are at last obliged to be contented with the idea, that they know not what they seek.

Line 962. *All rush rapacious ; friends o'er trodden friends.*] This picturesque view of the omnipotence of gold is inimitably described. Truth and satire, a satire founded on nature, render it undeniable ; and, like an ancient piece of painting, we may pronounce it an undoubted original.

Line 964. ———— *Lovers o'er the fair.*] Fie for shame ! How could the author be guilty of so horrid an untruth, to think a lover was capable of such a conduct ? Tell me, ye swains, with example plead for, or against you ?

Tempting gold alone,

In this our age, more marriages compleats

Than

(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r. 965

Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

O what a precious pack of votaries

Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise! 970

All, ardent, eye each wafture* of her hand,

And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,

Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,

Untasted, through mad appetite for more;

Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still. 975

Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,

And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance !)

Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,

Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r, 980

Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark

Their manners, thou their various fates survey.

With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,

Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off, 985

Through fury to possess it : *some* succeed,

But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.

Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.

'Tis not the external sweetness of the face,

Th' inward excellence, &c. &c.

Can please the wretch, whose riches are his god.

Line 983. *Their manners, thou their various fates survey.* The manners of a court are here depicted in the most natural colours. Gold, its guardian god, with all his various operations, is described in the grand omnipotence of his power; and the different fates of the pursuers, like Virgil's contest in arrow-shooting, are inimitably drawn.

* Favourable motion.

From

From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dream'd of gain.
 To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off, 990
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
 Together *some* (unhappy rivals !) feize,
 And rend abundance into poverty ; 995
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles :
 Smiles too the goddess ; but smiles most at those,
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire !)
 Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire. 1000
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear.
 Tho' *various* for a while their fates ; at last
 One curse involves them all : At death's approach,
 All read their riches backward into loss, 1005
 And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And *death's* approach (if orthodox* my song)
 Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.

* Founded on veracity.

Line 995. *And rend abundance into poverty.*] Delays, uncertainties, purposed machinations, are not so rare in the distribution of justice, for the reader to contradict our author's remark. "The raven of the law," is a natural allusion, and must be allowed expressive of the foreboding calamities, which a connection with so dangerous an enemy subjects us to.

Line 1005. *All read their riches backward into loss.*] A death-bed contemplation, to what enormities of vice man's affluence introduces him, must be a deep wound to the guilty sufferer, whose pangs foretel a dissolution ; whose tortured mind recounts a series of past misconduct. Poverty, that safeguard from temptation, may then be called with justice, the guardian guide to virtue.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ? 1014
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
 A blow, which, while it executes, alarms :
 And startles thousands with a single fall.
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
 The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ; 1016
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hind† sabd'n'd,
 Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
 In cumb'rous|| ruin, thunders to the ground.
 The conscious* forest trembles at the shock, 1020
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.

These high aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
 A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
 Or near heav'n's archer§, in the zodiac, hung, 1025
 (So could it be) should draw the publick eye,
 The gaze and contemplation of mankind !
 A constellation awful, yet benign‡,
 To guide the gay thro' life's tempestuous wave ;
 Nor suffer them to strike the common rock, 1030
 " From greater danger to grow more secure,
 " And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,

† Diligent labourers.

|| Deeply laden.

* Shaken.

§ A constellation.

‡ Propitious.

Line 1014. *As when some stately growth of oak, or pine.* This image of the fall of *stately oak* has been transmitted from the remotest origin of poetry, to our modern æra. Each poet has tortured fancy to produce thoughts worthy of its beauty. As therefore it cannot be judged an original sentiment of Dr. Young's, let us direct our admiration to the elegance with which he describes the fall.

Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
 He woo'd the fair ASPASIA. She was kind: 1039
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
 All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
 Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach*. The glitt'ring spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore: 1041
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd: He takes his leave,
 To re-embrace in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives: 1045
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument, 1050
 The guilty billows innocently roar;

* The banks of the sea.

Line 1041. *Float in the wave, and break against the shore.*] How beautifully is this picturesque view described! Whoever has contemplated the reflections of an image in the water, will perceive the poetic justice of the illusion. The comparison of their shadows, to the joys of life, are inimitable. In a moral subject, the author strikes us with his pious and elegant reasoning; in an historical, by the peculiar pathos, and interesting softness of his lines.

Line 1046. *Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.*] There is a beauty in this short digression from his doctrines of morality, which is apparent in every line. The natural flow of his sentiments, and the just claim they have to our compassion, constitute the author's composition a chef-d'œuvre. Aspasia's feelings are admirably wrought; nor is there any labour of thought to disgust the most envious critic. Her grief is (as nature requires) represented in the concise language of melting sorrow.

And

And the rough sailer passing, drops a tear.

A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me*.

How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!

The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun, 1055

Has thrown me on my fate—*These* dy'd together;

Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!

Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—

NARCISSA! pity bleeds at thought of thee.

Yet thou wast only *near* me; not *myself*. 1060

Survive *myself*? *That* cures all other woe.

NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.

O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,

Line 1052. *And the rough sailer passing, drops a tear.*] Nature, as in every sentiment she is the poet's guide, must, in the opinion of the reader, render his works immortal. So long as poetry can be confined within the limits she approves of, poetic composition must be admirable; but if (as is generally the case) those bounds are passed, the baleful daemon of criticism rises in triumph. This thought of the "rough sailer" is superior to every commendation, and greatly embellishes the piteous description of Aspasia's fate.

Line 1058. *Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.*] The truly sensible in love, or friendship, will confess the justice of this remark. Sincere attachment, as, while possessed, it is the balm of life, so, when snatch'd from us, it baffles all our flattering hopes; and naturally creates a wish, that we had never known its value.

Line 1061. *Survive myself? That cures all other woe*] The interrogation in the above line, is, I think, an error in punctuation. The author observes, that Narcissa was not so far connected with him as to be *himself*. That he should then ask the question of "Survive myself?" which is evident nonsense, is exceedingly improbable. Were we to place a period after the above words, and suppose it an ejaculation, that the contemplation of her valued accomplishments might survive himself, it would at least be common sense, and render the following sentences intelligible, and consistent.—*That*, viz. The thought of her re-existence, "cures all other woe." "Narcissa lives." How could she, exclusively of the supposition I have formed?

Close-twisted



Urania my celestial guest
 Conscious how needfull discipline to man.
 My wandring thought recalls to what excites
 Far other beat of heart Narcissus's tomb.



Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live— 1066
 And is it then to live ? When *such* friends part,
 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more. 1068

Line 1068. 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.] This pathetic and natural conclusion is, beyond description, beautiful. Mr. Melmoth remarks it as the effusion of nature, and certainly 'tis her pure language; for the sentiments are entirely contrary to any aids of art.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK VI.

THE author reflects on the death of his wife in the opening of this book; and at the same time points out the real comforts arising from the arrows of Death.—Contemplations on immortality; and the dignity of a being capable of reflection, contrasted with a view of our sublunary state.—Reproach on an attachment to the groveling interests of the world.—The poet examines the imaginary advantages, and the real demerits of glory, genius, and art.—A view of the absolute merit of mankind, exclusive of local situation.—Comparison of our desires at our birth and death, with those in the intermediate space.—Reflections on ambition, and the poverty of man's apparent wealth.—The inutility of riches in insuring peace.—A sublime exhortation to thoughts on our immortal natures.—The author deduces the weight of his arguments from nature, and addresses them to Lorenzo.—Urges him to take a comparative view of heaven and earth; and then allow the superiority to that which his judgment favours.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SIXTH.

THE
INFIDEL Reclaimed.

In TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of
IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other things, GLORY and RICHES are
particularly considered.

Humbly Inscribed to the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM,

First LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY,
and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

P R E F A C E.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about Religion,
than this. The dispute about Religion, and the
practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, there-
fore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced
to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not?
If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or
trials of skill. In this case, Truth, Reason, Reli-
gion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity,
are

are (as will be shewn) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality; and how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: But by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded, that most, if not all, our Infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their Immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial enquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here,

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms; and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only, viz. Because where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence, no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

R

S H E

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
 Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene ;
 Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail ?
 This seeming mitigation but inflames ;
 This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease. 5
 The longer known, the closer still she grew ;
 And gradual parting is a gradual death.
 'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts
 By tardy † pressure's still-increasing weight,
 From hardest hearts, confession of distress. 10
 O the long, dark approach thro' years of pain,
 Death's gall'ry ! (might I dare to call it so)
 With dismal doubt, and fable terror, hung ;
 Sick ‡ hope's pale lamp, its only glimm'ring ray :
 There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd, 15
 Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
 How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad !

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

† Series of misfortunes.

‡ Impotent in its influence.

Line 4. *She (for I know not yet her name in heaven)* The author here undoubtedly alludes to his deceased wife, as a third-monument of his affliction. The note at the bottom of this page, in the small edition of the poet's works, "* Referring to Night the Fifth," is certainly an error : The lady, that annotator alludes to, must be Aspasia, whose death was of no weighty concern to the author.

Line 7. *And gradual parting is a gradual death.*] This sentiment is beautiful, and nobly expressed. The experience of mankind, tho' not drawn from such a multiplicity of sorrows as Dr. Young's, will still furnish instances of the truth of it.

Line 13. *With dismal doubt, and fable terror, hung.*] The picturesque is here inimitable, and the language co-incident to the nature of its subject. The gallery of Death is a thought as original as beautiful, and its painting peculiarly striking.

How

How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles !
 In smiles she sunk *her* grief, to lesson mine.
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain, 20
 Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends 25
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
 And thou, O moon ! bear witness ; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock, 30
 By ceaseless depredations* on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below ; 35
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
 When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life ; my title to more woe.

* Plunder.

Line 19. *In smiles she sunk her grief, to lesson mine.*] Pathetic sentiments describe a heart acquainted perfectly with the tender feelings of humanity. If we are at liberty to judge from his works, the author must have been conversant, not only with the distresses of misfortune, but with those pointed sorrows which are thence occasioned to a compassionate mind.

Line 28. *And thou, O moon ! bear witness.* —]

— Vos coryli testes, & flumina nymphes.

Virg. Ecl. 5. Line 21.

Line 36. *When my soul shudder'd at futurity.*] Horace's reflections on the miraculous escape he experienced, are somewhat similar to those of our author, tho' they contain fewer lessons of morality.

184 The COMPLAINT. Night 6.

But why more woe ? More comfort let it be. 40
 Nothing is dead, but *that* which wish'd to die ;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain ;
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
 Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise ? 45
 'Too dark the Sun to see it ; highest stars
 'Too low to reach it ; *death*, great *death* alone,
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.
 Nor dreadful our *transition*† ; tho' the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms, 50
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true ? The tyrant never *sat*.
 Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all :
 Close shuts the grave ; nor tells one single tale. 55
Death, and his Image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
*Fear** shakes the pencil, *fancy* loves excess,
 Dark *ignorance* is lavish of her shades ;
 And *these* the formidable picture draw. 60

† Passage.

* The passions represented as personages.

Line 40. *But why more woe ? More comfort let it be.* Prior has a similar thought in his Solomon. Indeed, on a calm reflection on the subjects of death and immortality, a likeness of sentiment must inevitably occur; since the ground-work of our hope is equally the basis of every writer.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shews us what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view th' appointed hour ;
 Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power ;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born.

Line 55. *Close shuts the grave ; nor tells one single tale.* The concluding imagery is strikingly poetical, and the picturesque view of Death, highly expressive of the author's critical judgment.

But

But grant the worst ; 'tis past, new prospects rise ;
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life ;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death. 65
 Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought !
 Long life might lapse†, age unperceiv'd come on ;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song. 70
 O that my song could emulate my soul !
 Like her, immortal ! No !—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire. 75
 Thy nature, immortality ! who knows ?
 And yet who knows it not ? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever ; dipt by cruel fate
 In *Stygian* dye, how black, how brittle here ! 80
 How short our correspondence with the sun !
 And, while it lasts, inglorious ! Our best deeds
 How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great 85

† Proceed on its course.

‡ How short the duration of temporal felicity ; or, in a stricter sense, how short the period of human life.

Line 75. *Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.* The superiority of future bliss to the present momentary enjoyments, is here beautifully painted in allusion to the palm. It is difficult to determine whether grandeur of thought, or dignity of morality, are more apparently excellent in the author's sentiments.

To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, where ever born,
 Howe'er endow'd ! To live free citizens
 Of universal nature ! To lay hold 90
 By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme* !
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines which support archangels in their state)
 Our own ! To rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate* in the secrets of the skies ! 95
 To† read creation ; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity !
 The plan, and execution, to collate‡ !
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave 100
 No mystery — but that of Love divine,
 Which§ lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *Aeldama*||; this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene ! 105
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair !

* Introduced to the knowledge of.

† To draw inferences of immortality from *things*, attain a knowledge of its plan by a primary contemplation of God's attributes.

‡ Form a comparative view.

§ Which, through the influence of a resurrection, exalts us above this sublunary sphere.

|| The Hebrew term for a field of blood.

Line 99, *To see, before each glance of piercing thought.*] This view of the dignity of man's nature, is truly sublime, and impresses, not only its poetic beauties, but its religious tendency, with more than usual fervour on the mind.

What

What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man Man,
The wise illuminate, aggrandize* the great. 111

How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath

The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)
How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits, 115

To stop, and pause, involv'd† in high presage,
Through the long vista‡ of a thousand years,

To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,

Enlarg'd, enobled, elevate, divine! 120
To prophesy our own futurities!

To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys

As far beyond conception, as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale! 125

* Exalt.

§ How great, in the incessant revolutions of hours, successively
following each other.

† Reflecting in our prescient anticipation of futurity.

‡ A range of porticos

Line 114. *The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons.*] Vicissitude of life has been a forcible argument of the author's throughout his system of reasoning, and no where more naturally expressed than in the above lines.

Line 117. *Through the long vista of a thousand years.*] The painting contained in this allusion must meet with the admiration it justly merits. Its images are truly co-incident with nature and poetry; and from the union, must form a sentiment highly worthy the reader's attention.

Line 125. *Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!*] In how animated a view does the poet exhibit truths, which, from their dignity, claim the most elevated beauties of language! To the *infidel*, this view of immortality must appear a reasoning, which

all

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
 The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself ;—and yet thyself despise.
 His nature no man can o'er-rate ; and none
 Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed ; 130
 Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;
 That almost universal error shun.
 How just our pride, when we behold those heights !
 Not those ambition paints in air, but those
 Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains ; 135
 And angels emulate ; our pride how just !
 When mount we ? when these shackles cast ? when
 This cell of the creation ? this small nest, [quit
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air ? 140
 Fine-spun to sense ; but gross and feculent†
 To souls celestial ; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial‡ gales, and drink a purer sky ;

all the assistances of irreligion cannot controvert ; to the steadfast in belief, it must add a warmth of hope, which all the machinations of atheism cannot destroy.

Line 128. *Revere thyself ;—and yet, thyself despise.*] This sentiment demands our warmest approbation. For the truth on which it is founded, let us appeal to reason and religion : The first, from an impartial conscience, will furnish us with testimonies ; the second, from its uncontrovertible veracities, will evidently prove the justice of our belief.

Line 132. *That almost universal error shun.*] How universal, let example teach us. Our reason dictates the excellencies of our frame, as well as our superiority to the rest of God's creatures. But whence arises that superiority ? Would we let reason speak, we must confess our nature renders us more perfect, but there we're modest. Conceit biases our judgment in favour of merit, and there we suffer the errors of pride to usurp unlawful sway.

† Replete with dregs.
 ‡ The dew of heaven, and bathe in regions more refined.

Greatly

Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears : 145
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth ! on what can you confer†,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight, 150
As on *this* theme, which angels praise, and share ?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy's us here !
What periodic§ potions for the sick !
Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds ! 155
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! novelty surprise !
What webs of wonder shall unravel there !
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep ! 160
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten* its inextricable maze !

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet there !
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds ; 166
The *world material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,

And

† Converse with your reason.

§ Daily.

* And render the apparent difficulty of its truths equal to the conception of the most ignorant.

Line 147. *In empire high, or in proud science deep.*] The grandeur of this address is peculiarly noble ; and the concluding line of " Man's fates and favours, &c. &c." has a magnificence of thought beyond the aid of a comment.

Line 168. *And, in those shades, by fragments only seen.*] The author has lengthened his period somewhat too far, by means of which
the

And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
 Unbroken, then, illustrious, and intire, 170
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
 And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.
 From some superior point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside) 175
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
 Behold* an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the chrystal waves of Ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port! The *least* 180
 Of these disseminated† orbs, how great!
 Great as they are, what numbers These surpass,
 Huge‡, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* These! 185
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *Whole*?
 As particles, as atoms, ill perceiv'd;
 As circulating globules§ in our veins;
 So vast the plan: Fecundity|| divine!
 Exub'rant(a) source! perhaps, I wrong thee still, 190

the beauties of his poetry are diminished. To look for perfection is an effort, as bold as it is vain; and even errors may be reckoned otherwise, where the unbiassed reader is not tied down to any peculiar standard.

* Behold the progress of innumerable worlds, whose wonders, by their remote situation, deceive the eye, and baffle explanation.

† Minutely separated.

‡ Huge, as *Leviathan*, to the diminutive race of watry inhabitants, whose short-lived multitudes he imperceptibly swallows.

§ Particles of blood in a circular form.

|| Source of plenty.

(a) Swelling with riches.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heaven,
 What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
 Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest, of his power ? 195
 'Tis, to *that* Glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what, this fun of heaven ?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?
 Death, only death, the question can resolve. 200
 By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy ;
 The *bare* ideas ! Solid happiness
 So* distant from its shadow chas'd below.

* Felicity, in reality, is so directly opposite to that faint resemblance of it, to which on earth we are so vainly attached.

Line 193. *What this to that illustrious robe He wears.*] On a critical view of the author's magnificence of thought, we allow the climax to be peculiarly poetic ; and, in spite of the uninteresting digressions attending it, it prepossesses us in favour of the poet's excellence.

Line 194. *Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand.*] A naturally sublime thought is here absolutely transformed into an expression of sentiment degrading the dignity of poetry, by its appropinquity to burlesque.

Line 198. ——— *But what, this fun of heaven ?*] Dr. Young, undoubtedly, was of opinion, that from a profusion of imagery, arose a peculiar beauty in poetic language ; otherwise we should hardly have met with such a crowd of metaphors to confuse our intellects within so moderate a limit.

Line 203. *So distant from its shadow chas'd below.*] Happiness, as the origin from whence each hope is dæd, becomes, by nature's principle, the main research of our united efforts. The errors we experience, and the misguided courses which we steer, are nearly equal. Young, in a religious sense, which impartiality will confess the only one built on a reasonable basis, points out a path ; and Pope, in his Essay on Man, is equally concise and beautiful :

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.

And

And† chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death? 205
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
 Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
 To great futurity) in curious webs 210
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
 (Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
 The momentary buz of vain renown!
 A *name*, a mortal immortality!
 Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air, 215
 For† *fordid lucre* plunge we in the mire?
 Drudge, sweat, thro' ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,

† And do we still pursue the expectations of an after content
 thro' regions of burning sands.
 ‡ Submit we to the meanness of vice, flattery, unlawful labours,
 for the sake of interest?

Line 212. *To catch a fly!*] The ludicrous view,
 in which the author holds to our contemplation, a modern ramble
 after happiness, renders his argument more forcibly natural, and
 adapted to the conception of weak, as well as bigotted capacities.

Line 214. *A name; a mortal immortality!*] The poet touches on the
 ambitions of mankind, as from thence they draw persuasive mo-
 tives towards a mistaken judgment in a research for the mind's
 content. Shakespeare, whom I beg leave to quote, has, in senti-
 ments, perhaps as forcible as any writer on morality, exposed
 the dangers as well as folly of this allurement:

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none to poor to do him reverence.

Julius Cæsar.

Line 216. *For fardid lucre plunge we in the mire?*] We meet with
 sentiments, not only on a similar plan, but even expressed nearly
 in the same terms in the foregoing pages. Young thought, it
 may be presumed, that his readers could never be tired of a good
 thing.

For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold? 220

Ambition, Avarice, the two demons these,
Which goad thro' ev'ry thought our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave:
How low the wretches stoop! How steep they
: climb!

These *demons* burn mankind; but most possess 225
LORENZO's bosom, and turn out the flies.

Is it in *time* to hide eternally?
And why not in an atom on the shore,
To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?

Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind? 231

Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'st; their nature learn from me!

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connection ties them to my theme 235
First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit

§. Dehtling!

|| Which spur our passions thro' the commissions of vice for the
attainment of riches;

Line 221: *Ambition, avarice, the two demons these*. Poetic embellishments, when original, lay a justly founded claim to commendation. It cannot surely be refused, when we peruse the energetic beauties of the above, which, I think, might furnish an inimitable plan for a moral painting.

Line 233: *Thou neither know'st*. ————] To draw an adverse argument from the plea cherished in favour of the opposite cause, is a peculiar excellence, either in oratory, or studied composition; nor can it be a surer step towards reformation, than to be convinced of the ignorant system on which our errors are founded.

Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
 Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
 As flatulent* with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast, 240
 And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we;
 But not *celestial*. *Here we stand alone*;
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
 If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame;
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
 The† *visible* and *present* are for brutes, 246
 A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
 These *reason*, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless! 250
 When the great soul buoys† up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *nature's* sediments§ below,
 Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
 The|| sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man. 255
 This is ambition: this is *human* fire.

Can

* Puffed up.

† The enjoyments that extend no farther than to the momentary felicity of our present appetites, are for brutes.

‡ Is exalted. § Inferiority of situation.

|| Is exalted on a contemplation of his superiority above the wisdom and courage of the brute creation.

Line 240. *Their arts and conquests animals might boast.*] And assuredly on the most justly authorised grounds. The innate sagacity of the elephant, the peculiar excellence in national distributions which we view in the ant, the uncultivated powers of other animals, are all arguments in defence of their natural qualifications for worldly interest. Man only is superior by his inheritance to heaven.

Line 257. *This is ambition: this is human fire.*] But how to reconcile it with an earthly mind?—"Hic labor, hoc opus est."

It

The Infidel Reclaimed.

135

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders !) make
 LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng ?
 Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid ! 260
 Dedalian *engin'ry* ! If these alone
 Assist our flight, *fame's** flight is *glory's* fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch when I behold, 265
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the dust. 270
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
 At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——

Its truth is universally confessed ; but still we ask an argument
 more humbly calculated for our reflection. The assured certainty
 of this pursuit, and the almost inevitable uncertainties of every
 other, are, I think, the most forcible that remain to be deduced :
 Ambition is at distance

A goodly prospect, &c.——

But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation ;

What storms will batter, and what tempests shake it.

Orway's Venice Preserv'd.

Line 261. *Dedalian engin'ry* !——] The impotency of
 the wings of Dedalus, when attacked by the sun's superior
 beams, is a story which the most juvenile reader of Ovid can
 explain. Our author's allusion is agreeably natural, and, in
 many respects, experimentally verified.

* The exalted honours of ambition become the first step towards
 the diminution of real glory.

But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults 275
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great powers.

Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.

Reason† the means, *affections* chuse our end ;
 Means have no merit, if our end amiss. 280

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain ;

What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart ?

Hearts† are proprietors of all applause.

Right ends, and means, make wisdom : worldly-wise
 Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise. 285

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great ;

Nor flatter *station* : what is station high ?

'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

† The natural bent of our passions chuses out the boundary where to fix our wishes ; and the guidance of reason only directs the means of furnishing them.

† However politically opposite to our reasonings may be the bent of a man's national plan, still, if he inherits an innate benevolence of heart, applause must inevitably be a consequent tribute.

* Beggar.

Line 273. — Talents angel-bright.]

Horace's — Paulum sepulta

Distat incesta, celata virtus.

Is a sentiment something similar, tho' placed by Young in a more extensive view. — The "giving infamy renown," is a truth the lamentable degeneracy of man will testify ; since the most shining talents are so frequently devoted to the least virtuous purposes.

Line 278. Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.] Is an encouraging commendation she greatly stands in need of, since, unhappily, she at present is almost banished her favourite country.

And

The Infidel Reclaimed. 197

And oft the throng denies its charity. 290
 Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoirt.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve 295
 The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right;
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 300
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And† vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his fires. 305
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And§ souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?

† Respectful homage:

‡ And from the outward *Insignia* of an office, respect their wearers.
 § And mortal man in office, scorns him undignified with local honours.

Line 299. *Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth.*] The veracity of this sentiment is strikingly apparent in the general, tho' secret, murmurs of mankind, when tyranny usurps unlawful sway, and binds external devoirs to its obedience. If, in any respect, there be a truth in "*vox populi, vox dei*," it is in that silent disapprobation which is innate in man's nature against oppression.

Line 303. *Let the small savage boast his silver fur.*] In proportion to Young's enthusiastic exaltation of real piety and merit, are his poetical degradations of false glories; and, in the allusions which he has recourse to, we view a natural simplicity, and strength of argument, peculiarly striking.

Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on *Alps*;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 310
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
 Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids*;
 Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
 The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*. 315
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
 What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
 Then thou before wast something *less* than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride? 320
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which *stuffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies. 325

'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man:
 An angel's second; nor his second, long.
 A NERO quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 330
 With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
 If nobler motives minister no cure,

Line 309. *Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps.*] How prettily does the author present to our consideration, the beauties of his poetry; whilst, at the same time, he commands attention, by enforcing the most moral and sublime instruction.

Line 319. *Then thou before wast something less than man.*] The doctor evidently possessed, in private conversation, the true *sale* of satire and reproof, since his arguments are so strongly tinged with severity of pleading.

Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'tis more ;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee ; 335
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth :
And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown ;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile. 340
Other ambition *nature* interdicts || ;

Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end ;
Milk, and a swathe *at first*, his whole demand ;
His whole domain*, *at last*, a turf or stone ; 345
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
Thet curtain's fall ; *there*, see the buckskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene ; 350
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,

|| Forbids.

* Empire.

† The close of life, there see the royal monarch, bereft of all his honours, and in the dark retirement of death, dismantled of his pomp.

Line 333. *Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.*] Since to err with conscience is equally a wound to our vanity, as well as morality, it can by no means receive the smallest degree of approbation. The author therefore appeals to the most predominant passions, as an incentive towards the paths of modesty.

Line 346. *To whom, between, a world may seem too small.*] Tho' the final progress of our ambition has been beautifully painted in several foregoing lines, we no where meet with so concise a summary of man's entrance and exit ; and since so peculiar an humility is the object of each, how mad must be the intermediate researches when lost to reason?

As

As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummary,
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray 355
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To christian pride ! which had with horror shockt
 The darkest pagans, offer'd to their gods.
 O Thou *most christian* enemy to peace ! 360
 Again in arms ? again provoking fate ?
 That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths ;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies 365
 Why *this* so rare ? because forgot of all
 The day of death ; that venerable day, [nounce
 Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pro-
 On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
 LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it ; 370
 Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the cabinet.
 That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

Line 352. *As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes.*] I do not recollect to have met with the latter verb, even in poetic flights ; but as that science demands peculiar licence, and the idea it contains is clear, we have no cause to dispute the coinage.

Line 362. *That prince, and That alone, is truly great.*] The elegance of this sentiment, and the natural fervour of its expression, unite to stamp the poet's rectitude of judgment forcibly on our minds. Mason, in his *Caractacus*, has some lines on the subject of withholding vengeance, inexpressibly beautiful ; but Young's concise view of a prince's merits, is, I think, allowing for a difference of stile, equally pleasing.

To

The Infidel Reclaimed.

261

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left, 375
 Is That *ambition*? Then let flames descend,
 Point to the centre their inverted* spires,
 And learn humiliation from a soul,
 Which boast her lineage from celestial fire.
 Yet *these* are they, the world pronounces wise. 380
 The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
 And casts *new* wisdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
 His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
 Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
 This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave 385
 To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
 The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
 In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
 Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
 To put forth all his ardor, all his art, 390
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown; 395
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,

* Descending flames.

Line 376. — [Then let flames descend.] The thought is truly sublime, and, on a circumspiced examination, will be found to answer every attack of criticism.

Line 392. But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.] Repetitions of the same sentiment, tho' an infringement of the laws of poetry, and often of common sense, yet, on the subject of man's ambition, rather keep the mind awake to a taste of its salutary lessons, than otherwise. "Non ego paucis offendar maculis," should be an indulgence readily granted by a candid reader to an excellent poet.

We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! pow'rful source of good and ill! 399
Thy strength in man, like leagth of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease, 401
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies:
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie, 405
Close-grated* by the sordid bars of *sense*;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And, but for *execution*†, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth*? 410
What if thy rental I reform? and draw

* In abject confinement to the base indulgence of our passions.

† Deliverance by Death from the prisons of life.

Line 397. *We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud.*] What malevolent, or, which is perhaps an apter epithet, what ignorant critic will disallow the beauty of this allusion. Where sublimity demands it, the author's genius soars above reprehension; but in a tranquil examination of plain truths, the images are humble, natural, and pleasing.

Line 400. *Thy strength in man, like leagth of wing in birds.*] The comparison of ambition to a bird is nearly thread-bare, by the so frequent introduction of it in the works of moral, as well as poetical writers. The peculiar method in which Young enlarges on the allusion, renders its idea novel to the reader, and consequently may claim an equal commendation with originality.

Line 408. *And, but for execution, ne'er set free.*] There is an incongruity of similitude when we view this sentiment in a moral sense, which greatly diminishes the merit, which, as poetical, the thought might claim. The metaphorical images may be said, with justice, to be equal with the subject; but the origin from whence they take their course, is incorrect, and the stream, in consequence, polluted with error.

An inventory *new* to set thee right ?
 Where, thy *true* treasure ? Gold says, "Not in me:"
 And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent† : seek it in thyself, 415
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
 In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
 Sky-born§, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
 In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens ; 420
 Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields ;
 Far nobler ! *give* the riches they enjoy ;
 Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves ;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright Sire ;
 Take in, at once, the landscape of the world, 425
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
 And half create the wond'rous world they see.
 Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still. 430
*Objects** are but th' occasion ; ours th' *exploit* ;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which nature's admirable picture draws ;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake, 435
 Man

† Plung'd in debt.

§ Of heavenly origin, directed by a heavenly spirit, and allotted to a seat in the celestial regions.

* The face of nature is but as a canvas, where we figure the images of spontaneous fancy.

Line 418. *Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race.*] Is a pueril disgrace to the delicacy, as well as the sublimity of the poetry.

Line 435. *Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake.*]

————— And laid me down

204 The COMPLAINT. Night 6.

Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
 Say, then, frail man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees? 440
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these! what wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *sense* surveys! in *mem'ry's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years! 446
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in *intellect*†, that sov'reign power!
 Which *sense*, and *fancy*, summons to the bar; 450
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends*;

On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky,
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me. —————

Book IV. Line 453.

Line 441. *Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.*] In the foregoing lines there appears a system of reasoning, something beyond either poetry or natural comprehension, in regard to its sentiments, and which, in short, highly deserves the appellation of bombast. "Humanum est errare," is a proverb verified in Young's example.

Line 443. *In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene.*] The studied labour, evident in this line, to form, I presume, an eccho to the sense, which, begging the author's pardon, was an useless effort, disgusts us with the disagreeable sameness of the sound. Dr. Young, says the ingenious Mr. Keard, doubtless, took the hint from the majestic speech of Gog, in an ancient work, intitled, Jack, the Giant-Killer, Fi, fa, fum, &c. &c. &c.

† Reason, Understanding. * Condemns.

And

And† from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *art, and science, government, and law*; 453
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of civil life!
 And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought 460
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd, *human* bliss.
 What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' almighty fiat*, and the trumpet's sound! 465
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made.
 And wander wild, through things impossible! 471
 What *wealth*, in faculties of endless growth,

† And from the confused heap imported by these inferior beings.
 * The omnipotent command, in obedience to which arose the origin of creation.

Line 462. *What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around.*] It must be owned, this idea does not strike us with that grandeur usual in the author's reflections on the soul. The action given to that immortal flame of reason, is not only trivial, but an apparent mistake of bombast for real sublimity.

Line 471. *And wander wild, thro' things impossible!*] The attributes which Young at present crowds on the soul, I cannot say dignities, are as fanciful as the fancy he represents. A reader, unbiassed in his sentiments, will allow him, in these pages, lost in enthusiasm, tho' we now and then perceive a more than glimmering spark of his wonted splendor.

206 The COMPLAINT. Night 6.

In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!) 475
Duration to *perpetuate* — boundless bliss!

Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarioust, natural estate, 480
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure† sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng? 485
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from dislodging* engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes; 490
New masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things, then, our dust.
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme: 495

† Without subjection to vicissitudes.
* The inheritance of virtue is a blessing offered to the meanest:
Its consequent productions are a fund of riches inexhaustible.
* Emitting their contents.

Line 473. *In quenchless passions violent to crave.* His passions are,
I think, too indelicately pictured, to take their rise from a soul
devoted to a contemplation of its dignity. Prior, in his Solomon,
addresses the soul in a much milder strain.
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Riches

Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And, *richer-still*, what mortal can resist ?
 Thus wealth† (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ; 501
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
 At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
 To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
 Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure. 505
 A competence‡ is vital to content.
 Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
 Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
 A competence is all we can enjoy.
 ☉ be content, where heav'n can give no more ! 510
 More, like a flash of water from a lock,
 Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;

† An inanimate being personified.

‡ Sufficiency.

Line 497. *And, richer still, what mortal can resist ?*] Ancient and modern writers are perfectly agreed in a sentiment, which hardly admits of one exception throughout the variety of dispositions in mankind. Juvenal's

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit,
 Points out the omnipotence of gold, which, in this æra, also is equally undisputed ; and Virgil breaks out into a reflection of its baleful influence,

—In quæ mortalia pectora cogis
 Auri sacra fames !

Line 509. *A competence is all we can enjoy.*] Is an excellent, and, from natural experience, a true sentiment.

Line 511. *More, like a flash of water from a lock.*] Tho' there appears an aptness in the similitude, we cannot judge it a poetical beauty. The thought wants delicacy, and where so main an assistant is denied, there must be candidly allowed a deficiency in the examination of the whole.

But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize, 515
As bees in flow'rs; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
Much learning shews how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy: 520

At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in thirsting riches, see the face 525
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;

But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who* lives to nature, rarely can be poor; 530
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,

* Who in his pursuits retains his ambition within the competent bounds of nature, rarely can be poor.

Line 516. *As bees in flow'rs; and stings us with success.*] The thought is pleasing, and strikingly expressive of the sentiment it contains.

Line 528. *And wish, and wonder it is absent still.*] Man's incontrovertible subjection to the frequent deceptions arising from every individual research in human life, is a truth so well experienced, that an instance of it impresses rather the idea of sorrow than surprise. The picturesque view in which Young exhibits its effect, when caused by folly, is excellently painted, and naturally coloured. The awkward situation of man in his surprise, allows for the comparison to a monkey, which might otherwise serve as food for a critic.

In debt to fortune, trembles at her power.
 The man of reason smiles at her and death.
 O what a patrimony† this! A being 535
 Of such inherent‡ strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O nature! ends; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies§. What treasure, this! 540
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.
 Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshorten'd by progression* infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! Life 545
 Beginning still, where computation ends!

† Inheritance.

‡ Innate.

§ Return to Chaos.

* Advancement.

Line 535.

[A being.] Horace, on the

subject of man's dignity, when the peculiar votary of moral, benevolent, and honest sentiments, has thoughts somewhat similar, and expressive of the veneration he paid to a strict adherence in virtue, however opposite the tenor of his life, in some respects, might prove:

Justum & tenacem propositi virum

&c, &c.

Nec fulminantis magna jovis manus.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,

Impavidum serient ruinae.

Book III. Ode 3. Line 1.

Line 543. Morn without eve! a race without a goal! The variety of enraptured breaks, which the author crowds together on this enthusiastic recollection of immortality, are somewhat inconsistent with moderation; and, even allowing for the super-abundant flow of Young's imagination, have not an agreeable effect. Their moral truths, however, spite of criticism, are admirable.

Tis

'Tis the description of a *Deity*!!

'Tis the description of the *meanest slave* :

The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn?

The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares. 550

Proud youth, fastidious! of the *lower* world!

Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;

troops to the lowest ; is too great to find

Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !

Proprietors *eternal* of thy loves. 555

Immortal ! what can strike the *sense* so strong,

As this the *soul* ? It thunders to the thought ;

Reason amazes ; *gratitude* overwhelms ;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends, 560

And breathes her native air, an air* that feeds

Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;

Quick kindles all that is divine within us ;

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame ?

Immortal ! Were but *one* immortal, how 566

Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?

How

|| A path, like this, leads to immortality. A path, like this, may be pursued by the poorest individual.

I Vainly attached.

§ In their immortal existence, blest with the inestimable enjoyment of mutual affections.

* A climate, whose beauties are known only to the morally ambitious, which breathes increasing enthusiasm on the flame of piety.

Line 568. *Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?*] We are too apt to undervalue the enjoyment of a celestial prerogative, in our reflections on the real estimate of immortality ; but from that mind which

The Infidel Reclaimed.

211

How ~~this~~ ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!

O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!* 570

○ A glorious, and a ~~wereful~~ refuge, ~~that~~,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,

Amid life's pains, ~~abasements~~, ~~emptiness~~,

The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill, 575

That only, and that amply, this performs;

Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;

Their terror ~~those~~; and ~~these~~ their lustre lose;

Eternity depending covers* all;

Eternity depending all achieve; 580

○ Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions, abrogates† her pow'rs;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating‡ smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap, 585

The man beneath; if I may call him man,

Whom *Immortality*'s full force inspires.

which is not totally lost to modesty, let us for a moment ask from whence arises that momentous error. Is it from incredulity? The sect of disbelievers are, at this era, so diminished, that we are answered in the negative. Is it from too great facility of acquisition? Experience, while it affirms the truth, affirms our guilt in strongest terms.

Line 572. *From vile imprisonment, in abject views.*] Had the author concluded his remark, without introducing the thought of *abject views*, his sentiment would have been more poetically, and more intelligibly concise. He, doubtless, alluded to the meanness of our researches, on a comparative view with those of eternity; but the meaning is so lamely expressed, that it had been with much more propriety, omitted.

* Banishes our fears.

† Annuls; destroys.

‡ Bewitching, ensnaring.

Nothing.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
 Suns^s shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent, 590
 Their present province, and their future prize;
 Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost.

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb, by some due-distant eye 595
 Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps** would sink,
 And levell'd *Atlas*† leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake, 600
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
 And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done. 606
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable† joys can weigh||,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?

§ The prosperity of fortune and her frowns are equally disregarded.

* Mountains on the borders of Italy, dividing that country from France.

† A mountain in Sicily. † Unlimited.

|| Can view them comparatively with the eternal blessings of immortality?

Line 589. *Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard.* Is little more than a repetition of the 537th line.

Line 602. *Time's toys subside; and equal all below.* A very lame thought, more lamely expressed. The author, without doubt, intended *equal*, as expressing the nature of sublunary views, which were so hugely large before.

The Infidel Reclaimed.

213

What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn 610
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives, 615
In this her dark minority, how toils,

How vainly pants, the human soul divine!

Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;

What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss!

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung, 620

Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!

Are there, who wrap the world so close about them,

They see no farther than the clouds; and dance

On heedless vanity's phantastic toe,

Till, stumbl'ing at a straw, in their career, 625

Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
song?

Are there, LORENZO? is it possible?

Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

† During our residence in this lower sphere.

§ Whimsical. || Caught by the unexpected hand of Death.

Line 610. *What slave unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn.*] The similitude is peculiarly pleasing, and conveys as natural an idea as possible of the ineffable value which a liberal and religious mind conceives of immortality. Enthusiastic ideas of that momentous blessing, when confined within the limits of a Young, are emblems of an unfeigned piety, however inconsistent may be their expressions when transmitted to a public perusal.

Line 620. *In spite of all the truths the muse has sung.*] And really on a capitulation, quite sufficient. The usual error of the poet is once again apparent; and, had not his disinterested views been very well known, one might have suspected he was paid by the page.

Who

Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ; 630
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure ; treasure, *then*, no more.
 Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
 The rising thought ? who smother, in its birth, 635
 The glorious truth ? who struggle to be brutes ?
 Who* thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way ?
 And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink ?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct†, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the flock 641
 Of endless night ? night darker than the grave's ?
 Who fight the proofs of immortality ?
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires, 645
 To blot from man *this* attribute divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves* ?
 To contradict them, see all nature rise !

* Who act in a direct and rebellious opposition to the natural dictates of a human conscience.

† Natural conceptions.

Line 645. *Work all their engines, level their black fires.*] The fatal encouragement given to disputation and useless controversies on the subject of religion, is so public in its influence, that the malicious incendiaries of purity in sentiment are put to a rigid test, when they would attempt to deny the assertion. Private interest, the folly of superstition, and disregard to morality, are the three sources from whence arise the baleful streams of impious sentiment, whose first grand object is to eradicate all thoughts of an eternity.

What

What object, what event, the moon beneath, 650

But argues, or endears, an after-scene?

To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?

All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen, 655

From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,

By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;

So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,

Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys, 660

Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms

Creation, and holds empire far beyond!

Eternity's inhabitant august!

Line 656. *From heav'n, and earth, and man.*] Solidity in reasoning, added to the flowers of poetry, constitute a lesson of fancy and morality, worthy the heart-felt approbation of a critic and a christian. The borrowed machinery of an epic poem, may, like a beauty arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow, but destitute of modesty, charm at a distant view; but when comparatively seen with placid counsels, delicacy of sentiment, and amiable truths, its lustre fades, and we devote the laurel to the latter.

Line 660. *Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys.*] If energy of expression, joined to inimitable magnificence of thought, can render an address to the Deity, any ways consistent with the dignity of language, we cannot fail being pleased. The effusions of sublimity which profane writers directed, either in prose or poetry, to the unknown Being, of whose providence they were conscious, have not that grandeur which shines in the works of modern composers. Our countrymen are, I think, peculiarly animated on this subject; neither is the French language, tho' ill-qualified for sublimity, greatly deficient. One address particularly, whose author I forget, but which our readers have undoubtedly met with, is beautiful:

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité
Toujours tu prens, &c. &c. &c.

Of two eternities amazing Lord!
 One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun ; 665
 Aid ! while I rescue from the foe's assault,
 Thy glorious immortality in man :
 A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment infinite ! but resist most
 By those, who love Thee most, who most adore. 670
 Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing* birth
 Of Thee the Great *Pamphylus* ~~in man~~
 Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 LORENZO, to this heavenly *Delphos* haste ; 675
 And come back all-immortal ; all divine :
 Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all ;
 All change, no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;

* Who, in all her various forms, is expressive of God's benignity
 and omnipotence.
 † Unchangeable.

Line 674. *And he who most consults her, is most wise.* In proving
 the guardian protection of providence, nature speaks loudly ;
 neither does she need a very minute inspection. Her truths,
 drawn from a source, whose purity the most discerning can't deny,
 speak forcibly ; nor can they be disregarded by the man whose
 conscience may receive a calm and placid reflection from her
 lessons.

Line 675. *Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste.* 'Twas from
 thence that the oracles of Apollo were delivered. The allusion
 is poetical, tho', from the ambiguity of their instruction, they can
 not strictly be compared to those of nature.

Line 678. *Day follows night ; and night,*

Traditur dies die,

Noxque pergit interire lux.

Hor. Lib. II. Ode 18.

Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay, 680
 With her green chaplet†, and ambrosial§ flowers,
 Droops into pallid* *Autumn* : *Winter* grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent‡ with storm,
 Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits, away :
 Then melts into the *Spring* : soft *Spring*, with breath||
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South, 686
 Recalls the *first*. All, to reflowerish, fades.
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires,
 With this minute distinction, emblems just, 690
Nature (a) revolves, but man *advances* ; both
 Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates (b), *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
 Ardent, and tremulous§, like flame, ascends,
 Zeal and humility her wings, to heaven. 695

† Garland.

§ Perfumed, odorous.

* Of a paler hue. † Outrageously swelling. || Western gales.

(a) After the exhibition of nature's various scenes, she displays an iteration only ; but man, from his birth, to his eternity after death, evinces a gradual and variegated rise.

(b) Actuates towards profundity.

Line 680. *Earth takes th' example.*]

Immortalia ne spes, monet annus, & alium

Qua rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescent Zephyris : ver proterit ætas

Interitura, simul

Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit : & mox

Bruma recurrit iners.

Hor. Lib. IV. Ode 7.

Line 688. *As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.*] The metaphorical view of nature, with its various changes, is pleasingly directed to the fancy ; and the comparison I have quoted, is just, according to my judgment in every respect, as a poetical beauty.

Line 695. *Zeal and humility her wings to heaven.*] However noble this thought may be pronounced on a mixt view of the

The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the most High. 700

What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall *spirit* die?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
 Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know? Shall Man alone, 705
 Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground.
 Less priviledg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
 Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate, 710
 Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution** speaks aloud,
 In her *gradation*†, hear her louder still.
 Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends! 715
 Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.

whole, I think, there is an incongruity in rendering humility, a winged personage. The morality is excellent, the poetry deficient.

§ Waving, religiously trembling in a moral sense.

* Circular motion.

† Direct progress.

Line 701. *What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?*] I think a point of admiration would be more correctly suitable to the exclamation of *can it be?* as it was evidently intended as the language of surprise.

Line 717. *To that above it join'd, to that beneath.*] The author is absolutely lost in an inconsistent jumble of mathematical problems, which, though they may give pleasure to an adept in that science, are, when understood, very trifling to the generality of readers.

Parts,

Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce : what love of union reigns !
 Here, dormant † matter waits a call to life ; 720
 Half-life, half-death, join there ; here, life and sense ;
 There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray ;
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
 The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
 Of incorporeal § life ; those realms of bliss, 725
 Where death hath no dominion ? Grant a make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal ; earthy, part ;
 And part, ethereal ; grant the soul of man
 Eternal ; or in man the series ends.
 Wide yawns the gap ; connexion is no more ; 730
 Checkt *reason* halts ; her next step wants support ;
 Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;
 A scheme, *analogy* || pronounc'd so true ;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief. 735
 And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
 False attestation on all nature charge,
 Rather than violate his league with death ?
 Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
 The dust belov'd, and run the *risque* of heaven ? 740
 O what indignity to deathless souls !
 What treason to the majesty of man !
 Of man *immortal* ! Hear the lofty style :
 " If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
 " Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend, 745
 " And grind us into dust : the *soul* is safe ;

† Inanimate.

§ Celestial.

|| A comparative view of similar terms.

"The *man* emerges* ; mounts above the wreck,
 "As tow'ring flame from *nature's* fun'ral pyre ;
 "O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;
 "His charter, his inviolable right, 750
 "Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,†
 "Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimæras‡ touch not thee, LORENZO,
 The glories of the world thy§ sev'nfold shield.
 Other ambition than of crowns in air, 755
 And superlunary|| felicities,

Thy bosom worm. I'll cool it, if I can ;
 And turn those glories that inchant, against thee.
 What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
 If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure. 760

Come, my *ambitious* ! let us mount together
 (To mount LORENZO never can refuse) ;
 And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,

* Phoenix-like, rises from its ashes † Weakness.

‡ Fancied views.

§ An allusion from the shield of Achilles ; in a moral sense, the shades of ignorance, painted by worldly interests, in contrast to the splendor of heaven.

|| Beyond the moon, heavenly.

Line 761. *Come, my ambitious ! let us mount together.*] This invocation to Lorenzo is similar to Pope's introductory address in his Essay on Man,

Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things.

Line 763. *And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell.*] May not this poetical assertion of the author be liable, in a moral sense, to a contradiction ? In what respect he meant pride to delight in the clouds, I own I cannot understand. Our earthly sensations have not, as yet, tried the experiment, whether such a climate would suit their humour. Though, perhaps it may be said, the nature of the lines will not admit of such a change ; yet I would feign believe, that the author alluded to the *earth*, when he mentioned the habitation of pride. His review of the following "terrestrial wonders," will plead in favour of my assertion.

Look

Look down on earth.—What seest thou? wond'rous things!

Terrestrial* wonders, that eclipse the skies. 765

What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!

Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!

Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,

His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.

Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand; 770

What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!

O'er vales and mountains sumptuous† cities swell,

And gild‡ our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.

Some 'mid the won'dring waves majestic rise;

And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms. 775

Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)

See, wide§ dominions ravisht from the deep!

The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.

Or southward|| turn; to delicate and grand,

The finer arts there ripen in the sun. 780

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,

Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch

* Earthly.

† Abundant in wealths

‡ Embellish.

§ Countries towards the north.

|| Italy.

Line 769. *His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.*] If we place the full-point at the conclusion of this line, we must suppose the poet guilty of a striking inconsistency. The epithet given to rock, expresses eternity: Immediately after mentioning the omnipotence of man over those "eternal rocks," he changes them into mountains, and levels them to the ground. Supposing the point at the end of the following, we may imagine the idea concluded, as it alludes to the sea, and the "levelled mountains" may refer to the land.

Line 775. *And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.*] There is a peculiar beauty in this thought, which is painted in the most lively colours of poetry.

Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample bend.
 High thro' mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
 Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basons, sleep. 785
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
 Thro' kingdoms chanell'd deep from shore to shore;
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where fame|| and empire wait upon the sword? 790
 See fields in blood; hear naval* thunders rise;
 BRITANNIA's voice! that awes the world to peace.
 How† yon enormous‡ mole projecting breaks
 The mid-sea, furious waves! their roar amidst,
 Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main! 795
 "Thus far, nor farther: *new* restraints obey,"
 Earth's disembowel'd(a)! measur'd(b) are the skies!
 Stars are detected in their deep recess(c)!
 Creation widens(d)! vanquish'd *nature* yields!
 Her secrets are extorted! *art* prevails! 800
 What monument of genius, spirit, power!
 And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this scene,
 Whose glories render heav'n superfluous! say,
 Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here.

|| Personified.

* The cannon of our navy.

† How yon vast shore, pendent towards the sea, repels its waves,
 ‡ A raised shore. (a) Deprived of her sepulchral riches.

(b) Reduced to the comprehension of man. (c) Retired situation.

(d) Extends itself to a more intelligent view.

Line 789. *Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes.* } The grandeur, with which this view is described must infallibly strike the reader with a partiality for its author. The enervate language wherein he describes the fury of the sea, is admirable.

Line 801. *What monument of genius, spirit, power!* } The most extravagant admirer of Young, must allow he has concluded this painting with a few scraps of bombast.

Could

Could less than souls immortal this have done ? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are *ambition's* works : and these are great :
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do ; 810
Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend ? ||
Dost ask me what ?—One sigh for the *distrest*.
What then for *infidels* ? A *deeper* sigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur*† makes the mighty man :
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below ? 815
All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
And that it crowns.—Here cease we : but, ere long,
More pow'rful *proof** shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb. 819

|| Surpass.

† Ambition in the attainment of religion.

* Arguments drawn from man in the seventh book.

Line 814. 'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man.] This sentiment is inimitably expressed, and in the true sense of morality, an excellent truth. On a comparative consideration of earthly grandeur, we are insensibly led, however partial to its follies, to exclaim with Shakespeare :

The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabrick of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Tempest, Act V.

Since then, its stability can be depended on so little, virtue should claim our favours ; and from experience, and conscientious approbation, we cannot mourn the change.

The ARGUMENT.

B O O K VII.

THE author, after a short digression on his near approach to death, appeals to nature and man, as arguments more weighty than words, to prove the divine truths of immortality.—Comparison of the similarity of passion betwixt the lowest and most exalted classes of mankind.—Reflections on the impiety of our attachments to terrestrial joys, in preference to immortal.—Peculiar blessings to be derived from hope.—The author severely reproves a carelessness in exposing our lives, deducing it as a momentous argument to have a more than partial regard to self-preservation.—A comparative view of sudden death, after a life of piety, and after that of immorality. The direct opposition of virtue and vice.—The impotence of disallowing an immortal existence as great as its impiety.—The poet draws proofs of eternity from the arguments which seem naturally to oppose it, and first from ambition.—Secondly, from avarice.—Thirdly, from love of pleasure.—Proofs of immortality drawn from the denials of the ancients.—The salutary warnings of conscience.—The horrors attendant on a belief of annihilation, as well as the folly of such a system.—The pleasures of death unequalled by any worldly advantages, supposing the doctrine of annihilation to be a truth.—A beautiful epitaph on the departed world.—The impious impropriety of supposing an annihilating deity.—The beautiful splendor of a judgment-day, in contrast with the gloom of annihilating darkness.—Man's immortality a proof of the deity.—Contest of spiritual and infernal angels in behalf of man.—Our faith and morality founded on hopes and fears.—Comparison of St. Eusebius's and St. Paul's writings.—The author holds rational and animal life to Lorenzo's examination.—Hypocrisy even in infidelity.—The author concludes with the most salutary counsels, and weighty arguments to reclaim the infidel he addresses.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL Reclaimed.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of
IMMORTALITY.

P R E F A C E.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity, is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue ; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange ; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day ; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the

the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more am I persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Tho' the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God will not, or can not punish. Considering the Divine Attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since Omnipotence is as much a Divine Attribute as Holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition, as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd than ever to pursue it, as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In

the

the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventur'd on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt, and abhorrence, their notions would have been received, by those whom they so much admire? what degree of contempt, and abhorrence, would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserv'd acknowledgment; angry, for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him.

Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not IMMORTAL.

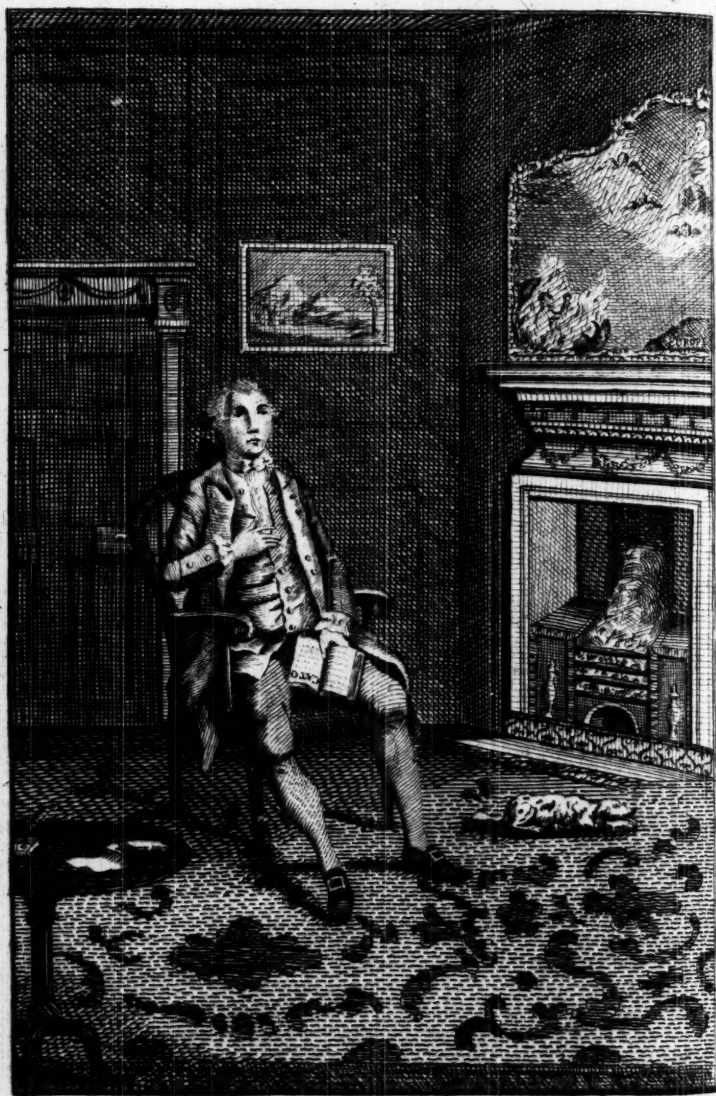
This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to
peruse

peruse the following pages with candor and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7, 1744.

HEAV'N





*It must be so
Or whence those pleasing hopes, those fond desires,
'Those longings after Immortality?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.*

Addison's Cato

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human
hearts,

To wake the soul to sense of future scenes ?

Deaths stand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry way ;

And kindly point us to our journey's end.

5

POPE, who couldst make immortals* ! art thou dead ?

I give thee joy : nor will I take my leave ;

So soon to follow. Man but dives in death ;

Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise ;

The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.

10

Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so ;

Thro' various parts our glorious story runs ;

Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls

* Alluding to his writings.

Line 1. *Heaven gives the needful, but neglected call.*] This appears to be evidently an allusion to the arguments advanced in favour of immortality, throughout the foregoing book.

Line 4. *Deaths stand, like Mercurys, in ev'ry way.*] In a severe examination of each peculiar thought or similitude, to be met with thro' the numerous pages of the *Night Thoughts*, this comparison might be liable to criticism. An allusion of Death to Mercury, has somewhat, confessedly, incongruous in its texture, as strictly poetical ; but as morally explanatory, is pleasing.

Line 6. *Pope, who couldst make immortals ! art thou dead ?*] The pleasing sentiments we meet with in this address, render it highly worthy our admiration. It is delicately pictured, free from bombast, and naturally expressed.

Line 10. *The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.*] Tho' this thought has been so often repeated, and under so many different forms, it strikes us still with an agreeable satisfaction on a perusal.

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The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.

This, earth and skies † already have proclaim'd. 15

The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;

And who, what God foretels (who speaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?

If *nature's* arguments appear too weak,

Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*. 20

If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,

Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?

He, whose blind thought futurity denies,

Unconscious bears, BELLEROPHON†! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself; 25

Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;

Or, *nature*, there, imposing on her sons,

Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.

Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there?

Incorable§ consumption of our peace! 30

Resolve me, why, the *cottager*, and *king*,

He whom sea-fever'd|| realms obey, and he

† Night the Sixth.

† He bore letters from Prætus to Jobas, king of Lycia, in which he desired that Bellerophon might be exposed to a devouring monster.

§ Preying on the heart.

|| Divided by the ocean.

Line 14. *The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.*] After attributing the unrolling human volumes, to *endless age*, there appears an inconsistency at first sight, in the expression "ne'er unroll'd." But when we take it in the sense of a continual gradation of time, and reflect, that though it unrolls by degrees, yet it is never completely laid open to the view, the difficulty, I think, removed.

Line 20. *Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.*]

The proper study of mankind is man.

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state

A being darkly wise, and rudely great.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Who

Who steals his whole dominion from the waste*,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh, 35
In fate so distant, in complaint so near?

Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?
Deep in rich pasture will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease, 40
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd. 45
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his *reason* sleeps, nor dreams the cause. 50
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is *immortality*.

X 2

Shall

* Unoccupied land.

Line 36. *In fate so distant, in complaint so near?*] However opposite may be the external and local situation of mankind, when taken comparatively at a distant view, the passions concealed under that empty, tho' splendid cloathing, are, in their nature and effect, invariably the same. On a satisfactory persuasion of this truth, the man, who in habiliment and passions is equally humble, must appear, in every respect, more happy than he, whose external splendor reminds him of the dissimilar condition of his heart.

Line 53. *And discontent is immortality.*] A moral attachment to an eternal existence must be attended, in many circumstances, with that revolution of hope and fear, which, in their flux and reflux, subject the mind to the discontent the author alludes to.

The

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heaven,
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*, 55
 With brutal acquiescence† in the mire ?
 LORENZO ! no ; they shall be nobly pain'd‡ ;
 The glorious *foreigners*, distrest, shall sigh
 On thrones ; and thou *congratulate* the sigh :
 Man's misery declares him born for bliss ; 60
 His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
 And gives the *sceptic* in his head the lye.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *powers*,
 Speak the same language ; call us to the skies ;
 Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime, 65
 Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake ;
 And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
 Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life :
 What prize on earth can pay us for the storm ?
 Meet objects for our *passions* heav'n ordain'd, 70
 Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
 No fault, but in defect : blest Heav'n ! avert
 A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss ;
 O for a bliss *unbounded* ! far beneath

The tears of piety are, doubtless, a sacrifice, whose weight and innocence are a pleasing contrast to the vain and ill founded exultations of the world.

Line 60. *Man's misery declares him born for bliss.*] Our Saviour's address to his disciples on the subject of worldly triumphs opposed to moral griefs ; is very similar in its argument to the present " Blessed be they that weep, for they shall have joy in Heav'n" The consolatory truth this contains, is a needful anchor, on which the dubious distrest may rest their Hope.

Line 73. *A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss.*] A sublime sentiment very pleasingly expressed.

† Calm content.

‡ Be anxiously ambitious of eternity.

The *Infidel Reclaimed*.

233

A soul immortal, is a mortal joy. 75
 Nor are our powers to perish immature ;
 But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom. 80
 Reason progressive*, *instinct* is complete :
 Swift *instinct* leaps ; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith† reach ; their little all
 Flows in at once ; in ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy. 85
 Were man to live *coëval* with the sun,
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearned.
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun
 Should set ere noon, in *Eastern* oceans drown'd ; 90
 If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
 The sun's *meridian*, with the *soul* of man.
 To man, why, stepdame nature ! so severe ?

* Advances gradually. † Height of perfection.

‡ From whence it rises.

Line 75. *A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.*] This sentiment is by much too far strained ; else, how can we reconcile that innate desire of earthly content, by which we are guided, with the beneficent providence of God ? Immortal joys are confessedly, both by their ignominy and ignoble attachments, beneath our consideration or pursuit.

Line 88. *Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearned.*] The variety of earthly scenes, exclusive of heavenly contemplation, from whence we may trace the omnipotence of providence, are so numerous, that a summary of their different classes would engage a period of much longer duration than that of our lives ; nay, the continual rise of novel wonders is so great, that it proceeds with time.

Line 91. *If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare.*]

Sic parvis componere magna solebam.

Virgil's Eclogue.

Why

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Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ? 95

Or, if abortively†, poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread ?

Why curst with foresight ? wise to misery ?

Why of his proud prerogative the prey ‡ ?

Why less pre-eminent§ in rank, than pain ? 100

His *immortality* alone can tell !

Full ample fund|| to balance all amiss,

And turn the scale in favour of the just ?

His *immortality* alone can solve

That darkest of *enigmas**, human hope ; 105

Of all the darkest, if at death we die.

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,

All present blessings treading under-foot,

Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.

With no past toils content, still planning new, 110

Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.

† By an untimely fate.

‡ Why rendered the victim of that reason which nature intended
as his protectress.

§ Superior in rank.

|| Source of arguments.

* Riddles.

Line 95. *While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy* ?] The author, as he depicts nature under the character of the mother of mankind, alludes, undoubtedly, in this line, to matter of longer existence, tho' inanimate, as for instance, castles, groves, &c.

Line 101. *His immortality alone can tell* !] 'Tis thro' the influence of this belief alone that we can claim, in any respect, a real superiority over the brute creation. The gift of reason, tho' it may distinguish us from the beasts of the field, is but the ground-work of a more refined misery, unless we be sheltered under the covert of eternity.

Possession,

Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit*?
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss†?
 Because, in the *great future* bury'd deep, 115
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
 Lies *all* that man with ardor should pursue;
 And *he* who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *future* sets,
 By secret and inviolable springs; 120
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 "More, more!" the glutton cries: for something
 So rages appetite, if man can't mount, [new
 He *will* descend. He starves on the *possest*. 125
 Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute,
 In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly:
 His riot was *ambition* in despair. 130

Old

Line 112. *Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit?* Is it not something beyond a reasonable comprehension, that in attaining our wishes, we should be less enraptured than in pursuing them? Yet so it is; and the man, whose ardent desires have been satisfied, will experience its truth. Thence, as Young says, arises a sufficient proof how mean are human joys, and how ill qualified to satisfy a soul allotted to immortality.

† Why ceases it our ardor.

Line 123. "More, more!" the glutton cries: for something new.} There wants a delicacy in this allusion, which, when omitted, prevents us even from viewing the most sordid passions of mankind in a forcible light.

Line 130. *His riot was ambition in despair.* } That there is a worldly fate, a period to ambition, experience and historical events will testify:

And what is greatness but extent of pow'r?

But lust of pow'r, a dropsy of the mind,

Whose

Old *Rome* consulted birds*: LORENZO! thou
 With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
 Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
 High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
 To fly at all that rises in her sight; 135
 And, never stooping, but to mount again
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry† lodg'd beyond the grave.
 There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
 If *being* fails), more mournful riddles rise, 140
 And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
 Why *virtue*? where its praise, its being, fled?
 Virtue is true self-int'rest pursu'd:
 What true self-int'rest of *quite*-mortal man?
 To close with all that makes him happy *here*. 145
 If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *fov'reign* good.
 In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
 No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme:
 Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right.
 And what is right, but means of happiness? 151
 No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;

Whose thirst increases while we drink to quench it?

Till, swell'd and stretch'd by the repeated draught,

We burst and perish.

Higgon's Gener. Conq.

* They drew their sentiments of future good, or ill fortune,
 from the flight of birds.

† Foundation of real and allotted treasure.

Line 141. *And virtue vies with hope in mystery.* Could there
 arise a doubt of future existence, a perusal of Young's arguments,
 and an examination of the foundations whence he draws his
 proofs in favour of it, must plead so strongly in opposition to our
 systems, that their vanity contrasted with the other's truth, would
 leave no room for disbelief.

That

That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry *virtuous* joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart, 155
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,

Is weak ; with rank knight-errantries o'er run.

Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable, and great ?

Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death ? 160

Die for thy country !—thou romantic fool !

Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink :

Thy *country* ! what to thee ?—the *Godhead*, what ?

(I speak with awe !) tho' He should bid thee bleed ?

If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt, 165

Nor can omnipotence reward the blow,

Be deaf ; preserve thy being ; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience : know, LORENZO !

Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's subsequent* command,

His first command is *this*,—"Man, love thyself."

* Ensuing.

Line 165. *If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt.* The simplicity and natural reasoning with which the author embellishes the divine truths he urges, are so aptly directed to a religious mind, confined within the boundaries of virtuous principle, nor wandering in the mazes of unprofitable error, that his precepts cannot fail effecting the desired end. Tho', on a subject like this, he might have been supposed to draw his inferences from a celestial source, yet, he argues from nature, and natural events ; and on the ideas, which even a libertine entertains of moral virtues, builds the structure of immortality.

Line 170. ————"Man, love thyself." Man, by a due respect to his dignity as an earthly being, can only lay the foundation to the merits of eternity. Should we, wrapt up in that contemplation, act carelessly and irreligiously, in regard to our humanity, the ground-work of our natural virtues is destroyed, and we have no longer a claim to happiness, by reflecting only that it is our reward.

In this alone, free-agents are *not* free. 171
 Existence is the basis, bliss the prize :
 If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime ;
 Bold violation of our law *supreme*,
 Black suicide ; tho' nations, which consult 175
 Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.
 Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful, *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man *suffer'd* to be godd in vain ?
 Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd* ? 180
 Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd* ?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies* from virtue felt ?
 Why whispers *nature* lyes on virtue's part ?
 Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name 185
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat ?
 Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise ?
 Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray ?
 Or, at his peril, *imitate his God* ? 190
 Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on earth,
 Or *both* are true ; or, man survives the grave.
 Or man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless thy spirit ; cowards are thy scorn. 195
 Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
 The man *immortal*, *rationaly* brave,
 Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses All, when life is lost,
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 200

*. Approbation of conscience.

A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Our pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd 205
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide
Enabling us to think in higher stile,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers†; [beam*
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world 210
Goes out in stench, and rotneness the close?

Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe*‡, in human life,
The mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments§ began to shine, 215
And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a solitary GOD||, 220
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes*;

* The influence of whose example. † Morality and religion.
‡ Draw the resemblance. § Outlines. || Solely eternal.

Line 203. *Our pure heroical defect of thought*.] However extraordinary a folly of this kind may appear to reason, it nevertheless is frequently the origin of doubts in religion. For when, on an impartial and rational view of divine truths, we are reduced to new fangled causes for dispute, a disbelief, we know not why, is the sole support, on which we may found our controversy.

And

And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw. 225
Wisdom, and *worth*, how boldly he commends !
Wisdom, and *worth*, are sacred names ; rever'd,
 Where not embrac'd ; applauded ! deify'd !
 Why not *compassion*'d too ? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, inflicted both, 230
 To make us but more wretched : *Wisdom*'s eye
 Acute*, for what ? To spy more miseries ;
 And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
 Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
 And *worth* exalted *humbles* us the more. 235
 Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness, and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
 " Has virtue, then, no joys ? " — Yes, joys *dear* bought.
 Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
 Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war : 240
 Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought ?
 Or for precarious†, or for small reward ?

* Piercing. † Doubtful.
 Line 225. *And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.* We must allow this book to be truly intitled, " The Infidel Reclaimed," as it is beyond a reasonable doubt to imagine man capable of any remaining doubts after a perusal of the solid arguments Young advances in defence of a truth, which, it is to be hoped, admits no longer of opposition. Happy would it prove, would mankind speak, by their actions and bent of life, their confidence in that momentous existence of the soul, which they favour in their words. Were an unbiased judge to form an idea of man's sentiments from his actions, he must pronounce him either ignorant or careless of immortality.

Line 236. *Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes.* In the fondest attachments of the mind to profligacy, the most dissolute will confess the superior beauties of virtue ; and tho' the persuasive arguments of vice may be more prevalent, he still, even amidst his riot, must allow the lessons of virtue to be more adapted for tranquil happiness.

Who

The *Infidel Reclaimed*.

241

Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
 Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
 And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray, 245
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards:
 The crown, th' *unfading*† crown, her soul inspires:
 'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail§
 The *body's* treach'ries||, and the *world's* assaults*:
 On earth's poor pay, our famisht virtue dies. 250
 Truth incontestable! in spite of all
 A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V—E believ'd.
 In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heav'n's signet† stamping an *immortal* make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base 255

† Eternal blifs. § Counter-balance.
 || The infirmities of life. * The deceits of mankind.
 † Seal.

Line 250. *On earth's poor pay, our famisht virtue dies.*] The omnipotence of vice, at our present æra, will afford an incontestible defence of what Young advances. Neither is it natural to imagine, that where each has his separate interest, virtue should be long respected. Dryden, in opposition to one who bids him taste the present satisfactions of a virtuous deed, has the following lines:

Barren and airy name! thee fortune flies,
 With thy lean train, the pious, and the wise.
 Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard,
 And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.

Aurengzebe.

Congreve's consolatory admonition is also nearly in the same strain as our author's:

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
 And, tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Mourning Bride.

Y

Sustaining

Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge, Love.*
 As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, if souls expire?
 How little lovely *here*? how little known?
 Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil; 260
 And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd, on earth, our *angel*-appetites;
 While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome* fill?
 Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport, 265
 Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lies no redress? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made! 270
 The worst to *wallow*†, and the best to *weep*:
 The man who merits most, must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,

* Unsatisfied.

† To indulge their passions.

Line 256. ———— [*What find we? Knowledge, Love.*] What
 can avail the deep researches of unwearied science, since fate has
 allotted us so short a span of life? To what intent flows mutual
 fondness, charity, benevolence to mankind, if we expire to rise
 no more? This thought would lay a reasonable ground for vice,
 and not only render these passions vain, but overturn every benefi-
 cent system of providence.

Line 268. ———— *And shuts*

Eternity the door on our complaint?] Whoever can favour
 so unreasonable a belief, must look on the vicissitudes of life as a
 toil, thro' which a man of elevated sensations should scorn to pass.
 Hamlet's sentiments, supposing such a faith, are natural;

———To die———to sleep,

No more, and by sleep, to say we end,
 The heart ach, and the thousand nat'ral shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd, ————

What

The *Infidel Reclaimed.*

243

What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure*?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man 275

Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;

And these demonstrate boundless objects too.

Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all;

Nor, *nature* thro', e'er violates this sweet,

Eternal† concord, on her tuneful string. 280

Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?

Eternity struck off from human hope,

(I speak with truth, but veneration too)

Man is a monster, the reproach of Heaven,

A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud 285

On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,

(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.

If such is man's allotment, *what* is Heaven?

Or, own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert 290

All *order*. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!

And bow to thy superiors of the stall;

Thro' ev'ry scene of *sense* superior far!

They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd 295

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,

Mankind's peculiar*! *reason's* precious dower†!

No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar||:

† Invariable order in every argument she advances to prove immortality.

* Particularly attendant on mankind.

† The valuable blessings arising from reason.

|| The machinations of law.

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Their good is good entire, unmixt§, unmarr'd ; 300
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 On boughs *forbidden* where no curles hang ;
 Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense ; unstretcht
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear|| :
 When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke
 Begins, and ends, their woe : they die but *once* ; 306
 Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes. 310
 No* day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot†.
 But what beams on it, from *eternity*.
 O sole and sweet solution ! that unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe ;
 The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels ; 315
 Restores bright *order* ; casts the brute beneath ;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy†
 Of joy, ev'n *here* : Admit immortal life;

And.

§ Free from alternate evils, secure from disappointments.

|| A future repentance. * No natural cause.

† To clear the doubt.

‡ In the rightful possession and superior enjoyment.

Line 300. *Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd.*

All in exact proportion to the state ;

Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in his own.

Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone ?

Pope's Essay on Man.

Line 318. ———— *Admit immortal life.*] The man, who
 by the unnatural direction of his sentiments, can be persuaded
 either thro' interest or bigotry to impious doctrines, to disbelieve
 an immortal state, cannot found even the being of a God on any
 reasonable basis. Else, how can he reconcile so glaring an incon-
 sistency with his Maker's attributes, as to suspect an Infinite Being
 capable of leading mankind thro' a vale of miseries, with the
 purpose

The Infidel Reclaimed.

245

And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more ;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower, 320
Far richer in reversion : *hope* exults ;
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.

O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?
Astonishing beyond astonishment ! 325
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd *below*.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn *heart* ?—For *there*
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless ; *will* alone rebels.

What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find 330
New, unexpected witnesses against thee ?

Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain !
Canst thou suspect, that *these* which make the soul
The *slave* of earth, should own her *heir* of heav'n ?
Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve* 335
Our immortality, should prove it *sure* ?

purpose only of a succeeding annihilation. That the ancients had a veneration, tho' confused idea, of God, may be gathered from Cicero i. De Legibus “ Quoniam vero in re omni consensio firma gentium omnium, est vox naturæ, et argumentum veritatis : confitendum est nomen aliquod divinum esse.”

Line 326. *Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.*] This thought is very pleasingly expressed. That a life of piety and innocence is an earthly heaven, will be confessed by the few whose ready perseverance and resolution enable them to taste its unequalled blessings.

Line 336. *Our immortality, should prove it sure ?*] The bold assurances with which the author enters on a plan, seemingly more than difficult, to be diverted towards this purpose, engage our prepossession in favour of his arguments. Let the Lorenzos of our age peruse, with impartial attention, this excellent review of their prevailing passions.

§ Future expectations.

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First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame*, *extravagance*, *disgust*,
And *inextinguishable nature* speak.
Each much *deposes*†; hear them in their turn. 340

Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame*!
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men.
And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine 345
Has made the body tutor to the soul.
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man; 350
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.

Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert, 355
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live: 359
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human
Had not our natures been *eternal* too. [thought,

† Affords numerous arguments.

Line 348. *Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there.*] There is a peculiar inventive excellence in this sentiment, which is conducted with all the masterly force of poetry; for, as Thompson expresses it in his *Sophronisba*:

Of all evils to the generous, shame
Is the most deadly pang.

Instinct

Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality, 365
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.

Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings 370

Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown. 375

And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three; 380
Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* wife.

Tho' disappointments in ambition *pain*;
And tho' success *disgusts*; yet still, LORENZO!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;

Line 369. "And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height.] The unbounded flow of our ambitious views, when once we madly let loose the torrent, is a pang even to ourselves, which should greatly retard our folly in pursuit of glory. Ambition's own weakness, as well as ill consequences to mankind, are beautifully pictured in Addison's tragedy of Cato:

Already Cæsar has ravaged
More than half the globe; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword.
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.

By

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By nature planted for the noblest ends. 385
 Absur'd the fam'd advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,
 More prais'd than ponder'd; specious*, but unsound:
 Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
 Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
 An obstinate activity within, 390
 An insuppressive† spring, will toss him up
 In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too;
 No *sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
 Slaves build their little *Babylons* of straw, 395
 Echo the proud *Affyrian*, in their hearts,
 And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might!”
 And why? Because *immortal* as their Lord;
 And souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something great; the glitter‡, or the gold; 400
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heaven.
 Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,

* Apparently infallible. † Which knows no opposition.

‡ Apparent or real glory.

Line 386. *Absur'd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n.*] Pyrrhus was king of Epirus, who, being deceived by the ambiguity of Apollo's oracle, waged war with the Romans unsuccessfully.

Line 389. *Than reason, his ambition.*—] Were not the pursuits of glory deaf to counsel, and blind to the views of reason, it were a virtue, and, by the conjunctive endeavours of mankind, might partly be a foundation for earthly happiness. But madness, folly, and ambition are generally companions, and from the union of three principles, so destructive in their natures, there must arise a *whole*, injurious to the public felicity.

Line 397. *And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might!”]*

Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra,

Pennis non homini datis.

Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.

Nil mortalibus arduum est.

Hor. Ode III. Lib. I.

When

When human is supported by *divine*.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself.
Pleasure and pride (bad masters) share our hearts. 405
 As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race ;
 The love of *praise* is planted to protect
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires, 410
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness ? From *that*, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life*.
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which *love of glory* builds. 415
 Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue* ! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret-stimulating friend.
 Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss ?
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan-world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man. 420
 And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
 Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard ;
 Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;
 Our *private* reason is a flatterer ;

* Society.

Line 416. *Nor is thy life, O virtue ! less in debt.*] That there is a self-interest, even in virtue, may be drawn from ancient and modern histories. The pure abundant satisfaction of having done well, is not a sufficient recompence to a mind whose nature, spite of all contrary cultivation, tends towards earth and worldly honours. Esteem, respect, and admiration, when they repay our toils, render a virtuous life the object of our wishes. Satire, contempt, and ridicule, are frequently more weighty than morality, and overthrow the basis we have raised.

Thirst

Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in, 425
 To poise† our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still :
 Why this so nice construction of our hearts ;
 These delicate moralities of *sense*† ; 430
 This *constitutional*§ reserve of aid
 To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails ;
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity, (its bill 435
 Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die ?
 Why freighted-rich*, to dash against a rock ?
 Were man to perish when most fit to live,
 O how-mispent were all these stratagems,
 By skill divine inwoven in our frame ! 440
 Where are Heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ?
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man* ?

† To balance.

‡ Moral influences arising from our passions.

§ Innate in the human frame.

* Richly laden.

Line 425. *Thirst of applause calls public Judgment in.*] However
 lest the generality of mankind may be to moral virtues, in the
 guidance of their private interests or passions, the mutual advan-
 tages they derive from their fellow-creatures, naturally oblige
 them to admire virtue in others. Self-love, and the innate desire
 of safety, necessarily prevail with us ; and from the favourable
 intentions of others, we can only derive our private tranqui-
 lity.

Line 442. *Laughs Heav'n, at once, at virtue, and at man ?*] 'Tis on
 this ground alone that we can found so extraordinary a belief as
 that of annihilation. The foolish man in the Scriptures reasons
 somewhat on a similar plan—"Tush, God hath forgotten it, He
 turneth away his face, and will not see it."

If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?

Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*? 444

This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine*.

"The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.

To store up treasure, with incessant toil,

This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.

To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.

To guide that instinct, *reason*! is thy charge; 450

'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies:

But, reason failing to discharge her trust,

Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,

A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,

Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course, 455

(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)

O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,

The jaded† spirits of the *present* hour,

Provides for an *eternity* below.

"Thou shalt not covet," is a wise command;

But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys: 461

Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,

† Wearied.

Line 457. *O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age.*] Juvenal, in his 9th Satire, paints the folly of contemplating on earthly futurity, in a very pleasing manner:

—Festinat enim decurrere velox,
Flosculus augustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta puellas
Poscimus, obsepit non intellecta senectus.

Seneca, in his epistle to Lucilius, argues in the following manner: "I act as tho' each day were to me as my life; neither do I greedily devour it as my last, but look on it as within a possibility of closing my existence. Before the approach of age I am careful to live as a man; at its approach, to die as a man: for to die well is to die willingly."

And

And *av'rice* is a virtue most divine.

Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?

Most sure : and is it not for *reason* too ?

Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*. 465

Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?

From inextinguishable life in man :

Man, if not meant, by *worth* to reach the *skies*,

Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*. 470

Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice* :

Yet still their root is *immortality*.

These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,

(Pain, and reproach !) *religion* can reclaim,

Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee, 475

And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.

See the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,

And falsely promises an *Eden** here :

Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lye,

A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name. 480

To pleasure never was LORENZO deaf ;

Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*

Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy !

Makers of mirth ! artificers† of smiles !) 485

Why should the joy most poignant‡ *sense* affords,

Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—

Those heav'n-born blushes tell us man *descends*,

* Never-ceasing happiness.

† Deceitfully clothed in the habit of content.

‡ Delicately forcible.

Line 480. *A common cheat, and Pleasure is her name.*] Is an imitation of Pope's lines in the Rape of the Lock, Book I.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

The Infidel Reclaimed.

253

Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss :
 Should *reason* take her infidel's repose, 490
 This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage || high ;
 This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
 Our rapturous* relations to the stalls.
 Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,
 And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*. 495
 The man that blushes, is not *quite* a brute.
 Thus far from thee, LORENZO ! will I close,
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
 But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;
 Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*. 500
 The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ;
 Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,
 Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey ;
 Thus, seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

§ Irreligious, oppos'd to faith. || Descent.

* Fond attachment to base pleasures.

† No longer deservedly reckon'd among the rational species.

Line 491. *This honest instinct speaks our lineage high.*] Is no more than a repetition of the foregoing lines, where the author reviews the origin of blushes. Doubtless, while shame continues her benign influence over us, we cannot mourn a compleat loss of virtue. As a remaining spark of her pious flame, she leaves this emblem, that spite of our depravity in manners, some seeds of virtue still spring up.

Line 500. *Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.*] This comparative view of attachments to the world, and contemplation on future existence, is excellently drawn. The argument from whence he draws moral inferences in behalf of immortality, is most suitable to the purpose, and most naturally conducive to the reformation of dissolute offenders.

“ Know, All ; know, infidels—unapt to know !
 “ ’Tis *immortality* your nature solves ; 506
 “ ’Tis *immortality* decyphers† man,
 “ And opens all the myst’ries of his make.
 “ Without it, half his *Instincts* are a riddle ;
 “ Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream. 510
 “ His very *crimes* attest his dignity ;
 “ His sateless|| thirst of *pleasure, gold, and fame,*
 “ Declares him born for blessings *infinite* :
 “ What* less than infinite, makes un-absurd
 “ *Passions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames ? 515
 “ Fierce passions, so mis-measur’d† to *this* scene,
 “ Stretch’d out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
 “ Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
 “ For *earth* too large, presage§ a nobler flight,
 “ And evidence(a) our title to the *skies*.” 520
 Ye gentle theologues(b), of calmer kind !
 Whose constitution dictates to your pen,

† Expresses our dignity.

|| Unbounded.

* Can it be less than omnipotence, which renders rational these attachments, which earthly inducements would otherwise enflame to our injury.

† Ill-qualified for earth.

§ Forewarn.

(a) Demonstrate our claim to immortality.

(b) Divines.

Line 505. “ *Know, All ; know, infidels—unapt to know !*] We find an interesting grandeur in this concluding address, which renders the foregoing counsels of greater weight in the perusal. Tho’ little could be advanced in contradiction to the notion of eternity, much may be said in favour of it ; and the proofs which are most necessary to its elucidation, Young has dressed in a most persuasive habit.

Line 521. *Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind !*] In defence of the author’s system, he has the authority of St. Paul, that grand prop of christianity, in that epistle, where he chides a luke-warm soul as impious in a greater degree than either the ardent or frigid in religion.

Who

The *Infidel Reclaimed.*

255

Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!
 Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,
 Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings; 525
That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All
 (And justly) *reason* deem divine : I see,
 I feel a grandeur in the *passions* too,
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end :
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire. 530
 In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
 Ere ADAM fell ; tho' wiser in their aim.
 Like the proud *Eastern*†, struck by providence,
 What thro' our *passions* are run mad, and stoop,
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze 535

† Nebuchadnezzar.

Line 524. *Think not our passions from corruption sprung.*] This christian notion of Young's is exactly opposite to the fabulous origin from whence Ovid traces the birth of Man :

—Sed et illa propago

Contemptrix superum, sceleris que avidissima cædis,
 Et violenta fuit : scires e sanguine natos.

Line 526. *That is their mistress, not their mother.*] We are attached to immortality by the diverted bent of our inclinations ; and when comparatively viewing virtue and vice, fly to the latter, as to an alluring irresistible object, not as formed by nature, to pursue her dictates.

Line 531. *In paradise itself they burnt as strong.*] We meet with numerous passages, throughout Milton's *Paradise Lost*, displaying the tranquil happiness of our first parents before the fall :

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. —————

Book IV. Line 337.

Line 333. *Like the proud Eastern, struck by providence*]

Daniel, Chap. IV. Verse 16.

“ I set his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's
 heart be given unto him ; and let seven times pass over him.”

On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire ?
 Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :
 But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)
 When *reason* moderates the rein aright, 540
 Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
 Where once they soar'd illustrious ; ere seduc'd
 By wanton EVE's debauch, to stroll on earth,
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts ; their phrensy fails
 To disappoint *one* providential end, 546
 For which Heav'n blew up ardor in our hearts :
 Were *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks
 A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
 And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day. 550
Eternal day ! 'tis that enlightens All ;
 And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
 Consider man as an *immortal* being,
 Intelligible All ; and All is great ;
 A crystalline* transparency prevails, 555
 And strikes full lustre thro' the human sphere :
 Consider man as *mortal*, All is dark,
 And wretched ; *reason* weeps at the survey.

The learn'd LORENZO cries, " And let her weep,
 " Weak, *modern* reason ; *antient* times were wise. 560

* An enlightened lustre.

Line 560. — *Antient times were wise.*] When bigotry
 in the cause of irreligion, arising either from interest or prepossession
 notions, leads man into general error ; the ancient writings are
 the grand appeal to which he submits his determination. Like
 wit called in to render vice meritorious, the systems of antiquity,
 rising thro' want of revelation, are ransacked to infer some cause
 for his impiety.

" *Authority,*

" *Authority*, that venerable guide,
 " Stands on my part ; the fam'd *Athenian* porch
 " (And who for wisdom so renown'd as *They* ?)
 " Deny'd this immortality to man."
 I grant it ; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too. 565
 A riddle this !—Have patience, I'll explain.
 What noble vanities, what moral flights,
 Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,
 Make us, at once, despise them, and admire !
 Fable is flat to these high-season'd fires ; 570
 They leave th' extravagance of song below.
 " *Flesh* shall not feel ; or, feeling, shall enjoy
 " The dagger, or the rack ; to them, alike
 " A bed of roses, or the burning bull."
 In men exploding† all beyond the grave, 575

† Disallowing, erasing.

Line 563. (*And who for wisdom so renowned as They* ?) *Minerva* is supposed, in the ancient mythology, to have peculiarly protected Athens : hence, the ancients trace the cause of the so-celebrated Athenian wisdom.

Line 567. *What noble vanities, what moral flights.*] How great soever might have been the effect of heathenism, and how barren the soil, which was uncultured by revelation, we still, on a perusal of the ancient authors, discover a far greater fund of civil and domestic virtues, and even a more enlightened knowledge of future rewards and punishments, than might naturally have been expected from so remote a period. *Virgil*, in his *Pollio*, has lines almost on an equality with the divine writings.

Line 572. "*Flesh shall not feel ; or, feeling, shall enjoy.*] The magnanimity of *Socrates* beneath the tortures of his death, as well as other instances, we meet with in ancient history, are striking instances how mean a conception was then entertained of this earthly existence : a primary step towards a belief in futurity.

Line 574. ————— *Or the burning bull.*] A peculiar punishment, in which the author, by the just sentence of his emperor, met the fate he intended for others.

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Strange doctrine this! As *doctrine*, it was strange;
 But not, as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,
 And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not feign,
 The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame: 580
 The *stout** saw, in double wonder lost,
 Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himself,
 To find the bold adventures of his thought
 Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring
 thoughts, that flew 585
 Such monstrous heights?—From *instinct*, and from
 The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul, [pride.
 Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
 Suggest'd truths they could not understand.
 In *lust*'s dominion, and in *passion*'s storm, 590
 Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
 As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
 Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
 Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbeliev'd.

* A sect who affected a cynical disregard to every thing moral or natural.

Line 592. *As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom.*] The similitude is particularly apt, and inimitably expresses the confused ideas that were then entertained of religious truths. Mason, in his *Elfrida*, beautifully describes the origin, attributes, and effect of truth. I have selected the following lines, as most connected with the view in which Young examines the first rays of divine verities.

Last Man arose erect in youthful grace,
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face;
 And as he rose, the high behest was given,
 "That I alone of all the host of heav'n
 "Should reign protectress of the god-like youth."
 Thus the Almighty spake, and call'd me Truth.

Pride,

Pride, like the *Delphic* priestess, with a swell, 595

Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,

When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;

And *death's dark shadows* fly the gospel sun†.

They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls 599

Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd,

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*, [prov'd.

Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so.

Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?

Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,

All unresolvable, if *earth* is All. 605

“Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?

“Our wish, eternity? our home, the grave?

“Heav'n's *promise* dormant* lies in human *hope*.

“Who *wishes* life *immortal*, *proves* it too,

“Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found? 610

“Man's thirst of happiness declares *It is*

“(For nature never *gravitates*§ to nought);

“That thirst unquencht declares *It is not Here*.

“My LUCIA, thy CLARISSA, call to thought;

† The fulfilling belief of immortality after death.

* Ineffectual.

§ Never affords lessons unless deducible from real verities.

Line 595. *Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell.*]

Immanis in antro

Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit

Excussisse deum

Virgil's *Æneid*, Lib. VI. Line 77.

Line 612. “(For nature never *gravitates* to nought.) The author's meaning in this passage is, doubtless, that the passions we pursue most evidently have a previous existence in our breasts, and in natural composition; else, whence the cause of our ardent wishes? Since happiness, then, is our pursuit, and is not found, having an existence, it must be seen hereafter.

“Why

"Why *cordial friendship* riveted so deep, 615
 "As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
 "If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
 "Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
 "Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?
 "Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts, 620
 "And putting all our *present* joys to death?
 "Why labours *reason*? *Instinct* were as well;
 "Instinct, far better; what can *chuse*, can *err*:
 "O how *infallible*† the thoughtless brute!
 "'Twere well his *holiness* were half as sure. 625
 "Reason with *inclination*, why at war?
 "Why *sense* of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in arms?"
Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
 Reason with *inclination* ne'er had jarr'd, 630
 If nothing future paid forbearance here§.
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*, 635
 What *truth* on earth so precious as the lye?
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue;

† Unconscious of error.

§ Unless futurity required the peculiar guidance of our actions.

Line 616. "As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend.] Why so deeply rivetted, as to impress mutual affections so strongly at our first intercourse with friendship, to distress the soul at the irrevocable close of our attachments?

Line 625. "'Twere well his holiness were half as sure.] The infallibility or exemption from error in the pope, is a doctrine, however irrational, which is greedily swallowed by all good Catholics. The introduction of this pun, on so serious a subject, is, I think, liable to just censure.

This

This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope* :
 The future of the present is the soul :
 How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next* !
 Poor*, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves ! 641
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,
 In *both* parts perishes ; *life* void of joy,
 Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain !

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
 Our ardent wishes ; how should I pour out 646
 My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep !
 Oh ! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
 Abhor'd ANNIHILATION† ! blasts the soul,
 And wide-extends the bounds of human woe ! 650
 Could I believe LORENZO's system true,
 In *this* black channel would my ravings run.

" Grief from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere-while.
 " The future *vanisht* ! and the present *pain'd* !
 " Strange import† of unprecedented ill ! 655
 " Fall, how profound ! like LUCIFER's, the fall !
 " Unequal fate ! his fall, without his guilt !
 " From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high§,

* Maim'd, rational but in appearance.

† An unenlivened state after death.

‡ Introduction of an evil unknown before.

§ Sublime expectations.

[Line 653. *Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while.*] The alleviation of the poet's sorrows was, doubtless, a task which earthly powers were incapable of accomplishing. His miseries were so numerous, that worldly pleasures, even on a supposition of the revival of his first felicity, could not assuage them. Fears of a second fate, as bitter as the first, would have excluded real joy, and damped his fondest wishes. 'Twas then on an immortal basis that he built his hopes, a structure, worldly calamities would render still more forcible.

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- " The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 " To night ! to *nothing* ! darker still than night. 669
 " If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe,
 " LORENZO ! boastful of the name of friend !
 " O for delusion ! O for error still !
 " Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 " A *thinking* being in a world like this, 665
 " Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite ;
 " More curst than at the *fall* ?—The sun goes out !
 " The thorns shoot up ! What thorns in ev'ry
 thought !
 " Why sense of better ? It imbitters worse. 669
 " Why sense ? why life ? if but to sigh, then sink
 " To what I was ! *twice* nothing ! and much woe !
 " Woe, from Heav'n's bounties ! woe, from what
 was wont
 " To flatter most, high *intellectual* powers*.
 " *Thought, virtue, knowledge* ! blessings by thy scheme,
 " All poison'd into pains, First, *knowledge*, once
 " My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread. 676
 " To *know myself*, true wisdom ?—No, to shun
 " That shocking science. Parent of despair !
 " Avert thy mirror : If I see, I die.
 " *Know my Creator* ? climb his blest abode 680
 " By

* The distinguishing attributes of reason.

Line 659. " *The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once.*] There is a great similarity of exclamation in Eloisa's reflections on her delusive dream, in that beautiful epistle to Abelard, penned by the immortal Pope.

Line 680. " *Know my Creator ? climb his blest abode.*] This admirable soliloquy is written with the genuine and natural pathos adequate for the dignity due to such a subject. The author's first reflections on the distinguishing excellencies of mankind, and their
 abortive

" By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
 " Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
 " And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
 " Obtruding† life, with-holding happiness !
 " From the full rivers that surround his throne,
 " Not letting fall one drop of joy on man ; 686
 " Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
 " To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles*‡ more !
 " Ye sable clouds ! ye darkest shades of night !
 " Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
 " Once all my comfort ; source, and soul of joy ! 691
 " Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee**, against me.
 " Know his *atchievements* ? study his renown !
 " Contemplate this amazing universe,
 " Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete ! 695
 " For what ? Mid miracles of nobler name,
 " To find one miracle of *mifery* !
 " To find the being, which alone can *know*
 " And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise ?
 " Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
 " And start at *man*, the *single* mourner there, 701
 " Breathing high hope ! chain'd down to pangs, and
 death !

abortive ends, if sinking in annihilation, and secondly, on the
 peculiar inhumanity of fate in forming us as we are, render a
 future state incontrovertible, while we allow the existence and
 protection of an eternal being.—Gay, in his *Miscellanies*, seems
 to be fondly enraptured of contemplating immortality :

Thou shalt be : still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought, divine eternity !
 Th' immortal soul, shares but a part of thee,
 For thou wert present, when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

† Removing from our enjoyment.

‡ Creeping insects.

* Lorenzo.

“ Knowing

" Knowing is suffering : and shall *virtue* share
 " The sigh of *knowledge* ! *Virtue* shares the sigh.
 " By straining up the steep of *excellent**, 705
 " By battles fought, and, from *temptation*, won,
 " What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
 " *Angelic* worth, soon shuffled in the dark
 " With ev'ry vice, and swept to *brutal* dust ?
 " Merit is madness ; virtue is a crime ; 710
 " A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
 " *Unpaid* : What pain, amidst a thousand more,
 " To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
 " Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 " As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay ! 715
 " *Duty, Religion* ! — These, our duty done,
 " Imply reward. — *Religion* is mistake.
 " *Duty* ! — there's none, but to repel the cheat.
 " Ye cheats ! away ! ye daughters of my pride !
 " Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies :
 " Ye tow'ring hopes ! abortive energies § ! 721
 " That tofs, and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
 " To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,

* Arduous pursuit of virtue.

§ Religious rapture, void of foundation in a future bliss.

Line 705 *By straining up the steep of excellent.*] Methinks this thought alone would totally abolish the irrational doctrine of life without eternity. The impious confess virtue to be amiable, and that she merits a reward. In this terrestrial abode, the opposite principle becomes so prevalent, that here she has little hopes : to a remoter period we must look out for her deserved recompence. Ancient philosophers allowed a God,—a soul,—and from that united consideration arose their doubts concerning man. We, who have revelation on our side, can hesitate no longer.—They doubted for want of proofs,—we have those proofs : If we demur, our sentiments are worse than pagan.

" As

- " As I were heir of an *eternity*.
 " Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more. 725
 " Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
 " As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 " All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
 " *Sense!* take the rein; blind *passion!* drive us on;
 " And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way; 730
 " Ye *new*, but truest patrons of our peace!
 " Yes; give the *pulse*† full empire; live the *brute*,
 " Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
 " Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
 " But not on equal terms with other *brutes*: 735
 " Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
 " And safer too; *they* never poisons chuse.
 " *Instinct*‡, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome meals,
 " And sends all-marring murmur far away.
 " For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize; 740
 " *Theirs*, that *serene*, the *sages* fought in vain:
 " 'Tis *man* alone expostulates with Heaven;
 " *His*, all the *pow'r*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
 " Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears?
 " And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?
 " The wide-stretcht realm of *intellectual* woe, 746
 " Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
 " In *life* so fatally distinguisht, why
 " Cast in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in *death*?

† The unbiassed inclination of our passions.

‡ Our bent by nature.

Line 725. *Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.*]

Tu ne quaesieris, (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
 Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quidquid erit, pati.

Horace, Book I. Ode 11.

- "Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt? 750
 "Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
 "All-mortal, and all-wretched! — Have the skies
 "Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
 "Nor *humbly* reason, when they *forely* sigh?
 "All-mortal, and all-wretched! — 'Tis too much! 755
 "Unparellel'd in nature: 'Tis too much
 "On being *unrequested* at Thy hands,
 "OMNIPOTENT! for I see nought but *power*.
 "And why see that? Why *thought*? To toil, and eat,
 "Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
 "What superfluities* are *reas'ning* souls! 761
 "Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.
 "But without thought or curse were half-unfelt;
 "Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart,
 "And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, *reason*!
 "For aiding *life's* too small calamities, 766
 "And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 "Such are thy bounties! — Was it then too much
 "For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
 "Too much for *Heav'n* to make one emmet more?
 "Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass 771
 "A longer stay with essences† unwrought,

* For purposes how useless, annexed to our corporeal form.

† Created beings.

Line 757. "*On being unrequested at Thy hands.*"] Were the word *being* placed in Italics, it would, I think, convey a clearer idea of the author's meaning. As it stands at present, it may be understood as only an auxiliary participle. The true sense the line should convey, I take to be this,—"The punishment is too great for an existence, unrequested at Thy hands."—Being is then understood substantively.

"Unfashion'd,

- " Unfashion'd, untormented into man ?
 " Wretched preferment to this round of pains ?
 " Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought ! 775
 " Wretched capacity of dying, life !
 " Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt !)
 " Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
 " Death, then, has chang'd its nature too: O death !
 " Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven ! 780
 " Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.
 " Why in this thorny *Wilderness* so long,
 " Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bower,
 " To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
 " If needful to the selfish schemes of Heaven 785
 " To sting us sore, why mockt our misery ?
 " Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
 " Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?
 " Why so magnificently lodg'd despair ?
 " At stated periods, sure-returning, roll 790

[Line 773. *Unfashioned, untormented into man ?*] The author's reasoning is here peculiarly striking, and the evident proofs which his natural complaint bears of immortality, cannot fail reclaiming an infidel, tho' deaf to more laboured councils. The thoughts of "untormented-into man" is beautifully poetic.

[Line 782. *Why in this thorny Wilderness so long.*] Hamlet's soliloquy is somewhat similar :

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
 No more.

[Line 783. *Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bower.*] The thought is taken from the Land of Canaan, promised to the children of Israel, while in the Desert.

- “ These *glorious orbs*†, that mortals may compute
 “ Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose
 “ Their misery’s full measure ? — Smiles with flowers,
 “ And fruits, promiscuous‡, ever-teeming§ *earth*,
 “ That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes, 795
 “ And in an *Eden* mourn his wither’d joys ?
 “ Claim earth and skies man’s admiration, due
 “ For *such* delights ! Blest *animals* ! too wise
 “ To wonder ; and too happy to complain !
 “ Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene : 800
 “ Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemnd* ?
 “ Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,
 “ For man to howl in ? Why not his abode
 “ Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?
 “ A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast expence 805
 “ Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 “ As congruous*, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 “ Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
 desire ;
 “ If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 “ While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 “ The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there* ; 811
 “ And, round us, *death*’s inexorable hand,
 “ Draws the dark curtain close ; undrawn no more.

† Luminary Planets, sun and moon.

‡ Scatter’d without order.

§ Fertile, prolific.

* Aptly fitted.

Line 813. “ *Draws the dark curtain close ; undrawn no more.*]
 Catullus, in his 5th Book, comprises briefly the incredulity which
 the ancients entertained in behalf of immortality :

Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

"Undrawn no more!—Behind the cloud of death,
 "Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt 815
 "That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 "How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as hell!
 "A *real* hell to those who dreamt of heaven.
 "ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
 "Next-moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
 "The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*, 821
 "An outcast from existence! And this spirit,
 "This all-pervading§ this all-conscious soul,
 "This particle of energy divine,
 "Which travels nature, flies from star to star, 825
 "And visits gods, and emulates* their powers,
 "Forever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 "Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd!—
 "When horror *universal* shall descend,
 "And heav'n's dark concave urn† all human race,
 "On that enormous, unrefunding‡ tomb, 831
 "How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

§ Of universal comprehension and faculties.

* Rivals.

† Inclose within the ball.

‡ Delivering not up its dead.

Line 815. *Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt.*] The transcendent raptures beaming from immortality, are sufficient to erase from the pious mourner, every recollection of his past sufferings. The truly virtuous, resting on that hope, reflect on life's vicissitudes with due contempt.

It follows, that a time will surely come

When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom;

Then shall this scene, which now to human sight

Seems so unworthy wisdom infinite,

A system of confuminate skill appear,

And every cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Poems by Soame Jennyns.

*Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass* 835
*Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud rationals ; the sons of heaven !
 The lords of earth ! the property of worms !
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow !
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd !* 840
*All gone to rot in chaos ; or, to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer fully their CREATOR's name.*

LORENZO ! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
 Just is this history ? If such is man, 845
 Mankind's historian, tho' divine, might weep.

Line 833. *Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds.*] There is a pathetic grandeur in this momentous epitaph, which greatly embellishes the author's former arguments, and, on calm reflection, adds much towards erasing the belief of annihilation. The absurdity of such a faith must, doubtless, have first taken its rise, as well from conscious sin, as from ignorance. Man, rendered by his flagrant vices unworthy an immortal life, would gladly propagate an unbelieving system, to plunge his fellow creatures in a mutual guilt.

Line 840. *Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd !*] As we can draw no certain inference from nature, that there is no eternity, Man's life, troubled by doubts, (if willing to favour so absurd a folly) must be a truly miserable state, both in the commissions of his vice, and death compelled reflections on mispent hours.

Line 842. *Their happy transit into blocks or brutes.*] When we compare the inconsistency of annihilation with that of future existence, in a different form, it must be allowed the latter is the least unreasonable. In a moral consideration, it may possibly be productive of some good consequences. That the ancients had an idea of transmutation, may be gathered from several of their writings. Virgil's "Tu Marcellus eris," with the whole of his contemplations in the lower regions, seem greatly to favour such a system.

And dares LORENZO smile?—I know thee proud;
 For once let *pride* befriend thee: pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays, 850
 And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
 A nothing? *Less* than nothing? To *have* been,
 And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
 Art thou *ambitious*? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high? 855
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
 Charm *riches*? Why chuse beggary in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth, 860
 They† lately *prov'd*, thy soul's supreme desire.
 What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
 Great *nature's* master-appetite destroy'd!
 Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
 Or both wisht, *here*, where neither can be found?
 Such man's perverse, eternal war with heaven! 866
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory* forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up 870
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
 Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
 Kind is fell LUCIFER, compar'd to thee:

† In the sixth Night.

* Varying, passing away.

Line 874. *Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee.*]

City and proud seat.

Of Lucifer. (So by allusion call'd)

Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.)

Paradise Lost, Book X. Line 424.

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Oh! spare this *waste*† of being half divine; 875
And vindicate th' *economy* of Heaven.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy :
It never had created, but to *bless* :
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be ? 880
Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* God.

Is that, all *nature* starts at, thy desire ?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay ?
What is that dreadful wish ?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt. 885
What deadly poison has thy nature drank ?
To nature undebaucht no shock so great ;
Nature's first wish is *endless happiness* ;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies. 890
And, Oh ! what depth of horror lies inclos'd !

† Destructive system.

Line 876. *And vindicate th' economy of Heav'n.*] The propriety of appealing to conscience in defence of those truths, which reasoning alone renders, in some respects, a doubt, is the best argument a writer can advance to maintain the argument he would enforce.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise :
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
And vindicate the ways of God to man.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Line 881. *Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.*] The impiety of such a belief cannot be equalled by any modes of faith, however ridiculous, started since the creation of the world. That which approaches nearest to it, is the hateful doctrine of predestination; in judging an all-merciful Being could condemn a creature, yet unborn, to a futurity in happiness or misery, exclusive of virtuous or vicious actions.

For

The Infidel Reclaimed.

273

For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair. 895

Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour

Of desperation, by what fury's aid,

In what infernal posture of the soul,

All hell invited, and all hell in joy

At such a birth, a birth so near of kin, 900

Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme

Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,

And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux

Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven 905

Thro' time's rough billows into night's abyss*.

Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,

Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought

Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,

And boldly think it something to be born? 910

Amid such hourly wrecks of Being fair.

* Profound darkness.

Line 893. *But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.*] That this is a solemn, tho' unhappy truth, men deeply plunged in guilt, will, by their blushes, (if such a conscientious virtue be within them) sufficiently testify. How fearfully evil must have been the tenor of his life who fears to meet the mercy of his God? And yet, to wish, or even to form the possibility of annihilation, must have proceeded from some such principle.

Line 897. ——— *By what fury's aid.*] In the ancient mythology we meet with numerous instances of the creative power of furies, and their influence in regard to the origin of evil. From this fabulous supposition, the author draws his imagery of a presiding evil genius, attendant on the birth of annihilating sentiments.

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Is there no central*, all-sustaining base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting Power,
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
 And force *destruction* to refund her spoil? 915
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted *there*?
 Is there no *potentate*, whose out-stretcht arm, 920
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluckt from foul *devastation's* famisht maw,
 Binds *present*, *past*, and *future*, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating† beings clust'ring round! 925
 A garland worthy the Divinity!
 A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,
 Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the waves)
 Amid immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of *communicated* bliss! 930
 An all-prolific, all-preserving GOD!
 This were a GOD indeed.—And such is Man,
 As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.

* Fixed and attractive point.

† Springing forth, arising.—The thought is taken from the shooting of buds.

Line 920. *Is there no potentate, whose out-stretch'd arm.*] The magnificence of description presented to our view in this and the following lines, is truly admirable. It is rather doubtful, on a comparative examination, to judge whether the poet is most excellent in fancied or in natural machinery.

Line 928. *Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves.)* Pharos was an island near Alexandria, celebrated for its lofty tower, on the top of which were placed lights to conduct the shipping, the entrance into the port being particularly difficult.

Thinkst

Thinkst thou Omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd? 935
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
 That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
 Will the swarin settle? — When the trumpet's call,
 As sounding brass, collects us, round heav'n's throne
 Conglob'd*, we bask in everlasting day, 941
 (Paternal splendor!) and adhere for ever.
 Had not the soul this outlet† to the skies,
 In this vast vessel of the universe,
 How should we gasp, as in an empty void! 945
 How in the pangs of famisht *hope* expire! [*thine!*
 How bright *my* prospect shines! how gloomy
 A trembling world! and a devouring God!
 Part), but the shambles of Omnipotence!
 Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
 Of countless millions, born to feel the pangs 951
 Of being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?
 This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
 Who would be born to such a phantom world,
 Where nought substantial, but our misery? 955
 Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
 So soon to perish, and revive no more?
 The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.

* Surrounding the Deity in an united circle.

† Secure passage.

Line 938. *Now wakes.* —] The natural majesty evident in these lines, is, I think, equalled only by Ogilvie, in his Day of Judgment:

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads come.

All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb:

O'er the broad deep, &c. &c. &c. —

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A world, so far from *great* (and yet how great
It shines to thee !) there's nothing *real* in it ; 960
Being, a shadow ! *consciousness*, a dream !
A dream, how dreadful ! universal blank
Before it, and behind ! poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure, 965
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*†,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb !
LORENZO ! dost thou *feel* these arguments ?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt ?
How hast thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone ? 970
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this ?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime ;
For what is crime, but cause of misery ?

† Midst his previous state of obscurity, his dormant futurity, and present subjection to death.

Line 963. ———— *Poor man, a spark.*] It has been generally allowed, that the extensive liberties which poetry admits of, are better qualified towards the enforcing even a moral argument, than the confined boundaries of prose. Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is an immortal instance, how beautifully nature and morality appear when habited in fancied dresses. Our author, tho' he rarely dips into the stream of borrowed machinery, maintains the strength of his subject equal with its importance. His dignity and natural expression, joined to an unfathom'd fund of sincere piety, render the sentiments he conveys peculiarly beautiful ; the interesting digressions which he makes to Lorenzo, are so many admonitions to ourselves ; each of which leaves an impression not to be erased.

Line 964. *From non-existence struck by wrath divine.*] In how contrary a view are the attributes of the Deity depicted on the belief and disbelief of Immortality ! Supposing an annihilating state, how can we reconcile it even with the omnipotence of God, to have given us a conscience which reproaches its maker ; or or how account for the natural fears incident even to an atheist. The hypocrisy of man may lead us into a belief that he denies eternity ; but let us view him in his retired moments, interest apart, and we shall hesitate in the pronouncement of our judgment.

Retract,

Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endless arguments, above, below, 975
Without us, and within, the short result—
“IF man’s immortal, there’s a GOD in heaven.”

But wherefore such redundancy*? such waste
Of argument? One sets my soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and, Oh—at heart. 980
So just the skies, PHILANDER’s life so pain’d,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne’er had he been born.

“What an old tale is this?” LORENZO cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth 985
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis’d it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: Be wise, nor make

* A copious flow of arguments.

Line 983. *Have palms to give, or ne’er had he been born.*] The condemnation of virtuous sufferers to a dormant state, is in itself so contradictory to the natural bias of our conscience, that we must disallow God, virtue, and every virtuous principle, before we can, in any just degree, persuade our minds to such a system. Rewards and punishments were so undoubted a moral certainty, that heathens could not disbelieve; tho’ not endued with capability to unravel heaven’s mysteries.

Line 987. *Thou never hadst despis’d it for its age.*] To render our arguments, in any respect credible, in defence of annihilation, we are reduced to the meanest resources; resources, which, from the irrational and base principles alone that they insist, oblige their votaries entirely to relinquish all dignity in man.

Line 988. *Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable.*] The beautiful solemnity contained in this and the three following lines, challenges our most lavish encomiums. They present us with a lesson meriting our peculiar attention, and are so concisely composed, that they will admit of comments to the conjunctive introduction of every moral virtue.

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Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance ; O be wise !
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.

991

Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art ?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal ?
Behold this midnight-glory ! worlds on worlds !
Amazing pomp ! redouble this amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; and twice ten thousand more ;
Then weigh the whole ; *one* soul outweighs them all ;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* † creation *poor*.

995

For this, believe not *me* ; no *man* believe ; 1000
Trust not in words, but deeds ; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME ; nor His, a few ;
Consult them *all* ; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance : tremble at thyself ;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long ; 1005
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages ; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce his name !)
What has GOD done, and not for *this* sole end, 1010

† Irrational, unenlivened with a soul.

Line 992. *Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art ?*] In recommending a contemplative view of man, how solemnly are the poet's counsels directed to the mind ! Indeed, allowing every author the most unlimited machinery to deal in, heav'n and earth will, from their fertile and united source, furnish an aid more truly great than that of general truths or fancied fable.

Line 1005. *For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long.*] Without having recourse to the incontrovertible truths of the Old or New Testament, we need only consult nature, to fix an unanswerable proof of immortality. An impious sinner, however opposite may be the tenor of his words, will evidently testify its truth, as forcibly as virtuous piety.

To rescue souls from death ? The *soul's high price*
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
 The *soul's high price* is the *creation's key*,
 Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
 The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine : 1615
That, is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
 Their obvious† correspondence, and unites
 Most distant periods in one blest design :
That, is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
 All revolutions, whether we regard 1020
 The *nat'ral*, *civil*, or *religious*, world ;
 The former two, but servants to the third ;
 To that their duty done, they both expire,
 Their *mas*s new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd* ;
 And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair ?*" 1025
 To lift us from *this* abject, to sublime ;
 This flux*, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
 This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;
 This mean, to mighty !—for *this* glorious end 1029
 Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long sabbath broke ;
 The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;
 Laws from the *skies* were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;

† Evident connection.

* Variable, to immutable state.

Line 1021. *The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world.*] From every object of creation, from every passion and principle of man, we may connect a subservience and gravitation towards the centre of religion. Vice, as well as virtue, will, on examination, admit of as great a tendency towards that universal source : The error lies in our own breasts ;—we will not examine.

Line 1030. *Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke.*] This view of earthly and religious revolutions is incomparably beautiful. The short sentences, which comprize each separate transaction, render the whole superiorly excellent.

On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdom's,
 Fam'd fages lighted up the *Pagan* world ; [fell ;
 Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance 1035
 Thro' distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;
 By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd ;
 The living were translated ; dead were rais'd ;
 Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven :
 And, oh ! for *this*, descended lower still ; 1040
 Guilt was hell's gloom ; astonisht at his guest,
 For one short moment *LUCIFER* ador'd :
LORENZO ! and wilt thou do less ?—For *this*,
 That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice-venerable code† ! 1045
Deists ! perform your quarantine† ; and then,
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
 To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
 O what a scene is here !—*LORENZO* ! wake ! 1050
 Rise to the thought ; exert, expand, thy soul
 To take the vast idea : it denies
 All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds !

† Important summary.

‡ Those who, on arriving from foreign countries, were supposed to be infected with the plague, remained a number of days on the water before they were permitted to land.

Line 1042. For one short moment *Lucifer* ador'd.] There is an originality in this thought, which, added to the striking sentiment it conveys, delights us with its dignity and necessary connection to the subject he embellishes.

¶ Line 1046. *Deists* ! perform your quarantine ; and then.] An allusion to natural truths, renders the morality this work contains, more enforcing to the generality of mankind ; and in this particular art, Dr. Young greatly excels ; since he pursues natural sentiments, even in the delivery of divine truths.

Not *Europe* against *Afric* ; warring worlds,
 Of *more* than mortal ! mounted on the wing ! 1055
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife !
 This sublunary ball—But strife, for what ?
 In their own cause conflicting* ? no ; in *thine* ;
 In *man's*. His *single* int'rest blows the flame ; 1060
 His the sole stake ; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns !
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms !
 Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
 And tempest nature's universal sphere. 1065
 Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
 Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill* ; [them.
 Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
 Think not this fiction. “ *There was war in heaven.*”

* Contending.

Line 1064. *Force, force opposing, till the waves run high.*] There is something in this thought, seemingly inconsistent with the majesty of the descriptive images the author addresses to Lorenzo. To compare deities in arms to a storm at sea, is rather a poetic flaking, when held in the view these lines exhibit. Milton's description, tho' in reality unequal to the subject, has a peculiar grandeur in its ideas :

—Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.

Paradise Lost, Book VI. Line 207.

From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' ALMIGHTY's outstretcht arm took down his bow;
And shot his indignation at the deep : 1072

Re-thunder'd bell, and darted all her fires.——

And seems the stake of little moment still ?

And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm ? 1075

He sleeps.—And art thou shockt at *mysteries* ?

The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,

What ardor, care, and counsel, *mortals* cause

In breasts divine ! how little in their own !

Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me !

How happily this wond'rous view supports 1081

My former argument ! how strongly *strikes*

Immortal life's full demonstration, *here* !

Why this exertion ? why this strange regard

From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man ?— 1085

Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful power,

Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for *ever*.

Duration gives importance ; swells the price.

An angel, if a creature of a day,

What would he be ? A trifle of no weight ; 1090

Or stand, or fall ; no matter which ; he's gone.

Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd

This strange regard of deities to dust. [eyes:

Hence, Heav'n looks down on earth with all her

Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight: 1095

Hence, ev'ry soul has partisans* above,

* Well-wishers.

Line 1070. *From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung.*]
The sublimity of sentiment and language, expressed in these lines, is, I think, equal to the powers of poetry. We perceive a real dignity, free from bombast, which cannot fail adding an increasing beauty to his lessons of morality.

Line 1075. *And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm.*] Is a verbal repetition of the same sentiment in the first book.

And

And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies :
Hence, clay, vile clay ! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge :
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine 1100
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid,
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind :
In various modes of emphasis, and awe, 1105
He spoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard ;
He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
Witness, thou *Sinai* ! whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present GOD :
Witness, ye *billows* ! whose returning tide, 1110
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,

Line 1098. *Hence clay, vile clay ! has angels for its guard.*] Satan's speech, in the ninth book of Milton, contains the same thought :

———And, O indignity !
Subjected to his service angel-wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthly charge.———

Line 1154.

Line 1108. *Witness, thou Sinai ! whose cloud-cover'd height.*] This address is inimitably noble, and breathes something of the enthusiasm of an inspired writer.

Exod. XIX. Verse 18. " And mount Sinai was altogether on a
" smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire : and the
" smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the
" whole mount quaked greatly."

Line 1110. *Witness, ye billows ! whose returning tide.*]

———When by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war.———

Paradise Lost, Book XII. Line 210.

Swept

Swept *Egypt*, and her menaces, to hell :
 Witness, ye *flames* ! th' *Assyrian* tyrant blew
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong :
 And thou, *earth* ! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er § *presumption's* sacrilegious fous : 1116.
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd*
 The *soul's* high price, and sworn it to the wise ?
 Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this* truth, thro' adamantin† man ? 1120
 If not all-adamant, LORENZO ! hear ;
 All is delusion, *nature* is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye ;
 There's no consistence‡, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above, 1125.
 (As far as man can penetrate) or Heaven :
 Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
 And shall each toy be still a match for heaven ?
 And full equivalent|| for groans below ? 1130.
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent.

§ Korah, &c.

* Clearly demonstrated.

† Incredulous.

‡ United connection.

|| Of a comparative value.

Line 1113. *Witness, ye flames ! th' Assyrian tyrant blew.*]
 Dan. Chap. III. Verse 19. "— Therefore he spake, and
 " commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times
 " more than it was wont to be heated."

Line 1115. *And thou, earth ! witness, whose expanding jaws.*]
 Numb. Chap. XVI. Verse 31. " And it came to pass as he
 " had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground
 " clave asunder that was under them."

Line 1131. *Who would not give a trifle to prevent.*] By natural
 allusions to circumstances well-known to mankind, the author
 strengthens the force and morality of his arguments, and induces
 the mind to a more warm contemplation than laboured and unin-
 telligible doctrines.

What

What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

LORENZO! thou hast seen (if thine, to see)
All nature, and her GOD (by nature's course,
And nature's course controul'd) declare for me: 1135

The skies above proclaim "Immortal man!"

And, "Man immortal!" all below resounds.

The world's a system of theology,

Read, by the greatest strangers to the schools:

If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough. 1140

Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on thee

This hard alternative; or to renounce

Thy reason, and thy sense; or, to believe?

What then is unbelief? 'Tis an exploit;

A strenuous enterprize: To gain it, man 2145

Must burst thro' every bar of common sense,

Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;

And what rewards the sturdy combatant?

His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

But wherefore, infamy? — For want of faith, 1150

Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides;

There's nothing to support him in the right.

Faith in the future wanting, is, at least

In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt;

And strong temptation ripens it to birth. 1155

If this life's gain invites him to the deed,

Why

Line 1136. *The skies above proclaim "Immortal man."*] The poetical imagery with which he introduces this momentous and moral truth, is particularly pleasing. The ancients excelled greatly in their borrowed machinery; and tho' this thought is little connected with the subject, we cannot fail admiring its excellence.

Line 1156. *If this life's gain invites him to the deed.*] Cicero and Seneca, in their writings, particularly launch out into a dissertation of the vain pursuits we follow in this life. The former, in demonstrating

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Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme ;
 And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd, 1160
 Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
 And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all ;
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
 A richer pasture, and a larger range ;
 And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne, 1165
 When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more ;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven.
 Would Heav'n quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd ?
 "Has *virtue* charms ?"—I grant her heavn'ly fair ;
 But if un-portion'd, all will *int'rest* wed ; 1170
 Tho' *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
 The virtues grow on *immortality* ;
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
 A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail ;
Rewards and *punishments* make GOD ador'd ; 1175
 And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.
 As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
 Whate'er his-boast, has told me, *he's a knave*. 1180
 His *duty* 'tis to love himself *alone* ;
 Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.

monstrating the peculiar excellence of virtue, has these words,
 " Non enim refert ad felicitatem ejus, quantum agrorum aret,
 " a quam multis salutetur, quam pretioso lecto-egbet : sed quan
 " bonus fit."

Who

Who thinks ere-long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already ; nought but *brute* survives.

And are there such ?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death ; for utter loss of being ; 1186
Being, the basis of the DEITY !

Ask you the *cause* ?—The cause they will not tell ;
Nor *need* they : Oh the forceries of *sense* !
They work this transformation on the soul, 1190
Dismount her like the serpent at the Fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl*, in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n ! 1195
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope* !
Erect in stature, prone in appetite !
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain !
Lovers of argument, averse to sense !

Line 1183. *Who thinks, ere-long, the man shall wholly die.*] However impiously the outward actions of mankind may be inclined, it is a natural and undoubted truth, that, apart from the world, and irresistibly immersed in silent contemplation, they cannot fail reasoning in a sense more favourable to religion and themselves. Their very flattering vices would persuade them to exclaim with Adam,

————— Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die ;
Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of man,
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod. —————

Paradise Lost, Book X. Line 782.

Line 1195. *Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n !*] An interesting reproof is contained in this address, so solemnly directed to our most feeling passions, to our inclinations most capable of reformation, which, tho' it may be fatally abortive in the design of rendering us again the votaries of virtue, cannot still fail recalling a blush of conscience to testify its merits.

Boasters

Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains ! 1200

Lords of the wide creation, and the shame !

More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn !

More *base* than those you rule ! Than those you pity,

Far more *undone* ! O ye most infamous

Of beings, from superior dignity !

Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss ! 1205

Ye curst by blessings infinite ! Because

Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !

Ye motly* mass of *contradictions* strong !

And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off 1210

In exhalation† soft, and die in air,

From the full flood of evidence *against* you ?

In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,

Your souls have quite worn out the make of
Heaven,

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own : 1215

But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy* ;

To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.

LORENZO ! this black brotherhood renounce ;

Renounce St. *Evreumont*†, and read St. *Paul*.

Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wingd, 1220

* Variegated.

† Incorporeal air.

‡ A French author on the subjects of faith.

[Line 1219. *Renounce St. Evreumont, and read St. Paul.*] This final exhortation, together with the many persuasive precepts the author instills, are of themselves so explanatory of their inimitable excellence, that they require no commendation. Indeed, Dr. Young introduces so numerous proofs, joined with each allucination necessary to enforce them, that notes become no more than a petition of their contents.

His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Thro' all the provinces of human thought; 1224
 To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere* of man;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour;
 In each recess† of space, and time, at home;
 Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
 And, like a prince of boundless int'rests, there,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote; 1230
 To look on truth unbroken, and intire;
 Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths,
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, affor'd
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete 1235
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most examine, most believe.
 Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole
 C c Conveys

* Formation and attributes.

† Retired spot.

Line 1221. *His mounting mind made long abode in Heav'n.*] The character of St. Paul, before his conversion to the christian faith, was never tinged with any vice that might render him, from a natural sense and repentance of his follies, an enthusiast in true religion. The peculiar grace of God was evident even in his inveterate enmity against the followers of our Saviour; and as this hatred of christianity arose from the errors of an unenlightened conscience, his attachment and zeal to the true faith were more apparently striking.

Line 1237. *Who most examine, most believe.*] The sentiment Young intends to convey by this idea, tho' on a slight examination, similar to Milton's,

Let none seek needless causes to approve

The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek

Such proof, conclude they then begin to fall.

Yet, on a more serious comparison, appears directly the opposite. The latter supposes mankind totally to lay aside the omnipotence and influence of the Deity over creatures void of every virtue, unless

Conveys the sense, and GOD is understood :
 Who not in *fragments* writes to human race : 1240
 Read his *whole* volume, sceptic ! then reply.

This, this, is thinking-free, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene ;
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd rage ? 1246
 And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man* ?
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in Heav'n, can roll at large
 In *man's* capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there. 1251

Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe †
 A point of no dimension, of no weight !
 It can ; it does : the world is such a point,
 And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves ? 1255

How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say ?
 Why not ?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure ! how they drop !

unless directed by divine grace ; and exhibits them, on the rules of scepticism, searching only for causes naturally obliging them to a veneration of the Supreme Being. Their devotion is, in this light, by no means the effect of grateful reverence ; but, what they judge, a worship not to be dispensed with. The former recommends a contemplation of nature and revealed religion to strike them with a peculiar gratitude for God's mercies, and build their necessary duties on a basis more liberal and pleasing to themselves.

[Line 1241. *Read his whole volume, sceptic ! then reply.*] However obnoxious to general religion and piety, each peculiar system may be separately reckoned, scepticism is, I think, the centre to which every evil tendency must gravitate. The sceptics disputed the reality of every thing in the creation ; and when mankind have worked their sentiments to such a pitch, annihilation must ensue. Reason requires it ; for since our virtues and our vices have no real existence, what recompence or punishment can they be justly intitled to in future ?

† To attach itself to trifles.

LUCIA,

The Infidel Reclaimed.

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LUCIA, NARCISSA fair PHILANDER, gone !
 The grave, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
 A triple* mouth ; and, in an awful voice, 1260
 Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
 How the world falls to pieces round about us,
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy !
 What says this *transposition* of my friends ?
 It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell, 1265
 And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
 Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee ;
 There ; there, LORENZO ! thy CLARISSA fails.
 Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth,
 That rock of souls *immortal* ; cut thy cord ; 1270
 Weigh anchor ; spread thy sails ; call ev'ry wind ;
 Eye thy *great pole-star*† ; make the land of life.
 Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
 And two of death ; the *last* far more severe.
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun ; 1275
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
 Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
 When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt) 1280

* Threefold.

† A guidance to mariners.

Line 1259. *The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd.*]

Cerberus hæc ingens intratu regna trifauci

Personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro,

Virgil's Æneid, Book VI. Line 417.

Line 1269. *Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth.*] This ridiculous allusion to sea-terms is highly disgusting, and appears to me to be the principal striking fault the author has yet been guilty of. A laboured stiffness, inconsistent with the harmonious flow of poetry, is evident throughout the whole thought, and lessens the force of the preceding beauties.

Line 1273. *Two kinds of life has double natur'd man.*] The pleasing sentiment which this line, with the following, holds up to our view, is equally perfect in doctrine as in poetry.

'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.
 We sink by no *judicial** stroke of Heaven,
 But nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.
 Since GOD, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
 (Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
 'Tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change. 1286

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the DEITY:
 Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
 Not man alone, all *rational*s, Heav'n arms 1290
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
 To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice:
 That pow'r deny'd, *men, angels*, were no more,
 But passive† engines, void of praise, or blame. 1295
 A nature *rational* implies the power
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300
 Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom:
 Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
 Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty man *deceives*;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls; 1305
 And

* Predestinated. † Unactive forms.

[Line 1297. *Of being blest, or wretched as we please.*] From the above line, it is evident, the author by no means favoured the systems of predestination. Free-will is an attribute so naturally adequate to the formation of mankind, that to suppose a previous plan, exclusive of man's merits or demerits, or to imagine man irresistibly led to a licentious course of life, would be equally absurd, and degradatory of the justice of the Divine Being.

[Line 1305. *Man falls by man, if finally he falls.*] Pope, in his Essay on Man, admirably depicts his natural, as well as crea-

tive

And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful secret,—that he *lives* for ever.

Why *this* to Thee ? Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life ? But wherefore doubtful still ?

Eternal life is nature's ardent wish ; 1310

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe :

Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd :

What has destroy'd it ?—Shall I tell thee, what ?

When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wish'd ;

And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve. 1315

“ *Thus infidelity our guilt betrays,*”

Nor that the *sole* detection ! Blush, LORENZO !

Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The *future fear'd* ? An *infidel*, and fear !

Fear what ? a *dream* ? a *fable* ?—How thy dread,

Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*, 1320

Affords my cause an undesign'd support !

How *disbelief* affirms ; what it denies !

“ *It, unawares, asserts, immortal life.*”—

Surprising ! *Infidelity* turns out 1325

tive state ; and tho' in some respects he differed from our author
in point of religion, co-incided with him in this :

Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd :

Created half to rise, and half to fall ;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurld :

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Line 1316. “ *Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*” This verified
conclusion of so many repeated truths, leaves us no longer any
room to doubt, the interested and guilty intentions of men, who
wish to erase the belief of futurity by their external attachment to
systems contradictory to virtue. Faith is the origin of every
virtue, or, at least, every moral attachment which we can found
on reason. Without it, what is hope ?—Superior even to folly—
What then is charity ?—A vanity, whose origin can have no real
foundation, unless we believe a Deity presiding over our actions.
—Infidelity, by this means, robs us of even the external sem-
blance of virtue, under any shape.

A creed, and a confession of our sins :

Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox* divines,

LORENZO ! with LORENZO clash no more ;
Nor longer a *transparent* vizor wear.

Thin'st thou, RELIGION *only* has her mask ? 1330

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.

When visited by thought (*thought will intrude*),

Like him they serve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this ? 1335

So fatal to the welfare of the world ?

What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due !

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That christian candor they *strive* hard to scorn.

If not for that assylum†, they might find 1340

A hell on *earth* ; nor scape a worse *below*.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*†,

Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result ? 1345

* Exhibiting true doctrine.

† Protection.

† Form arguments of contradiction.

Line 1327. *Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.*] That this is a real and beneficial truth, the dying sinner will exemplify. I have, in a preceding note, hinted at the salutary lessons mankind receive from the fears of infidelity, fears that admit of no concealment, and which our intercourse with man will testify.

Line 1334. *Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.*] “ Believest thou that there is a God ? Thou doest well. The devils also believe and tremble.”

Line 1338. *And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape.*] The ambiguity and apparent unconnection of idea we meet with in the above line, require a careful explanation. The author has observed, that the attendants on hypocrisy are detestation and contempt. “ And, continues he, if mankind are so scrupulously benevolent, as to refrain these reproaches, thou, O christian candour, whom unbelievers attempt to despise, receive our gratitude for thy humanity.”

Can

Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand ?
 From *purser manners*, to *sublimar faith*,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent ;
 An *honest* Deist, where the gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian ends*, 1350
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous ; *life immortal* strikes.
 Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
 A *Christian* dwells, like *URIEL*||, in the sun ;
 Meridian† evidence puts *doubt* to flight ; 1355
 And ardent *hope* anticipates§ the skies.
 Of *that* bright sun, *LORENZO* ! scale the sphere ;
 'Tis easy ; it invites thee ; it descends
 From heav'n to wooe, and waft thee whence it came :
 Read and revere the *sacred page* ; a page 1360
 Where triumphs *immortality* ; a page
 Which not the whole *creation* could produce ;
 Which not the *conflagration** shall destroy ;
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost. 1365

|| Milton.

† The light of the Gospel.

§ Previously enjoys..

* Future destruction of the world.

Line 1350. *Matur'd to nobler, in the christian ends.*] Had the ancient sages been inspired with the salutary and divine truths of christianity, no human powers could have soar'd above their advances in sincerity of devotion and morality. Their lives were the most striking examples of veneration to their supposed gods, of benevolence, justice, and dignity of sentiment.

Line 1354. *A christian dwells, like Uriel, in the sun.*]

——Whereby he soon

Saw within ken a glorious angel stand ;

The same whom John saw also in the sun :

His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid.

Paradise Lost, Book III. Line 621.

Line 1363. *Which not the conflagration shall destroy.*]

St. Matthew, Chap. XXIV. Verse 35.

" Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

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In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
 Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel
Angels, and *men*, assent to what I sing; [weeps.
Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
 How vicious hearts fume* phrensy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame; 1371
 Pert *infidelity* is *wit's* cockade,
 To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
 By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.
 LORENZO! if *thy doctrine* wins the day, 1375
 And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
 If *this* is all, if *earth* a *final scene*;
 Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*;
 A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
 Shouldst thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss! 1380
 Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
 Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
 Of *hope*; and which *VICE only*, recommends.
 If so; *where*, *infidels*! your bait thrown out
 To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
 Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*? 1386
 ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *these*.

* Impress a madness of ideas.

Line 1378. *Take heed, stand fast, be sure to be a knave.*] The mean and despicable light in which the author exhibits an immoral course of life, the natural effect of an annihilating system, must demonstrate how greatly we counteract the feelings and passions of the soul, in attaching our belief to such an overthrow of reason.

Line 1386. *Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?*] In the composition of each individual system, however destructive to peace and morality, the public good, and uninterested designs, are the grand points, to which the compiler pretends his aims are directed. In politics, as well as religion, our love of mankind, and sincerity in planning their welfare, must be indubitably credited before we attempt a successful procedure in our intentions. History, the present times, the present manners, exclaim with Young, "Annihilation! I confess, in these."

What

What can *reclaim* you ? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song* ?
 Yet know, *its*† title flatters you, not me ; 1390
 Yours be the praise to make *my* title good ;
 Mine, to bless Heav'n, and triumph in *your* praise.
 But since so pestilential your disease,
 Though sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,
 As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair : 1395
 But hope, ere-long, my *midnight dream* will wake
 Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise :
 For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
 Ere wish (and wish in vain !) that souls could die ?
 What ne'er *can* die, oh ! grant to *live* ; and crown
 The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies ; 1401
Increase, and enter on the joys of Heaven :
 Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
 Receive an *imprimatur** from above,
 While angels shout—*An infidel reclaimed !* 1405
 To close, LORENZO ! spite of all my pains,
 Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for ever* ?
 Is it *less* strange, that thou shouldst live *at all* ?
 This is a miracle ; and *that* no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410
 Deny thou *art* : then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
 A miracle with miracles inclos'd,

† The Infidel Reclaimed. * A heavenly sanction and approbation.
 Line 1409. *This is a miracle, and that no more.*] Whoever allows
 a providential Deity in the formation of man, may, with equal
 candour and reason, allow that Deity the power of extending our
 existence to eternity.—Who disallows this truth, and imputes his
 being to the effect of chance, may, with equal propriety, give
 chance the privilege of raising us, in secondary forms, from dust,
 as in our primary formation. Thus proofs arise from the most
 favoured arguments of unbelievers, to render their most sanguine
 schemes abortive.

Is man : and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
 What less than wonders, from the *Wonderful*;
 What less than miracles, from God, can flow? 1415
Admit a GOD—that mystery supreme!
 That Cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is mystery besides;
 Millions of mysteries! *Each* darker far, 1420
 Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If *weak* thy faith, why chuse the harder side?
 We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
 So *weak* our reason, and so *great* our God, 1425
 What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.
 To *faith*, and virtue, why so backward, man?

Line 1413. — *And starts his faith at what is strange?*] Were man to form belief from that part only of nature which might admit of explanation, in how narrow a compass must he confine his faith.

Line 1416. *Admit a God—that mystery supreme.*] Seneca, in his Epistles, mentions, not only the belief, but the veneration, which the ancients paid to the Deity, alluding to the fate of Protagoras, who, like our modern unbelievers, was deeply skilled in sophistry. In the introduction of one of his works, he expressed his doubts of God's existence, and, by the universal consent of the Athenians, was banished the city, and his books burnt. A talent of silver was also promised to him who should in future put him to death.

Line 1429. *To faith, and virtue, why so backward, man?*] In examining the apparent bent and natural sway of our minds, we seem to acknowledge ourselves beings endued with reason, as it were, with unwillingness. Nature, which rightly directed, is in the greatest degree conducive to our dignity and felicity, sometimes induces us into errors, which the more worthy influence of revelation shuns. Pope, in his Essay on Man, examines him, rude and uncultivated, as form'd by nature:

He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest,

In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer,

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.

From hence :—the *present* strongly strikes us all ;
 The *future*, faintly : can we, then, be men ? 1431
 If men, LORENZO ! the *reverse* is right.
Reason is man's peculiar ; *sense*, the brute's.
 The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense* ;
 The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd ; 1435
 On *that* expending all her godlike power,
 She plans, provides, expatiates*, triumphs, *there* ;
 There, builds her *blessings* ; there, expects her *praise* ;
 And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
 And what is *reason* ? Be she, thus, defin'd ; 1440
 Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
 Oh ! be a *man* ;—and strive to be a *god*.
 “ For what? (thou sayst): to damp the joys of life?”
 No ; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
 That tyrant, *hope* ; mark, how she domineers ; 1445
 She bids us quit realities, for dreams ;
 Safety, and peace, for hazard, and alarm ;
 That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
 She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
 Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits, 1450
 Tho' bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game ;
 And plunge in toils, and dangers—for repose.
 If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,

* Takes an extensive and contemplating view.

Line 1445. ———Mark how she domineers.] No sect, on how-
 ever unnatural a basis it may be founded, denies the passions of the
 mind to have an evident connection with the felicity of mankind ;
 I say, not the future but the present happiness. Since hope then
 is a passion which peculiarly demands a gratification, since earthly
 vicissitudes and delusions prevent it, we must from thence deduce,
 that hope to have an ill foundation. Directed to our worldly
 schemes, it fails.—Attached to immortality, the warmest infidel
 can never certify its ill success.

Can

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Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys ; 1455

What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat.

Our leave unask'd ? Rich hope of boundless bliss !

Bliss, past *man's* pow'r to paint it ; *time's* to close !

This hope is earth's most inestimable prize :

This is man's portion, while no more than man :

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here* ; 1461

Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her *tears* ; and *transport* has her *death* :

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,

Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes* ; 1465

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys :

'Tis all, our present state can *safely* bear,

Health to the frame ! and vigour to the mind !

A joy attemper'd* ! a *chastis'd* delight !

Like the fair summer-ev'ning, mild and sweet ! 1470

'Tis man's full cup ; his paradise below !

A blest hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,

Is all ;—our *whole* of happiness : full proof,

I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.

And know, ye foes to song ! (well meaning men, 1475

Tho' quite forgotten † half your *Bible's* praise) !

Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please :

Grave minds you praise ; nor can you praise too

If there is weight in an ETERNITY, [much :

Let the *grave* listen ;—and be *graver* still. 1480

4 AU 64

* Confined within the bounds of reason and moderation.

[Line 1463. *Joy has her tears, and transport has her death.*] The poetical emblems under which the author depicts hope, are strikingly beautiful. The whole review of its effect is masterly, and conveys the excellencies of poetry, and the persuasive admonitions of morality, in a still equally picturesque, and conducive to christianity.

† Poetical parts of it.

